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THE PECKSTER PROFESSORSHIP.

I.

THERE was a satisfied rattle in the beads which encircled the fair neck of Mrs. Clara Souford, as she finished the note asking Professor Ernest Hargrave to pass a night at her villa, on the north shore of Massachusetts Bay.

Mrs. Souford knew that a wealthy widow, in the ripe comeliness of her thirty-third summer, is as near being independent as is permitted to any specimen of the non-voting majority of her native State; and yet she saw that it would be better to provide some little excuse before summoning to her side even so good a friend as the Professor. After long seeking, an excuse of the most unexceptionable sort had presented itself. He should be asked to repeat that paper upon the Cervical Vertebrae with which, according to the statement of the Evening Gazette, he had delighted the Friday Club, when it met at Colonel Caffrey's, last winter. Those seven little bones upon which we balance our heads — if balanced they may properly be said to be — did not seem very promising; but Clara knew that the distinguished Peckster Professor of Osteology could make even anatomy interesting. In these days accomplished personages are expected to show what they can do at a moment's notice: not only may we demand a sonata from the young lady

whose piano practice has given her the ability of boring the unmusical portion of her race, but we may inflict the mistiest sort of a philosopher upon the adverse majority of a fashionable drawing-room.

"I think that the Professor can be furnished with as much of a summer audience as he ought to expect," soliloquized Mrs. Souford, as she was sealing her note. "Let me see. There will be my city rector in the chamber connecting with the back-stairs: I shall put him there, so that he can indulge his taste for early fishing without disturbing the rest of the house. Then there will be John Harris and the Langworth sisters: they don't amount to much, but will fill chairs as well as if they did. Silas Pryndale will be at the boarding-house across the harbor: I will make him sail over to us. I may think of some others, too. Cousin Kate Dudley, of course, must be here, and I had quite as lief she were absent. I don't like her way of criticising Hargrave; besides, she has a half-envious curiosity about my relations with him. I really should n't wonder if she objected to my plan. She is as independent in her way as I am in mine."

The latter reflection was perfectly true. Miss Kate Dudley was ten years older than her cousin, and had not one twentieth of her worldly possessions.

But she had accepted spinsterhood seriously, for better and for worse, and felt all the satisfaction that comes from a definite conception of what life has to offer us. This showed itself in a jaunty style of talk, which at times came dangerously near flippancy. She knew that her service at the seaside was that of a duenna, whose presence might temper any rude winds of censure from without; all the more, then, might the softer zephyrs of criticism blow from within.

Miss Kate Dudley did not fancy some of Mrs. Souford's masculine friends. The rector, for instance, was not a satisfying personage; she considered him so illogical that he might as well have been irreligious. He held on to certain ecclesiastical formulas, and then stood hat in hand to science, to ask what was the latest meaning to be read into them. He did not remonstrate when Clara's name headed the list of subscribers for the support of the Saturday Spencerian Lectureship, although he must have known that its views were in deadly opposition to those of the Monday Theological Lectureship, for which collections were taken up in the churches. Miss Dudley did not perceive that consistency, in this age of rapidly dissolving principles, might result in that course of impious stubbornness which one of Shakespeare's characters finds so reprehensible.

Neither was this good lady confident that all was right about Professor Hargrave. She decided that there was something of mystery and management in his demeanor which needed clearing up. He seemed to be asking more of life than it had given him; and as it certainly had given him a surplussage of its higher privileges, it followed that he must be entertaining an unheroic yearning for some of its lower satisfactions, — probably for a proprietor's right in the upholstery and good dinners of Mrs. Souford's city establishment. And so when this latter lady mentioned her lit-

tle project for enticing a visitor, the anticipated objection did not fail to present itself.

"What do people want of science at the seaside?" cried Miss Dudley, with a decisive toss of the head. "Our winters are already stuffy with treatises which — because nobody wants to read — everybody must be compelled to hear. Rather let us have something in sportive accord with the free life of the beach and the cat-boat. What was that good thing Tom Henderson said about the three M's, — moonshine, music, and metaphysics? Well, I forget the point, but the amount of it was that these were always to be drawn upon, because they were adaptive and fluid and plastic; in short, all that Hargrave's bones are not."

"If you had come to my house on the evening when the Professor gave his lecture upon the Cervical Arch, instead of running after those stupid private theatricals, you would have learned that bones are about the most plastic portion of the human mechanism," rejoined Mrs. Souford, with some asperity. "Put them under pressure, and they assume abnormal shapes with a facility which is quite startling. Just compare the waist of the Venus with that of a young woman of the period, and we shall see" —

"Now you don't mean to tell me that your Professor was reduced to that hackneyed illustration!" gayly remonstrated Miss Dudley. "Why, it has been in all the books of useful knowledge since we went to school."

"My Professor, as you call him," said Clara, "is neither hackneyed nor commonplace. Let me tell you that no one can hold the Peckster Professorship without some original genius. Did you happen to see what Huxley said about him the other day, at the Oxford celebration? I cut it from the paper, and you will find it pinned to the sofa in my dressing-room. Hargrave has a manly force in him that persons who skim the

surface of society may not have depth enough to recognize. He is most honored by those who seek the highest knowledge. A woman may be proud to find herself sensitive to his influence."

"If the influence were only reciprocal, there would be no harm in it," observed Kate, who, as her cousin looked up, saw something darkly mirrored in her eyes which put trifling out of place. "I cannot help remembering that he refused to join the Society for Psychical Research last winter, though you begged him to do so. Influence between man and woman ought to be a matter of give and take."

"Not when the connection between them is truest," replied Mrs. Souford, "though I will own I was disappointed when Hargrave refused my request. Mind experiments were quite the rage in the autumn, and I thought he might give a little of his leisure to them, just to see if anything satisfactory could be found out. There was no wavering about his answer, and if I am to be put down I always like to have it done decisively. He declared that he would devote nothing less than a life to such investigations, and that his life was not at his own disposal."

"Which meant, I suppose, that he had a sister dependent upon him, and a reputation to be very carefully nursed," said Miss Dudley, in explanation. "You know it would never do to come to conclusions which some scientific Dr. Grundy, LL. D., D. C. L., F. R. S., and the rest of the letters of the alphabet, would not care to indorse! These learned professors have a sense of the horrors of non-conformity which would do credit to the imagination of a bud at her coming-out party."

"Ernest Hargrave is not influenced by sordid motives," replied Clara. "He has a right, after all, to decline to enter the kingdom of the *bizarre* and the nebulous, where the head soon swims and strong men have lost foothold. His sci-

ence is concerned with the verification of facts in this visible world, and by his masterly dealing with them he has won a fame which has reached across the ocean."

"Facts indeed!" laughed out Miss Kate. "I know how to throw the metaphysical lasso over his professorial head, and then, as it were, to pull him in with it hand over hand. What would become of his beautiful facts in that case? Ask him how much information about this supposed actual world those senses of his really convey? Why, they do not even intimate its existence. Let him give any good reason for thinking that things really are as they appear to him to be!"

"Oh, if you are reduced to one of your M's," said Mrs. Souford decidedly, "we will give up the discussion. I have just written to the Professor, and told him all about the music and moonlight of our summer retreat, and asked him to offset these dangerous fascinations with as much exact science as he thinks may be good for us."

And thus it came to pass that the evening mail was charged with the letter the completion of which, as we have seen, caused the happy rattle among the beads, as if in response to the movements of the heart, as its beats quickened beneath the soft Madras muslin.

Now there can be no doubt that Mrs. Souford did think of Ernest Hargrave as *her* Professor. And why should she not? He was still on the sunny side of middle life, as well as on the heavenward side of medium stature: a firmly poised man; not exactly handsome, to be sure, but probably as good looking as a man can be without being conscious of it. Then there was a mystery surrounding him which might have a romantic interest. Although he had reached the highest eminence in his calling, there was an air about him as of one whose life purpose had been

thwarted. It was not easy for Clara to account for this. Of course the man had no money, and there was talk of a sister somewhere in the West, who, added to the incumbrance of certain paternal debts, called for the greater part of his handsome stipend from the college. But, on the other hand, Hargrave had attained the great Peckster Professorship, with all that it implied; and Clara, who had been brought up under the shadow of this famous endowment, knew very well what it did imply. For not only did the salary cause it to be vulgarly spoken of as "the fattest thing in the gift of the college," but there went with it social advantages of a value not easily overestimated. There were still above ground certain descendants of the original Peckster; and these respectable mediocrities, having control of various funds for the advancement of knowledge, and of still larger funds for their own luxurious living, held it a point of honor to make life brilliant and enjoyable for the occupant of the family Chair. So this distinguished Professorship not only represented the pinnacle of scientific reputation among men, but it was regarded as a highly satisfactory asset among women who liked the *éclat* of moving in exclusive circles. The Professor was always welcomed to the houses of the wealthy who wanted to show something better than their money; indeed, no entertainment of the first class was held to be complete without his presence. European *savants* who visited America sought him out almost as soon as the steamer touched the wharf, and every rising Western college pestered him to accept its presidency.

Clara vainly tried to solve the puzzle of this want of self-satisfaction — of self-respect, she was sometimes tempted to think it — in one whose position before the world was so enviable. If an unassailable explanation occurred to her to-day, it seemed doubtful on the morrow, and absurd before the end of the

week. At one time she suspected the trouble had some connection with the Psychical Research business, in which she had wished to interest him. For, not accepting the first rebuff, Clara had returned to the charge, and wanted to know why Hargrave's name was not on a certain scientific committee, which, the papers said, was giving some odd moments to inquire into these melancholy hallucinations. Every one must see that the results obtained by these men, who were well known, intelligent, and honest would be perfectly satisfactory.

"Just as satisfactory," Hargrave had replied, "as would be the results of an investigation into the merits of Protestantism, conducted by a committee of the Pope and cardinals. These Roman gentlemen are well known, intelligent, and honest, and, this being the case, how could they be biased by the fact that, if the verdict did not confirm certain dicta to which they are committed, humiliating results must follow? Should these excellent ecclesiastics ever undertake such an investigation, be sure they will have the wit to insist upon conditions which will render their present conclusions inevitable!"

This speech was not quite intelligible to the fair patroness of the Saturday Lectureship; she could not see how science could have anything to do with the narrowness that one naturally enough credits to theology. But if she might not fathom the meaning that lay at the bottom of Hargrave's half-scornful manner, she knew it took no pathos from his clear and impressive voice, which seemed at times to lift her beyond the power of a weak and frivolous self that was trying to assert itself. She knew that the match — if it should come to that — would be a fair one, according to contemporary measurement. She had the wealth, to be sure; but then, as Mrs. Thomas K. Souford, she was merely a well-to-do woman, who might com-

mand at their current market prices certain desirable appendages to the sad condition of widowhood. As Mrs. Ernest Hargrave, Clara would enjoy the highest consideration in scientific and literary circles, and take a recognized place when she paid her winter visit to the capital of her country. Of course such calculations were not acknowledged to have any bearing upon the question; but when did all the motives which determine our actions present themselves to the conscious reflection?

After all, no offer of marriage had passed the lips of the Professor, yet what is vaguely called an understanding had established itself between them. There were precious moments when Hargrave had looked into Clara's eyes with an intense and concentrated intelligence, and both knew that their hearts vibrated in unison. At such times she received an impression of resource and power from the man which went far to deprive her of that right of self-determination which moralists assure us we may always exercise. And then there would come over her a wild fancy that the Professor might be endowed with finer senses than those he had exercised so acutely on his way to the Chair of Osteology. Could it be possible that there was within his reach a better wisdom than old Peckster imagined, when he left his money to the college?

And now that Hargrave was to come to her, Mrs. Souford found the lawn-tennis and novel-reading of the seaside as little endurable as had been the sterile bustle of her city home. She doubted whether she were not more independent than any woman ought to be. If she could only put herself under guardianship, — his guardianship!

She would sit alone upon the rocks, till the vast irony of the ocean withered her life; she would sicken at its mighty striving, without aim and without rest. At such times her mind oscillated between the views of the rector and those

of the Spencerian Lectureship; the choice, however, was soon made. The former needed a background of organ music and surpliced choir-boys; but the breaking surf, flinging its spray over the rocks, accorded better with a conception of one's self as a product of evolutionary energy, — a victim of geological changes and planetary revolutions.

This was the state of mind in which Clara Souford welcomed the arrival of Professor Hargrave, on the evening when he was to give his scientific reading to her assembled guests.

II.

And now the doubtful experiment was to be made: the Professor's paper about the Cervical Vertebrae was to be tried upon a summer audience.

The Reverend Charles Greyson, the fisherman rector, had removed his heavy boots, and petitioned for leave to appear in a pair of those worked slippers with which gentlemen of his profession are so generously provided. Now a man in any slippers was especially distasteful to Mrs. Souford, but a man in worked slippers, — well, she wished that his benefit of clergy could have taken any shape but that! Her consent, which of course had to be given, was not very gracious, and she moved the lamp behind the alabaster vase, so as to throw disagreeables into as much shade as possible.

John Harris, who had escorted Miss Langworth and her cousin to witness the regatta of the Eastern Yacht Club, deposited them on the sofa, several shades browner than when they rose that morning. Others of the company were ranged in restful attitudes about the parlor, while Hargrave sat in the stately Mayflower chair, with Clara's favorite little table with the clawed feet whereon to rest his manuscript.

The party was completed by the ar-

rival of that portly broker, Silas Pryndale, who, suddenly parting the curtains which had been drawn before one of the French windows, presented himself in a blue yachting shirt, with the word "Magician" worked in red silk across the breast.

"I won't apologize; you must let me come as I am!" he hurriedly exclaimed. "You see it was all I could do to work up to my moorings. If I had stopped for a change of clothes, I should have been late."

"But you should apologize for breaking in upon us like a ghost," said Miss Kate Dudley, giving her fan the Mikado flirt, expressive of comical terror. "Why, that fiery inscription you bear is enough to frighten a neurasthenic female quite out of her weak wits. Did Pluto attach that startling ticket-of-leave before permitting you to revisit the glimpses of the moon?"

"You refer to my lettering: well, it is a little too conspicuous," acknowledged the good-natured broker. "You see, my wife insisted that my new centre-board cat should bear that ridiculous name. Mrs. Souford happens to know all about my rescue of the deacon, and I can assure her that Susan has not yet done chaffing me about it. The last domestic joke was to mark all my shirts in this elaborate fashion, on the chance that I should not have patience to pull out the stitches."

"And so you rescued a deacon! Whence? when? where?" demanded Miss Dudley, in terse monosyllables.

"The particulars would make too long a story, and your cousin knows them already," remonstrated Silas. "It is a sort of ghost story, too, or rather, perhaps, a tale of one of those queer psychical impressions into which ghosts vanish nowadays. Such a misty narrative would be a poor prologue to those solid realities of science about which the Professor will so kindly discourse to us."

"You must tell the story. I wish Professor Hargrave to hear it," said Mrs. Souford, with decision. "To me it is very mysterious, — a shadowy reflection of something preternatural. Of course he will give us some perfectly simple explanation of it."

"From which we shall of course dissent," added Miss Kate, smartly. "Then the Professor will dissent from our dissent; but our dissent from his views will be modest, while he, having a scientific reputation to look after, will dissent from our views with contempt. So we shall have the advantage of him both in temper and tolerance."

"Now I demand every particular about the deacon," said Hargrave, smiling pleasantly. "I will cut my paper one half, or postpone it altogether, rather than remain under such a calumny as that. I believe, however, that Mrs. Souford knows me well enough to assure her cousin that if I am unable to accept a marvelous narrative — that is, to think that the marvelous element in it is proved — I shall mingle no scorn with its rejection. The fact that my studies may lead me to discover fallacies of observation or inference where Miss Dudley might not suspect them, I cannot help. But I can help that hide-bound prejudice of caste which holds so many of our college men from giving its just weight to unwelcome evidence."

Clara felt the tide of life move more rapidly as Hargrave's imploring glance met hers. Evidently, he did not quite relish the touch-and-go vivacities of her protectress. How should they be taken at their true value by one whose life was so withdrawn from the corrective touch of familiar feminine influence! Well, he must have the chance of vindicating himself, if he thought it necessary; and so the story should be told. "And be sure," she said, addressing Pryndale, "that you give us no once-upon-a-time business. We want all the names and dates, together with the state of the

weather and the degrees Fahrenheit of the thermometer."

"Weather, cloudy, with good expectation of snow," began the owner of the cat Magician; "thermometer, somewhere in the forties; place, the suburban town of Medville, in which I sleep and pay taxes; time, an afternoon in last November. Mrs. Souford, a schoolmate of my wife, was coming, as she often did, to pass a night with us. We are nearly half a mile from the station, so I drove my depot wagon to connect with the train she had promised to take. The cars reached the station soon after I did, and I experienced the disappointment of finding that our expected visitor had not come. I waited till the last passenger stepped upon the Medville platform, and then sullenly turned the horse's head towards home. If our guest arrived by a later train, I decided that she might take the public omnibus to the house. I had a batch of letters that were waiting answers, and could spare no more time for running after her; I would go home and stay there. But home I did not go, though when I left the station it certainly was my fixed purpose so to do. Let me mention that it is not my habit to drive for pleasure in our depot wagon, which is a heavy vehicle, with the stiff springs necessary for the transportation of baggage. Even setting aside my letters, there seemed to be every reason why I should hasten home. Yet a sudden impulse, which I knew not how to resist, prompted me, on turning into Centre Street, to drive away from my own dwelling. Now, if you follow Centre Street for about two miles, you come to Fox Lane, which leads through the woods to Bear Pond. The pond is another two miles from the turning, and half a mile further you come to Turner's Point, which runs out into the water, and is a favorite spot for summer picnics. We are in the habit of taking the children there once or twice during the hot weather; but, how-

ever attractive in July, it is not a pleasant place to visit on a chilly November afternoon. Fox Lane, as Mrs. Souford can tell you, is one of those rocky, rutty thoroughfares by which the farmers get to their wood-lots, and is by no means adapted to pleasure-driving. Now something riveted my attention upon Turner's Point, and soon this singular question was flashed into my mind: '*Suppose you were alone at the Point, and should meet with some accident that hindered locomotion, how soon might you reasonably expect relief?*' I am aware that it is not wise to give up one's brains for the lodging of a single idea, but this absurd and fanciful inquiry, once admitted, would not give up its quarters. There it clung, a vague, indefinable, persistent presence. I could not help reflecting that the chance of November visitors to the Point was exceedingly small, and that in the event supposed the arrival of aid would be very doubtful.

"Pondering this matter, I reached Fox Lane, and, without any motive that was evident to my consciousness, I turned into it. Indeed, I may put the case more strongly by saying that all the motives I am now able to recognize were against a solitary visit to Turner's Point. The recent rains had brought the rough stones of the by-road into unusual relief; it was late in the day, and I greatly desired to be at home. But the impulse to go on would not leave me: I had an insane desire to stand upon the end of the Point, and there to consider my chances of attracting attention, if some accident prevented my return. And here let it be observed that my sole desire was to work out a problem, in which the interest was personal. No altruistic sentiment intruded itself; no imagination of possible usefulness to some person in distress impelled my movement in a direction which — all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding — I found to be

that of the least resistance. While I recognized the fact that nothing could be more unlikely than my getting into any situation of peril upon Turner's Point, I found that nothing could be more persistent than the presentation of some such catastrophe. I said to myself, 'This morbid and feverish action of the brain, which is taking me where I don't want to go, must cease!' But my order was as ineffective as one given in a dream. The machinery of logic ground out its unanswerable demonstration of my folly; but — what shall I call it? — a presence, a breath soft as a zephyr, yet compulsive as a hurricane, urged me on.

"After a goodly shaking upon the stones I reached Bear Pond. The bars of the fence, which in summer were taken down, to allow driving to the Point, were replaced for the winter. It was still something of a walk to the picnic ground. I tied my horse, climbed the rails, and strode onward, with mingled feelings of amazement and disgust. I had not proceeded far before my ears caught faint cries, as if for assistance. I stopped and listened. Yes, there could be no doubt of it; somebody in distress was trying to attract attention. Now you see how my story is to end, so I will hurry the conclusion. In an open cellar which had been dug at the end of Turner's Point, I found Deacon Turner himself. He had visited the place to consider the feasibility of covering the old cellar with a sort of summer restaurant, or lunch-house, which might be leased to visitors during the following season. In order to make some measurements, he had undertaken to climb down into the cellar, cautiously thrusting fingers and toes into the crevices between the stones. He had slipped, fallen, and sprained an ankle so severely that the foot was powerless. Getting out of the trap was beyond the old man's power; he had lain there seven hours when I found him. The chance

of a rescue without a night, and probably another day, of cold, hunger, and misery was highly improbable. The deacon had left home in the morning, with the intention of spending the night at his brother's house in the city; there was, therefore, no reason why his absence should excite inquiry. This visit to the Point was not premeditated; it resulted from the sudden thought of a lunch-house, on his walk to the village.

"The Turner farm was a long quarter of a mile from the Point, and after supplying the poor man with water I hastened there for assistance. Ladders and men were necessary to effect a rescue, and it was not till long after sunset that I had the satisfaction of seeing the deacon extended upon his own comfortable bed. I promised to stop at Dr. Simpson's office, on my way through Centre Street, — if, indeed, the perilous passage of Fox Lane, after dark, permitted me to reach that locality.

"It was raining heavily when, after several unpleasant adventures, I drew up before my own door. Susan and Mrs. Souford (who had arrived by the 5.20 train) rushed to the porch, as the wheels stopped. And then came the high-pitched inquiries: 'Well, where *have* you been? What do you *mean* by making us so anxious? Tell us right off *where* you've been!' 'Well, my dear,' I replied hesitatingly, 'I have been to — to — Turner's Point.' And then in chorus came the rejoinder: '*What upon earth* sent you to Turner's Point on such a night as this?' Now, that was a puzzling inquiry. What did send me to Turner's Point? Was it, indeed, anything upon earth, or something to be more properly spoken of as a little beyond it? I could not answer the question then, nor have I been able to answer it since. One day I thought I would ask Dr. Simpson, and his reply was, 'One of those morbid impulses which result from indigestion.' 'But my rescue of Deacon Turner?' I objected.

The doctor, who is one of the vice-presidents of our County Medical Society, swayed to and fro in his deliberative way, and at length replied, 'Well, I think it will be best to call that a coincidence.'

"I can testify that Mr. Pryndale's story has not been magnified by repetition," said Mrs. Souford. "The mystery has not grown an inch since I first heard it. It is now in order for the Professor to furnish his explanation, or to tell us whether he agrees with the vice-president of that medical society that the words 'indigestion' and 'coincidence' are the Open Sesames to this lurid cavern."

Hargrave seemed troubled: he threw a wary yet searching glance over the company, and at length replied, "I should not dare to assert that they are not."

"So much for the official opinion of the Peckster Professorship!" announced Miss Dudley, in her smartest manner. "Now, if quite convenient, we should like to have that of Citizen Ernest Hargrave, equal voter with John, Patrick, Peter, and several million more of the same sort. Perhaps this person may be willing to exhibit his freedom by differing with the learned Professor."

"I will not resist your appeal," said Hargrave, after a pause of indecision. "I merely meant to say that such testimony as we have listened to is of value only when correlated with a great deal more testimony equally unimpeachable. Take Mr. Pryndale's narrative as an isolated experience, and Dr. Simpson's solution might be the best,—were it not the higher wisdom to attempt no solution at all. Taken separately, there is no experience of this kind which excludes a possible coincidence; taken collectively in their enormous multitude, they give another presumption, a high degree of certainty. I refer to that moral certainty, which, while falling short of mathematical demonstration,

establishes a conviction as strong as those upon which we act in the most important concerns of life."

"Our great Bishop Butler comes to the conclusion that 'probability is the guide of life,'" interposed the rector in support, "and there is no maxim more profoundly true."

"And yet I don't think you could put the bishop's discovery into a hymn with much effect," said Miss Kate, slyly.

"There are parts of the service that the rubric permits either to be sung or said," replied Greyson. "I grant that the bishop's sentiment could not come from the choir with much effect; it should always be said."

"Certainly," acquiesced Miss Dudley; "it is one of those clerical admissions that are perhaps as well said on the sidewalk, just outside the church door."

"The truth is good enough to be said anywhere!" exclaimed the Professor, with suppressed feeling. "Let us not forget that reticence, beginning in a wise prudence, easily passes into a craven timidity."

Clara saw that Hargrave's hand was nervously crumpling the manuscript before him. She seemed to share his consciousness of the painful throb of resolution which precedes a disclosure that is to affect our destiny.

"I ought now to say," he continued, "that I know there is a force in nature which, acting under conditions imperfectly understood, is able to manifest itself in exactly such results as Mr. Pryndale has given us. I say a force in nature, for surely I repudiate the misleading dualism of nature and the supernatural. The domain of nature is large enough to cover all that exists,—outside the mighty Source whence all proceeds."

There was nothing very startling in this avowal, and yet Mrs. Souford, whose eyes were fixed upon Hargrave, shuddered, as its possible consequences flashed upon her. What would become

of a reputation, now so well rounded and entire, were this confession known to the world? How great would be the scandal could it be said that the incumbent of the coveted Peckster Professorship held opinions which might lead him to examine seriously such delusions as spiritism, necromancy, prevision, and other uncanny survivals of our primitive savagery! Clara had heard that President Cooley took a summary method of dealing with his professors, when any little rift in their repute among the wealthy benefactors of the college made them incapable of continuing to advance its interests. A letter suggesting a resignation would be received by any subordinate who entertained the horrible heresy that uncultured spiritual mediums, of shady character and surroundings, might have stumbled upon truths which Mr. Herbert Spencer and his distinguished American expounders had not yet reached. To be sure, Clara herself entertained some highly unscientific doubts respecting the dogmatic assertions of the great physicists of her epoch. But then a woman was never expected to be logical; her company was sought, not for correct opinions, but for feminine warmth and cheerfulness. With a man the case was quite otherwise. He must have the intellectual sympathy of his fraternity; his honor in the larger world depends upon the recognition of his claims by the guild or clan in which circumstances have placed him. So thinking, Mrs. Souford determined to shake her head imperiously, and to change the subject; it might not be too late to prevent some of the evil she apprehended. But it was too late; there seemed to be a mysterious clog upon her freedom. Pryndale, who was naturally interested in the Professor's views, was pressing him to impart them more fully. "If you only would give us an experience of your own," he suggested, "it would impress the company as nothing I have told can possibly do. Soci-

ety has a great respect for the opinions of you scientific gentlemen about these matters."

"Provided we do not give them upon the wrong side, as Wallace, Crookes, Zöllner, Hare, Varley, and other castaways have done," said Hargrave. "Perhaps I could shock your conceptions of what is possible as much as the conceptions of our ancestors were shocked by the notion of the antipodes. 'Just think of it,' they said, — 'the idea of men living with their heads hanging downwards, and clinging to the earth like flies to a ceiling! Away with such insane tales! Give us demonstrable facts that our learned judges can pass upon, — like the powers exerted through witchcraft, for instance.' Yet I should not longer decline to share all that life has taught me: that fragment of my knowledge which the college pays me for proclaiming may not be the part of it most needed in this present time. I believe some of you know that I was principal of the Chipworth Academy, at North Bilberry, for ten years before my connection with the college. It is one of the oldest endowed schools in the State. Young men and young women, as well as boys and girls, were among my pupils; and no teacher ever had better opportunities for studying the problem of education, about which so much thin and shallow matter is written in these days."

"We know, then, in what quarter we may look for light upon a subject which so deeply concerns us," said Clara, in a desperate attempt to switch the Professor's talk upon some other track. "You will combine and assimilate all that experience in a book that shall be really authoritative; in the mean time, let us hear a few of its conclusions."

Hargrave looked amused. "Do you remember the story of the diplomatist?" he said. "Shortly after his arrival in England, he inquired for a publisher, with a view to the immediate composi-

tion of a book upon Life in the British Isles. After he had lived a year in the country, he doubted whether he had quite mastered his subject; after a residence of ten years, he gave up in despair the plan of writing anything. My ten years of study in North Bilberry have brought me to a like modesty. Columbus made his perilous voyage only to discover an island before unknown. If my eyes have caught even the dim outline of such an island rising out of unfrequented seas, I am satisfied. The great continent that lies beyond it others must explore.

"Every teacher has remarked the facility with which some of his pupils seize an idea, and this without appreciable connection either with habits of application or the general powers of the intellect. What I refer to is no parrot-like rendering of what has been learned by rote, but rather resembles a mental assimilation of principles and deductive reasoning from them. We sometimes encounter subtleties of observation and a reach of purely speculative thought which are only characteristic of a well-matured mind. One of the perennial puzzles of educational science has been to account for the fact that boys whose bright replies impress the visitor to the recitation room are precisely not those who afterwards make an impression upon the world. Look for these astonishing youngsters twenty years after their schooldays are over, and you will be likely to find them filling small clerkships, or in some way dependent upon others for direction, while the dunces of the recitation room are railroad presidents, influential divines, or are holding similar positions of social leadership. Of course this is not universally true; but it is so often true that students of education have thought it worth while to offer several elaborate explanations, none of which can be called satisfactory. For a long time I worked over this problem, as so many of my predecessors

have done, but without coming any nearer to its solution. At last I thought I saw light. I found many indications — none of them amounting to proof — that my own brain-action might be set up in the heads of certain of my pupils without a whisper or a sign; and, stranger still, that such communicated action seemed upon some occasions to be below consciousness, — that is to say, outside any thought or volition of which the presence could be recognized. I adopted the hypothesis that much of what passed for intelligence and brightness in my young people was a peculiar faculty of receiving an impression from without; and, furthermore, that the power of personal direction was lowered and absorbed by its existence."

"But you confess that this was only a guess," objected Miss Dudley.

"At first, yes," assented Hargrave. "Guess is a shorter word than hypothesis, and expresses the fact quite as correctly. Physical science is nothing but the verification of guesses; and in exploring realms of cloud and shadow we must for a long time put up with these flickering lights. I made the guess, then, that some nervous thread might, as it were, be thrown from brain to brain, and bind them for a time into a community of life. Observation and experimental research at length satisfied me that my guess was right."

"And now you have only to bring the present company to the same conclusion," said Miss Dudley, with an emphasis which seemed to touch the core of the whole matter.

"It by no means follows that I can do so," replied the Professor. "I might relate certain occurrences which are unassailable by destructive criticism; but a conviction is a very complex product. We cannot impart it to others, nor, indeed, is it easy ourselves to recognize all the evidence which has gone to its formation. I could give you some startling facts, but these are only

avenues to knowledge; they are beset with many difficulties, and it requires weary personal plodding to discover whither they lead. To tell those facts to persons who have never gone through the intellectual labor necessary to accept and to use them is to cast — well, I did not mean to run upon the discourteous quotation from Scripture, so I will say that it is to *be* cast in the part of a mere showman or wonder-monger.”

“Mr. Pryndale has been willing to tell his strange story, at my request,” said Clara, bracing herself to meet a crisis which she would no longer try to postpone. “Professor Hargrave can scarcely refuse me the same favor.”

“Certainly not, if this is indeed your wish,” rejoined the Professor. “I misread your face; I thought you would have me pass to my proper subject, — that upon which the Peckster Chair is an acknowledged authority, despite the eccentricities of any mortal who may be temporarily sitting in it. You shall have the full particulars of an occurrence which, for singularity, — though not for suggestive import, — is unparalleled in my own experience.

“I had been connected with the Academy for six years, when, one dull December evening, a letter, bearing a large official seal, called me to a service that I would gladly have avoided. The next sunrise would usher in the 15th, the great festival of the year in the town of North Bilberry. This was Founder’s Day, — the day upon which, far back in the last century, Reuben Chipworth had given himself the trouble to be born. I do not mean to say that it was celebrated with the wild Philistine energy thrown into the 4th of July; but it was an occasion more precious to the heads and representatives of the community. Being an academic jubilee, the stately and reverend element came conspicuously to the front, and directed the rejoicings of the less instructed multitude. Now the particular year of which I am speaking

happened to be a third year; and it had been solemnly established that upon every third year, in addition to the exhibition of the school and the dinner given by the trustees to themselves and to sundry invited dignitaries, a commemorative oration should be delivered in the Town Hall. It had generally happened that some gentleman upon the Board of Management was glad of the opportunity to show forth the virtues of Reuben Chipworth, as well as his own eloquence in narrating them. But my unlucky letter had come to say that the trustee who intended to give the morrow’s address had been summoned to Canada upon pressing business, and that the principal of the school was requested to take his place. It was mentioned that, as the time was short, deficiencies in the body of the address would be overlooked, provided the winding-up were embellished with ornaments worthy of the occasion. For it was desirable to hit the taste of a North Bilberry audience, which liked its rhetoric somewhat more exuberant and florid than the severe canons of metropolitan critics might admit. An appointee, dependent for his place upon the favor of a close corporation of appointors, cannot be selected as a type of that freedom and independence which are held to go with American citizenship. In my position, the request was weighted with the authority of a command, and with a heavy heart I began to look up biographical particulars about the hero whose doings I must illustrate. I sat at my desk till late into the night, endeavoring to put into some order such materials as were at hand, as well as to think out comments to accompany them. At last I came to realize that I must give up all attempt at preparation; it was impossible in the time at my disposal. One thing only could be done: I must trust to the occasion, and launch out boldly upon the tempestuous seas of extemporaneous oratory. Suddenly I recalled

my correspondent's suggestion about the peroration. Here was something to be considered. I decided to prepare and memorize a concluding paragraph; yes, and to embellish it with all the ornaments a North Bilberry audience could require. It was not an agreeable thing to do, but I thought it the best thing under existing circumstances. Our founder was an excellent man, and in all sincerity I could express my appreciation of his worth. The inflated sentences I might put together would merely translate my real feelings into language acceptable to my auditors. No one sees *more clearly than I do now that this excuse was sophistical*. Suddenly thrust into a position of peculiar hardship, it was, perhaps, pardonable to stoop a little to get out of it. It is always better to stand erect, and to take all consequences. And now, if I am to give its full significance to what I have to tell, I should repeat the closing paragraph of my address as it was then prepared. The singular sequence fixed the words so firmly in my memory that I believe I can recall most of them even at this distance of time."

"Alternate elocution with philosophy, and you give us a perfect programme for a summer night's entertainment," quoth Miss Dudley approvingly. "But pray do not leave out the original pause and emphasis. Let it be done in action, as you would do it before the duke. Come, a passionate speech! as Hamlet says."

Hargrave looked anxiously towards Mrs. Souford, knowing how easily ill-considered audacities of utterance might imperil relations between them. A woman worth winning is sensitive to the smallest defect in taste. But Clara, whether wisely or foolishly, had asked for the story; and he would goad himself into giving it fully and honestly, at whatever cost. The decision was made. The Professor rose from the arms of the Mayflower chair, and repeated, not

without some oratorical glow in his manner, the following sentences:—

"Reuben Chipworth, the man whose life we are commemorating to-day, has been a well-spring of benefits to this ancient town. His benign countenance glimmers upon us through the mists of years, and there needs no saint's halo to crown the head that thought so wisely in our behalf. He held firmly to the Puritan ideas, which were even then fading from the minds of men. Nature, society, religion, have been subjected to merciless scrutinies undreamt of in his simple time. The great generalization of Darwin which points to our animal ancestry, modern speculations in sociology, exhaustive and yet startling Biblical criticism,—how these have flung into new moulds that aggregation of shifting units known among men as the town of North Bilberry! But if our founder could not transcend the narrow limits of the community into which he was born, he would soften the path to knowledge for the community with greater opportunities which he knew must be its successor. By an heroic act of self-suppression he saved the money he was tempted to spend, and flung open for all the illimitable future the doors of the Academy. Brave Reuben Chipworth! We will not picture you as a slow-footed old man leaning upon a staff, as the artist has represented you upon his canvas. For us you are touched with the morning lustre of youth, as you offer a helping hand to generations which your eyes might not see. May eloquent divines, sagacious editors, independent statesmen, and matrons as noble as those of ancient Rome continue to issue from the portals you have opened; and may the simple certificate, '*He was educated at the Chipworth Academy*' (and be sure that no limitation of sex is intended by the use of the masculine pronoun),—I say, may our simple certificate of graduation prove a passport and a letter of credit,

which shall carry its bearer triumphant-ly throughout the world!"

"Well, we never know what our friends may be capable of doing!" exclaimed Miss Kate Dudley. "Who would have thought that a man whose life has been devoted to furnishing the world with what it considers real knowledge could ever have soared to such a trance-medium rhapsody as that?"

"You must have felt like a bishop reading the part of Richard III., at a Shakespeare Club," remarked the rector. "Pray did your North Bilberry audience follow those winged words into the empyrean?"

"It never heard them," responded the Professor gravely. "I wrote out some such matter as you have heard, put the manuscript in my pocket, and, whenever a spare moment was to be had, tried to fix it in my memory. It was written early in the morning, after an hour or two of disturbed sleep. I studied the words while shaving, and during those fifteen minutes after breakfast which I usually devoted to the newspaper. But all too soon arrived the train bringing the trustees; and then the bustle of the annual examination began. The school-room was filled with visitors, before whom my pupils were put through their paces. At the word of command from Trustee No. I., they proceeded to rack their brains for such showy fragments of knowledge as might astonish the expectant rows of parents and guardians, who were accommodated upon settees to the right of the platform. As the principal took no part in this proceeding, I mentally employed myself in testing the grip of my memory upon that winding-up paragraph. I was startled from this occupation by the voice of Trustee No. II., who had put a question to one of the brightest of my scholars, a pale-faced lassie of fifteen. 'Well, Sarah Jones, and what can you say about our founder, in whose honor we have met to-

day?' Now the answer to this question was not to be found in any textbook, and Sarah began to blush and hesitate, as one who had been taken at a disadvantage. 'Come, come,' said the questioner, 'time is precious; we are all waiting to hear what you can say about him.' This adjuration did not lessen the embarrassment of poor Sarah, who was ready to sink with confusion. 'Why, how is this?' said Trustee No. I., hurrying to the assistance of his fellow-examiner. 'There ought not to be a baby in this town who cannot say something about its greatest benefactor.' The girl's scattered wits were not brought to order by this additional turn of the screw. I saw how unfair it was to put a young person, at the most self-conscious period of life, into such a position. I was about to come to her aid with a mild remonstrance, when I observed a singular change in her expression. Sarah suddenly straightened herself to what seemed to be more than her natural height; she heaved a tired sigh, which placed her at a certain remoteness from the company, and proceeded to answer her cruel questioner by repeating verbatim the elegant conclusion I had prepared for my evening address. And more than mere words were given; they came salient with precisely the stress and swell of delivery with which I had mentally fitted them."

"And what did the company think of it?" asked Clara.

"I suppose they thought it was what in professional slang would be called 'a marked card,'" replied Hargrave. "In other words, that the child had been crammed for the display, and that the trustee — possibly in collusion with the teachers — had drawn the marked card for the glory of the school and the astonishment of the company. Such proceedings are not absolutely unknown at academic exhibitions."

"Of course you explained the nature

of the singular occurrence?" said the rector.

"How could I explain what I did not understand myself?" inquired Hargrave. "No; I saw that I should make things worse by any statement whatever. Any isolated marvel coming into collision with our previous experience will be, and ought to be, interpreted in accordance with that experience. Either I taught the girl that speech, or in some way she obtained my manuscript and learned it without my knowledge. Say what I might, no third supposition could have been admitted as possible. The case was simply one for silence."

"There comes in the superiority of the masculine intellect," said Clara. "A woman would have compromised herself by telling the truth, or, in other words, by exhibiting herself as a specimen of abject credulity or hysterical hallucination."

"*Toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire*," quoted Hargrave. "*Mais toutes les vérités seraient bonnes à dire si on les disait ensemble.*" Joubert's maxim may be easily abused, yet its essential soundness is indisputable. No one is bound to give facts which must cast an utterly distorted image upon the minds of his hearers. Psychical investigations were then unheard of among those posing as the representatives of sane opinion. I had a career to make, and a sister dependent upon my exertions. Why should I oppose my feeble resistance to the momentum of contemporary science? I must confine my activity upon those reputable lines of investigation which have since terminated in the Peckster Professorship. Then, too, it is most difficult for a man to effect a deep change in his own system of thought, no matter what weight of evidence may require him to do so. Any explanation, be it never so strained, will be clutched, if only it will serve to float us awhile longer on the stream of current belief."

"But what in the world did you do about that noble peroration?" inquired Miss Dudley. "'That aggregation of shifting units known among men as the town of North Bilberry' should have enjoyed their rhetoric all the more after hearing its rehearsal by proxy in the morning."

"Perhaps so," said the Professor, "but their enjoyment would have been in inverse ratio to that of their orator. There was nothing to be done but to accept the situation, and omit the climax. I believe I stumbled through some sort of address, which was painfully below the performance of Sarah Jones in the morning. To go back to that young woman. I should tell you that she was thoroughly questioned by Trustee No. II. as to where she learned that prodigious lesson about Chipworth which she recited so gracefully. 'I never learned it; it came to me,' was her reply. And to this view of the case she persistently adhered, despite threats and cajolery. The trustees conferred together during the intermission, and summoned old Dr. Brewster from the settees to assist in their council. The girl seemed perfectly truthful, and the good doctor could not, or would not, assert that she was conscious of uttering a falsehood. 'We must take a charitable view of this affair,' said he. 'The fact is, the settees were much pleased with her exhibition, and thought it very creditable to the Academy. Now do any of you gentlemen understand physiology?' Not a trustee could say that he did. And so the doctor went on to explain that the agitation of nervous matter in the brain, which is popularly called memory, was sometimes unaccompanied by consciousness. And thus it seemed probable that they had listened to a fragment of the oration upon some former Founder's Day, which Sarah had learned as a child, without any remembrance of having done so. As analogous cases were to be found in the

books, it was decided to accept this explanation, and to probe the matter no further. You see that if I had produced the remarks from my pocket, with the ink scarcely dry upon the paper, only one supposition would have been admissible: the girl must have stolen them, and lied. This was impossible, of course; but a theory which is consonant with an established way of thinking is not to be limited by mere possibilities."

"This doctrine of the appropriation of the results of thought without going through the labor of thinking is both unpleasant and dangerous," said the Rev. Mr. Greyson. "How are we to know whether a given mind is trained or merely impressionable; whether a man is competent to use his faculties actively, or can merely permit their use by somebody else? Is the non-concurrence of the obstinate jurymen in a righteous verdict owing to an honest conviction, or has he been unconsciously psychologized by the lawyer who has the biggest fee in his pocket? Above all, if you admit this disturbing element in our mental action, must it necessarily come from an embodied intelligence? Given this wave of nervous influence, by which mind can work the machinery of a body foreign to it, and how can we deny the possible action of an unseen world which the Spiritualists assert?"

Hargrave made no reply to these pertinent questions, but busied himself in selecting certain sheets from the manuscript before him.

"The Peckster Professorship of Osteology," said Miss Dudley, coming smartly to the rescue, "authorizes me to say that, being above all things scientific, it consigns other worlds than this to the limbo of chimæras. It has high respect for the multiplication table, quite an enthusiasm for the dinner table, a good-natured tolerance for the tables of the law, — though, of course, Moses did not get them where he said

he did, — but for the tables of the rappers and tippers it has nothing but a sneer, born of its superior wisdom."

It was clearly necessary for Hargrave to say something, yet there was a tinge of painful indecision in his manner as he addressed Mr. Greyson.

"When some future benefactor of the college founds a professorship of psychology, and ties up his bequest so that no one committed to the mechanical theory of man's nature can be put into it, science may reduce to order what is now chaotic, and your inquiries may be answered. I have told my story, as was requested, and have nothing more to say."

"*Revenons à nos moutons*, — of course I mean to the osseous parts of them, of which Professor Hargrave may profess to know something without periling his means of livelihood, or bringing his sanity into suspicion!" exclaimed Miss Dudley. "He is making selections from among his papers, and it is not too late to hear anything he is willing to read to us."

"A good suggestion," assented Pryndale. "The Professor looks as if he would be as glad to get upon his beaten road again as I was to reach the macadamized surface of Centre Street, after my jolting upon Fox Lane. We will not pursue these dreary paths into the woods, where mortals so easily lose their way."

"Yes, and sometimes encounter the Black Man," added the rector. "Our forefathers often met him in such shadowy localities."

The decision had an exhilarating effect upon Hargrave, who proceeded to the vigorous reading of his essay.

Clara breathed more easily. It is well to return to ground to which we have an undoubted title. Here it was certain that the high mental qualities of her Professor were accessible to the observation of the common sort of people one meets in society.

III.

Hargrave's reading was so curtailed as to finish at ten o'clock, the latest hour to which sitting up was possible at the seaside. Silas Pryndale took a hasty leave, discovering that it was quite time to sail the cat *Magician* to her permanent anchorage across the bay. The rector, though he had been much interested, confessed to sleepiness during the concluding paragraphs; and one by one the little circle of listeners began to take their candles from the entry table.

Mrs. Souford was one of those old-fashioned housekeepers who make it the final duty of the day to descend to that lowest floor whence rise supplies for the higher departments of the establishment. She excused herself for not joining the chamberward tendency of her guests by declaring that the back-door must have been left unlocked. Her servants had grown very careless, and she felt a current of air from the kitchen. Would Professor Hargrave bear the lamp by which he had been reading, and illumine her way to that locality?

And it turned out not only that the door required fastening, but that a certain creamy, bubbly composition, which the cook had prepared with a view to the morrow's flapjacks, ought to be removed to the ice-chest, lest it should sour. This receptacle being made after the box pattern, it became necessary to lift out several fragments of the day's dinner before a place could be found for the bowl of flapjack mixture. Clara would allow no awkward masculine hands within the sacred precincts of her refrigerator; so the Professor's business was merely to hold the lamp, and watch the pretty fingers as they lifted the blue pottery, and rearranged the vessels of yellow earthenware upon their proper slabs of slate.

This and other household offices oc-

cupied some time, and the parlor was deserted when they returned to it. The moon was rising over the sea, and the piazza offered the attractive solitude which—if the solitude is *à deux*—is so full of emotional opportunities. By daylight we skim the surface of our minds, chattering for the most part below our real abilities. In the night what lies deepest in our nature more easily asserts itself; the possibilities of the imagination grow into necessities; there comes a spiritual productiveness which may make self-renunciation seem a matter of course.

The lady and her guest passed through the parlor and out upon the piazza. The nominal excuse was to draw the Fayal chairs under the awning, lest it should rain before sunrise. To be sure, the sky was cloudless, but the pretense would do, nevertheless.

The path to the beach shone out full and clear in the silver light; the undulating sand-heaps, the rocks jutting up in their naked grandeur, no longer required the relief of foliage which the prospect lacked during the glare of noon. The hard, every-day substance of the scene had left it; the familiar objects seemed to belong to an enchanted world of illusion and phantasmagoric change.

"It is, doubtless, all as unreal as it is beautiful," said the Professor, as if in responsive sympathy with an unspoken thought of his companion.

"Where, then, shall we find reality?" said Clara. "Surely not in those dimly discerned forces among which we have wandered this evening?"

"Were they thoroughly studied," replied Hargrave, "it might be that they would reveal our true position as denizens of a world of certainties. The reports of these bodily senses are not wholly worthy of confidence; they stuff our minds with prepossessions which may prevent us from possessing our rightful inheritance. The progress of

our self-satisfied century has contented itself with the discovery of the laws of visible matter; but there is matter just over the line of visibility, fine, subtle, spiritualized, — fitted, perhaps, for the apprehension of other senses than those we habitually employ. Clara Souford, the time has come when there should be truth between us, be the cost what it will. I have reason to know that I have special aptitudes of temperament for pushing investigation beyond this dull, material plane. My life-studies have armed me with the methods of scientific research, and these should have given me a poise and sobriety of judgment sufficient to prevent that disturbance of equilibrium which has wrecked so many adventurers upon these mystic deeps. Why should I not do the work of which I am most capable, — the work that will lead to results useful above all others to this generation? There must come a reaction against the mechanical psychology which is all that modern science can at present offer us. Carried to a logical result, it kills those ideals which once stimulated our race to its noblest effort. Hence the social ferment and agitation which are surely preparing for our existing society. I would carry that critical sagacity, that faculty of right interpretation and inference, developed upon lines of physical research, among facts of higher concern than those which occupy the attention of my brother scientists. But to do this I may be called upon to sacrifice the good opinion of my fellows, my reputation for common sense, — perhaps even for common sanity. The learned societies which welcome me to their deliberations — knowing that my name will give importance to their committees of nobodies — may come to credit me with the credulous simplicity of a fool, if not with the trickery of a knave. But what matters it? Others who have benefited their age have given a higher price for the privilege. My sister has been happily mar-

ried, and no longer needs my assistance; at last my inherited debts are paid. I am what the world would call a free man. Yet not so: I look into the unsearchable depths of your eyes; I cannot tell whether they reflect Ernest Hargrave stripped of all his comfortable appendages, or only the occupant of that stately Chair established by the Peckster of the past, and controlled by the Pecksters of the present."

A man's emotion, suddenly breaking out like a pent-up force in nature, may well cause a woman to shrink with nervous dread. Evidently things were not going as Clara would have had them. She must be grateful for his plainness of speech, which disclosed a possible future before it was too late for her to avoid it. That was a part of his honest, manly character. She might now thrust him back, since his position among the honored leaders of scientific thought would soon be shaken to its foundation. How she had pleased herself with fancying that high position decorated with the wealth which it was in her power to bestow! She had imagined herself seated at the head of his table, with Tyndall and Huxley as guests, and upon either side all the great ones and the fair ones of the city who had been asked to meet them. She had been caught by certain glittering facets of a character with many other sides to it. As is always the case before marriage, — else how could marriage come about? — she had confounded a drawing-room representation of Hargrave with the totality of the man. Could she love one who was content to live out in the cold with a hobby, to be ridiculed by the ignorant — and, still worse, by the learned — as a dealer in delusions, an expert in epilepsies and other whimsical vapors? Suddenly there flashed upon her mind certain words of the Spenserian Saturday Lectureship, an interpreter scarcely less respected than the master evolutionist himself. She did not intend to utter

the sentence aloud; and yet, after naming her authority, she found herself quoting its august testimony:—

“We have not the faintest shadow of evidence wherewith to make it probable that mind can exist except in connection with a physical body.”

Some hasty comment upon these words of wisdom seemed to rise to Hargrave's lips; but he restrained their utterance, and paused before he said in a quiet way, —

“There are thousands of clear-minded men who would have the right to stigmatize the dictum you quote as a foolish dogmatism, born of ignorance or of insolence. If that right is not mine, it is because I have felt the force of the antecedent objection which prevents those trained in the school of modern science from receiving evidence which contradicts what they have proclaimed as its fundamental axioms. ‘Not the faintest shadow of evidence!’ Is this mighty Lectureship unaware of the fact that there is evidence which has brought conviction to hundreds of hard-headed men, to whose intelligence and honesty we trust our lives and our dearest interests? ‘Not the faintest shadow of evidence!’ Is there not something unpardonable in such a saying, when we know that such a competent weigher of evidence as the distinguished naturalist, who independently thought out the hypothesis of natural selection, has been compelled to accept the fact that mind does exist with which no physical body is connected? And this man is only one among the skilled observers who have been brought to a belief which has flatly contradicted their previous convictions. Evidence so abundant that it ceases to be cumulative has satisfied me that brain-action may be set up by a foreign intelligence. Is that active intelligence ever external to the human bodies our senses recognize? My own investigations do not yet warrant the assertion that it is. I only know that

there is a great weight of recorded testimony which tends to that conclusion.”

Clara thought she had better say something, and so she remarked that, even granting the probability of invisible intelligences, there seemed no reason why they should impinge upon a mode of existence which did not belong to them.

“And yet we find that the perpetual intrusion of organisms on one another's mode of life is the law upon this planet,” said the Professor. “Every species is pushing into new areas and striving to expand its sphere of being. If we consider the temporary changes of media which science recognizes, we shall find them little less wonderful than even a change from invisible to visible. Do you remember that Mr. Spencer himself, as an illustration of the possibility of the impossible, posits the case of a water-breathing animal with no efficient limbs, whose habit it should be to climb trees? Such a fact in nature is as clearly impossible as that sentences can be written upon slates without human agency. Yet science has come to accept the fact that the *Anabas scandens* performs this feat with no appreciable difficulty. The sharp division between the animal and vegetable kingdoms has already faded to an indefinite and shadowy border-land: to the ripper science of the future the boundary line between two worlds may seem equally uncertain and shifting. If the competent inquirer must still regard the existence of mind which is not the product of organization as simply an hypothesis, it is nevertheless an hypothesis which carefully verified phenomena have thrust upon us.”

“But this agrees too nearly with the primitive hypothesis of ghosts,” said Mrs. Souford; “and has not Mr. Spencer asserted that any primitive hypothesis must be untrue?”

“The schoolboys of the last century,” replied Hargrave, “were taught

to laugh at the hypothesis of the historian Livy that certain stones fell from the heavens. They were told that the great Sir Isaac Newton and his scientific associates knew the folly of such a primitive hypothesis as that. I am old enough to have known men within whose memory the fall of aerolites, long scorned by the representatives of science, was accepted as a fact. The scholarship of our fathers knew that the relations of Herodotus could not live in the clear atmosphere of their modern intelligence; but the time came when travelers from the East would insist upon reporting facts which established his accuracy, until now we know that whenever the Father of History speaks from his own observation we have no reason to question his truthfulness. 'Fears of the brave and follies of the wise!' Who can forget Dr. Johnson's sonorous couplet? Yet he misses the real sadness of his theme; for these fears and follies are not confined to the last scene of life, where he places them. Think of Bacon denying the Copernican system; of Leibnitz fearing to accept the law of gravitation, lest it should overthrow religion; of Milton, the noblest apostle of tolerance, unable to tolerate Catholics! If you would have a humbler illustration, I can bring you a copy of the journal in which the brightest editor Boston ever had denounced a certain scheme as 'wild, preposterous, and idiotic;' and this madman's proposition was the connection of his native city with Albany by means of a railroad."

"Such recollections may uphold a man," said Clara; "but to a woman her petty social world seems so immense that it is with no joy born of emancipation from its slavery, but only with a listless consenting to circumstances, that she forces herself to leave it."

"There are times," said Hargrave, "when a man's world seems quite as limited, and yet quite as overpowering.

How little we know of it while the greatest problem it presents still awaits solution! But remember that the limitations of our exact knowledge do not agree with the limitations of our physical organs. Were it so, we should know nothing of the world of microscopic organisms which science has opened to us. We should not know that there are musical notes which, because they represent more than forty thousand vibrations to the second, can never reach the ear, or that there are light waves that will not operate upon the eye. Should there be states in which the retinal sensibility to ethereal tremors were increased, why should there not reach us what Tennyson calls 'a finer light in light'? Much of the human brain is never used; untaught save in one direction, it soon becomes rigid and metallic; the paths of easiest conduction to our volitional centres await discovery. The new epoch calls for its pioneers! They must accept obloquy from the age that is going out, for their work is to supply the cravings of the better age which advances upon us. Will you not be at my side while, standing upon the basis of scientific demonstration, I shall deliver the message with which I may be charged?"

And now Clara felt that her Professor had a motive power in that high purpose of his that must sweep her life before it. Yet she could not all at once withdraw a longing, lingering look from what might have been. It was hard that the Peckster Professorship should fall away from him before he had time to taste the comfort that ought to go with the honor he had won. She started, when she realized that it was of *his* comfort, not her own, that she thought.

Hargrave seemed to know what was passing in her mind. "Do not think of what I leave," he said; "remember where I go. I shall find my work in a department of knowledge at present in

possession of feeble and ill-trained minds, but in which results may be obtained of the highest utility to our race. For to know what *we* are is far more important to our welfare than to find out what nature is. A toilsome, unwelcome labor lies before me. While there are forces of which the study may fill the greatest void in human knowledge, those forces are developed under apparently capricious conditions. Charlatanry and imposture have brought them into contempt with my associates. I think I do not underestimate the patience required to clear away this rubbish. The temptation will be to formulate a theory which must be supported beyond the measure of the evidence. How many have foundered upon that rock! It may be that for success in this research the brain itself must develop new lines of organic structure; and, alas! the years are coming when it will no longer retain its plastic energy. If I see all these obstacles, what is the prize which urges me to grapple with them? I answer, that as Darwin established the relation between humanity and the lower animal creation by an irresistible logic which has compelled the world's assent, so it is reserved for some coming investigator to establish by methods equally exact our relationship with progressed beings worthy to inspire and to guide. Socrates, wisest of the ancients, could only affirm his *δαίμων*; is it not possible for science to prove it? Yes, I am ready to meet all the fraud and folly, all the strange vagaries of unbalanced minds, all the idle tales of the mere wonder-lover, which block the road to this great knowledge. The humiliating infatuation which has heaped these masses of fallacy in the way comes chiefly from bad observation. They will be swept aside by the methods of science, which, by keeping the head cool and the critical judgment active, enable us to apply common sense to uncommon phenomena. The path

that opens before me is one that man and woman may tread together. It leads away from social popularity and the elegant decorums of fashion; it leads towards an undiscovered order of facts and relations. Again I ask, Dare you walk by my side?"

There was manly dignity as well as feeling in the Professor's voice. Clara seemed lifted to a plane where only large and disinterested action was possible. The full implication of many things Hargrave had said during their past intercourse rushed upon her. He had always spoken as a man with vital force in him should speak to the woman he loved. He had never disguised himself in the way that others who sought her favor deemed excusable. There are moments when the growth or decay of the feminine character depends upon the ability to assimilate the mental life of a superior man. Such a supreme moment had come to Clara Souford. She was sure the test could be met. Let the Peckster Professorship be left behind, if its narrow traditions were outgrown! President Cooley might write his letter about unpleasant rumors and loss of usefulness to the college as soon as he liked. Rather tender the resignation before it was asked! To second-rate men, a first-rate man will appear to be third-rate. Was this an accepted aphorism? She could not remember having heard it, and yet it was so true. So ran the course of things in this world, and perhaps the one thing needful was to find an escape from it. He should not venture alone upon ways which led down from the heights, when he stood so fairly among the learned of his time. If he must be misunderstood, it was necessary that one should understand him. Hand in hand they would press forward to this strangely fascinating field of super-mundane labor. A better destiny than imagination had forecast was offered her. It might be given to Hargrave to effect that amalgamation

of spiritual and scientific ideas which would create a new social era. The lawless affluence of her past life must be put in circumscription and confine; but she craved the restraint, and accepted it with awe and gratitude. Yet these thronging thoughts brought no words which did not seem below the level of what Clara would impart. Fortunately, it was not necessary that she should speak.

"I too," said Hargrave, as if in reply to what was unuttered,—"I too vainly grasp at this or that expression to measure the rich contentment your silence imparts. Thank Heaven that thought is transmitted between us in such perfection as our halting human speech can never reach."

How gently comes about the supreme understanding between man and woman! How the sentient fibre imparts its newly awakened emotion to familiar objects! Delicious was the advance of the incoming tide, which, after furrowing the beach with its little billows, began its musical ripple upon the stones.

A charm was in the line of tremulous light which crossed the bay to the rocky island, and thence glittered off to the solitudes of the sea-horizon. They sat together in all the measureless felicity that their new relation gave.

Suddenly a vision came to Clara Souford, which she determined should take substance in the coming time.

"Would not that be splendid?" she inquired, after confiding the project to her companion. "Would not that be an advanced idea?"

"Too advanced to be realized just at present," said the Professor, smiling. "Cooley and his corporation would think it a woman's whim, and would contrive some sort of strait-jacket to confine your generosity. Wait five years, at least, before you give your intention shape; by that time we may have prepared the way for it."

"So be it, then," said Clara, "for you know what is best. In five years shall be founded the Hargrave Professorship for Independent Spiritual Research."

J. P. Quincy.

A MEMORY OF THEOCRITUS.

THUS will I lie, on this green couch of leaves
 Stript from the wayward vine, and while the brook
 Beneath its slender osiers sweetly grieves,
 And elfin echoes haunt each shadowy nook,
 I'll hearken how, among the rocks o'erhead,
 The fountain tinkles down its narrow bed.

Cool in this dim recess the breath of day
 Is softly blown, and from the humid moss
 Thin exhalations rise, that steal away,
 Elusive as a dream; the branches toss
 Their emerald brede above me, and below,
 Far down, the kine to lusher pastures go.

Sweet sounds and odors fold me like a sleep;
 A wood-bird whistles from its piny bower;

A maiden's silvery laughter mounts the steep;
 And dreamily from one tall purple flower
 That o'er me slowly vibrates, censer-wise,
 Fine wreaths of fragrant incense seem to rise.

O singer who, in honeyed Sicily,
 Long years ago upon some morning height,
 Didst hear the droning of the vagrant bee,
 And saw fair Enna smiling in the light,
 I'd half believe thou hadst come back again,
 Should goat-hoofed Pan but pipe a sudden strain.

James B. Kenyon.

A KOREAN COUP D'ÉTAT.

I.

To not a few of us the *Anabasis* of Xenophon marks one of the well-remembered emotions of our boyhood. Reflected in the bright mirror of our own youthful imagination, few pictures from the past seem to the mind's eye so vivid as does that sight, one morning, of the long-desired Euxine, when the Grecian vanguard topped the hill. Almost as if we ourselves had been toiling up the slope, and had caught the cheer from the ranks in front, a thrill within us answered their shout: "*Thalatta! thalatta!*" The sea! the sea! We too pressed forward to the summit, to behold beside them, spread out below, the distant water, sparkling under the summer sun, till across its glittering shimmer crept, as they gazed, a mist of gathering tears, and to our own eyes, as we read, the page grew blurred.

That historic cry of so long ago in Asia Minor found an echo only the other day from the farther side of the same great continent. The heart-felt hail that had greeted the Black Sea in the far past greeted the Yellow Sea yesterday. The *couleur locale*, indeed, had changed, but not the action; only the scene had shifted across Asia from

its extreme western peninsula of Asia Minor to the far eastern one of Korea.

A deed was done there, fitting in its heroism and its pathos to call up the memory of its old-time prototype. Twice within thirty months a handful of Japanese fought its way from Söul to the sea. Twice within a period so short that the report of the one brave deed seems to span the interval to the other, a little band, after ably defending itself against a sudden, unexpected attack, cut its way out from the heart of a great city bent on its annihilation, marched a long day's journey through a hostile land, and then, at last, like the immortal ten thousand, descried from a hill the goal of its hope, the ocean. The first march took place in July, 1882; the second, in December, 1884. The one was made in the dust and heat of summer, the other through the ice and snow of a winter as bitter as our own. Although it is of the second that I would tell the story, a word concerning the first retreat and of the causes that compelled it, is necessary to explain a situation as anomalous as its solution was grand.

Japan is related to Korea both geographically and ethnologically, much as England is to France. Not unnatu-

rally, there has been little love lost in the strait between the two. Too near of kin and too close of country not to fight, a spirit, half of quarrel, half of quest, has constantly pushed the one nation to invade the kingdom of the other. These invasions have always been in one direction, — from the islands to the peninsula.

The first instance of which we read occurred about the beginning of the third century of our era. The warlike Japanese empress, Jingu, suddenly felt herself inspired by the gods with the idea of conquering Korea, of whose existence this was the first intimation to the insular mind. Wishing to assure herself of the trustworthiness of the inspiration, she devised the following test. She baited a hook with a grain of boiled rice, betook herself to the beach, threw in her line, and — caught a fish. From so signal a proof of her ability to catch fish, she argued a corresponding power to catch men, and her reasoning proved correct. Korea capitulated at sight, and in return for the unexpected international visit sent a peaceful invasion of learning to the hitherto illiterate islanders. Thus letters first reached Japan.

The second conquest was the work of Hideyoshi. Flushed with the success of his civil wars, he bethought him of subduing China. To this end he imperiously summoned Korea to become his vanguard. She declined the position. Poor Korea found herself placed in a most awkward predicament. Whichever side she took, she was sure to suffer from the other. However, as personally she preferred China, she refused to join Japan, and notified the Middle Kingdom of her neighbor's intention. Hideyoshi at once began his preparations for an invasion on a truly magnificent scale. During the year 1591 men and ships in great numbers collected at a point on the western coast of Japan, opposite Korea, and in the early

months of 1592 the superb flotilla set sail for Fusan. The history of the expedition is simply the itinerary of one long triumphal march. Nor did the effects of it vanish with its immediate triumphs. Its indirect influence upon Korea has remained a blight upon the land to this day. For the destruction it wrought was not the hasty work of a few weeks, but the repeated devastations of decades. Other expeditions followed in the wake of the first, and not till thirty years from the time of their first landing did the Japanese recross for good to their own islands again. When they did at last depart, they left behind them, in the shape of the little fortress of Fusan, a standing insult, like Gibraltar, to the integral dignity of the kingdom of Korea.

But time passed; centuries rolled by, and man's ambitions changed. More modern motives began to find a home in the Japanese breast. Europeans had sown there the seeds of a more rational, though no less engrossing, greed, — the wish for the usufruct in place of the pride of possession. The Japanese began to care more to reap the fruit of other people's lands, and less to own their soil. Trade, money, had elbowed aside the endeavor for empty-handed empire. The imitativeness of their character had made the Japanese quick to absorb many foreign ideas, and they displayed the proverbial enthusiasm of recent converts. Hardly had they entered the great brotherhood of nations than they grew anxious that Korea should follow in their footsteps, and they proposed to show her the way. They astutely foresaw much profit from this position of cicerone. Korea, on her part, evinced no such inclination to become like other people. She ignorantly preferred to remain herself. But she was not given the choice. The silent might of menace accomplished what arms had brought about before. In 1876 Japan forced Korea to make a

treaty with her, by which the former power was granted admission to certain treaty-ports; and by a second treaty in 1880 she gained admittance to the capital, Söul. There she established a legation; as different, however, from the peaceable institution we usually understand by the term as the mode of establishing it had been uncommon. It was a little armed colony, stationed alone in the midst of a hostile land. To the legation proper was attached a force of soldiers to defend it in case of danger, and guards were kept posted night and day. For it was completely cut off from Japan. It might have been wiped out of existence, and for weeks no one at home would have been the wiser.

Nor was this event so very improbable. The position of the Japanese in Söul, as they themselves were well aware, was none too secure. To the ranklings of inherited hate their presence added a continual goad of irritation by forcing the Koreans to witness the long-dreaded innovation upon their own fossilized civilization. The Japanese seemed the dire harbingers of change. Dozing Korea felt about as kindly disposed toward these ruthless disturbers of her time-honored slumber as the slug-gard does toward the man who would compel him to get up.

At first, indeed, such precautions against extermination appeared unnecessary enough. Two years passed by, and yet nothing had happened to justify them. To be sure, the members of the legation were not exactly popular with the Korean people. So much was only too painfully apparent. They were invariably avoided, and occasionally insulted in the streets. Sometimes they were pelted with epithets, sometimes with stones. Still, nothing serious had taken place or seemed likely to occur, till, suddenly, like the earthquakes of their native land, the upheaval was the first warning. One day a Japanese student interpreter was cut down in the street,

and an hour later a mob was storming the legation compound. Foiled in its attempt to gain possession of the buildings, the crowd next tried to set them on fire, and partially succeeded. To defend the place long, with the small force at his command, being quite out of the question, the minister, Hanabusa, decided to march to the palace, demand redress of the government, and claim its protection. Issuing in a compact body from the gate, the Japanese marched boldly across the city, amid as much molestation as the Koreans dared offer, only to find, at the end of their long tramp, the palace gates bolted against them. The blow was staggering. The government, then, was privy to the attack, or, if not absolutely their foe, at least too timid to stand their friend. Thus deserted and a prey to overwhelming numbers, their only hope lay in striking for the sea-coast, and thence, if, haply, they should succeed in reaching it, escape, as best they might, to Japan. The order was given the soldiers to march to the sea. For the second time they filed through the narrow, crooked streets, harassed at every turn by the populace, till finally they reached one of the city gates. Fortunately, they found it open. They passed through it, traversed in one long, running fight the mile and a half of suburbs that separate the city from the river Han, and found themselves at last at the ferry; the river in front, the foe behind. Keeping the enemy at bay, they succeeded in impressing some boats, and crossed the Han, the Koreans following them. From the ferry it is a distance of twenty-five miles to Inchön. Along this stretch they plodded wearily, constantly a target for fresh attacks, until late at night they reached the protecting shelter of the magistracy. Lulled into a dangerous security by the friendly bearing of the magistrate, and utterly tired out, they hastily posted guards, and fell off in sleep. They were awakened by an onslaught so sudden that the guards

had not time to warn their comrades, and several of their number were killed before they could make good their retreat to the sea-shore. There they laid hands upon a small, unseaworthy fishing boat,—for the Koreans are not a maritime race,—and put to sea, in the forlorn hope of being picked up by an English man-of-war, which they knew to be cruising somewhere off the coast. After tossing about on the Yellow Sea for thirty-six hours, they fortunately fell in with her, were taken on board, and carried to Japan.

At the tale they told all Japan rose like one man. Masses volunteered for the approaching service, and money poured in from all sides to defray the cost of the coming war. Within a month the minister returned to Chemulpo, backed by a Japanese man-of-war, to demand reparation for the outrage. At the same time, four Chinese war vessels had, with a celerity anything but Chinese, appeared off the port of Inchon. With a suitable guard, Hanabusa proceeded to the capital. The Koreans temporized, with their usual failure to realize consequences. Hanabusa retired to the sea-coast; whereupon the Chinese general landed his forces, marched up to the capital, kidnapped the king,—or, rather, the regent, the Te Wan Kun, who had usurped the office,—and carried him off to inglorious retirement in China, where he remained till 1885.

War with Japan, which otherwise would inevitably have resulted, was averted. Before long the Japanese legation was again established in Söul, and matters returned once more to their old footing. Nothing remained to mark the past but the ruined walls of the old legation compound, and the little plain grave-stones in the grass on the bare hillock by the sea. There, near Chemulpo, lay buried the Japanese dead. But the old-time hatred was not dead; it lived sullenly on. Still, for the space

of two years and a half, the volcano of Korean government slumbered.

Meanwhile, many Japanese merchants came straggling over to the mushroom treaty-ports, and at last began to open shops in hitherto secluded Söul. The feeling between the two nations seemed daily to be growing better. The Japanese were no longer gratuitously insulted by the populace, and the more liberal party in Korean affairs was doing its utmost to open the mind of the country to the consciousness of a world around it. Besides, the Japanese had ceased to be the sole foreigners in Söul. In 1882 Admiral Shufeldt had succeeded in framing, in behalf of the United States, a treaty with Korea, and in May, 1883, General Foote, appointed American minister at the Korean court, arrived with the ratifications. England and Germany followed suit. In November of that year the treaty with Great Britain was signed in the capital by Sir Harry Parkes, and the German treaty was concluded at the same time. These international events were an era in Korean official life. Simple Söul was waked from its long trance by the sound of foreign music, for a naval band had been brought up from the German man-of-war to heighten the hilarity of the occasion; and then, after a round of hitherto unheard-of festivities the diplomats departed. Sir Harry Parkes returned to Peking, where he had his official residence as minister both to China and Korea; Mr. Aston having been appointed, as consul-general to Korea, to represent him in Söul. In the spring of 1884 Mr. Aston arrived, followed in the course of the summer by the German consul.

Besides these representatives of foreign powers, there was another German living in the city, in the more intimate capacity of a Korean official. Herr von Möllendorff's career is quite worthy a place in the old Arabian Nights. Sent over, originally, by Li Hung Chang,

Viceroy of Shanghai, at the request of the Korean government for some one to organize for it a customs service, he had been invested with one office after another, until he had become one of the great powers of the state. His position varied at times in most becomingly romantic fashion; now his influence was enormous, and anon he was in disgrace. There were also a few other foreigners, temporarily in the capital for purposes of business. Such was the handful of white men living in Söul, in December, 1884, when the occurrences began which I am about to describe.

The foreigners were indeed few in number, but they were, in virtue of their position, marked men. They were there to represent foreign powers, and any harm to them meant trouble with their respective countries. Even Korea could not be blind to the wisdom of respecting their persons. They were thus mutually guarantees of safety to one another. What had happened before to the Japanese in 1882 was hardly likely to happen again. An assassination of foreigners, from such simple directness of purpose, was no longer probable. That such a result might indirectly be brought about was still possible, for it happened.

The old barrier of Korean exclusiveness had never been completely broken down. The opening of the hermit land was the result of no national movement. The king, indeed, had been in favor of it, but of the official class who constitute the country only a portion had spontaneously desired the change; the persistence of the other contracting parties had been the chief cause of their success. The first step in the new direction had entailed others, and the feeling of the defeated officials had in consequence grown all the more bitter. Hence the enforced opening of the country, subordinating, as it necessarily did, all minor differences of policy, had given rise to two new, all-embracing and all-engrossing, antagonistic parties. These

two parties were named by the Japanese the progressionists and the seclusionists, names which, if slightly cumbersome in use, are at least self-explanatory.

Just as the first paralyzing excitement of the new condition of things was wearing off, and the conservative officials were awaking to the full import of their situation, the various progressionist leaders, who had been dispatched abroad for one reason or another, began to reappear on the scene, fairly intoxicated with their newly acquired ideas. The greater part of the mission to America, headed by Hong Yöng Sik, reached Korea in December, 1883. Min Yöng Ik, his senior colleague, who had accepted an invitation to return in the American man-of-war, the Trenton, arrived in May, 1884; and in June Kim Ok Kyun, perhaps the ablest and most daring spirit among the progressionist leaders, came back from Japan, where he had been living very agreeably for over a year, vainly trying to negotiate a foreign loan. With Min came home another of the chief promoters of the progressionist party, Syö Kwang Pöm. Min himself was a young man of pleasing manners and gracious address, still in the early twenties, whose ruling idea was to see everything and be seen by everybody in truly princely fashion. He had been court favorite at home, and while abroad had fairly reveled in the honors and delights of diplomatic traveling. He spent a few days in Paris, on his journey back, and there, through a happy adaptability of his name, had been felicitously known as Mignon. He had formerly been accounted a progressionist, but on his return it became evident that all he desired was effect, and that he had no intention whatever really of opening his country to the world. What had most impressed him in his foreign travels were the various armies he had seen; perhaps because Korea has always been peculiarly want-

ing in this respect. As soon, therefore, as he reached home, he set himself to organize what he was pleased to call a militia. For this purpose, he caused to assemble in Söul members of the peddlers' and hucksters' guilds to the number of several thousands. These guilds are made up of men from the lowest classes of the people, and the particular specimens selected for the new militia were no better than the refuse of the populace. Quite unfit for discipline by nature, they submitted to very little authority after they had been got together. Bands of these braves wandered at will over the city, doing pretty much as they pleased, and making themselves very objectionable. Thus, during that summer and autumn, the situation was steadily being strained. At last the catastrophe came.

It was the progressionists who struck the blow. Startling and unprovoked as their action appeared, there is reason to suspect it to have been less gratuitous than it seemed. If the progressionists had not seized the reins of government, the seclusionists would soon have had everything their own way. One fact especially is significant. The so-called militia was anything but a guarantee of peace. The ruff-suff enrolled by that name were far too degraded to sympathize with change. They were entirely at the beck of the seclusionist party, and only too ready at any moment to become its tools. Such would undoubtedly have been the first service required of them. The progressionists had, therefore, the choice of waiting to be crushed, or of delivering an attack themselves, with some chance of success. They adopted the alternative.

Power being in the hands of their opponents, the liberal leaders resolved upon a *coup d'état*. They laid their plans with some cleverness and in complete secrecy from the seclusionists, who up to the very moment that the blow was struck apparently suspected nothing.

To succeed, they reasoned, their action must seem necessary, and to give a show of necessity to their official revolution it was important that some disturbance should first take place. To this end they devised a scheme as ingenuous in appearance as it was ingenious in fact. They planned to have their chief political opponent assassinated anonymously by hired cut-throats, and in the commotion that was sure to ensue they proposed to find pretext for seizing the government themselves. They thus astutely contrived a cause which should itself be the first-fruits of a result.

An opportunity was not long in waiting upon their wish. Late in November, 1884, was completed the first postal system ever inaugurated in Korea. Though the Koreans have at no time been backward in epistolary zeal, and write one another letters some yards in length, of no mean artistic merit, they were in the habit of dispatching these poetic effusions, each man as best he could, — the rich by their servants, the poor by their friends. That the government should undertake the business of a common carrier, even for a consideration, was in their opinion wholly derogatory to the dignified occupations of office. The new function was short-lived; the few stamps issued perished in virgin purity, unsoiled by the marks of travel. As yet, however, such premature obsolescence was quite unforeseen. So far all promised well, and in order worthily to inaugurate the opening of the building prepared for the new department, Hong Yöng Sik, the first Korean postmaster-general, gave a grand banquet on the fourth day of December, 1884. To this feast he invited everybody in Söul; that is, all the various Korean dignitaries, together with the few foreign ministers and consuls living in the city. Among the former was Min Yöng Ik, by this time generally recognized as the head of the seclusionist party. He it was

whom the progressionists had marked for their first victim. The occasion thus furnished of itself the man. He came, utterly unsuspecting of any possible danger, and the dinner, begun betimes, rolled on, a matter of no end of courses, until it had got to be nine o'clock in the evening. By this time it had grown conveniently dark for any deviltry without, while within the guests had reached that happy state of general hilarity when an excitement is sure of producing its greatest effect. At this propitious moment the match was applied which was to fire such a terrible train of consequences. Suddenly, rising above the hubbub about the table, a confused shouting made itself heard from without, followed a moment later by the more distinct cry of "fire." At this time-honored sensational summons all instinctively sprang to their feet, and hurried, some of them to the front, some to the rear, of the banqueting hall, to see what they could. From the little sill-veranda, such as surrounds all Korean houses of the better sort, the startled guests discovered that a small building in their immediate neighborhood was in flames; but as these were rapidly mastered, after a few minutes' watching the greater part of the company returned to their seats and their own smoking. They had hardly done so when a fresh commotion started among the retainers on the outskirts of the crowded hall, and the word was passed inward that an official, on his way out during the alarm, had been attacked by assassins at the outer gate and murdered. The official, it was soon noised about, was Min Yōng Ik. The hall at once became the scene of the wildest confusion. Some of the guests rushed out to learn the truth; others, without waiting for particulars, hastily summoned their palanquins, and set out for home; while the progressionist leaders, pretending to be terribly startled and very much alarmed for the safety of the king, proceeded as fast as they could to

the palace. On the way they gave vent to expressions of the deepest regret for what had happened to Min Yōng Ik, which were the more sincere on their part inasmuch as, instead of killing him, as they had intended, the would-be assassins had botched their work, and had succeeded only in badly wounding their victim. This regrettable miscarriage, however, was a comparatively unimportant detail. The great cause for anxiety to the progressionist leaders lay in the want of an army they could count upon to carry out their plans. In the first place, there was, properly speaking, no such thing in existence as a Korean army. The term "army" in the peninsula has for centuries been a striking instance of a name which has survived its object. The nation's beautifully perfect record of defeat is quite unique in history, and even conservative Korea can find no precedent in her long past to justify the keeping of anything so novel as an effective force. On occasions of peculiar peril, the country has been obliged to call in the aid of the tiger-hunters to eke out its own scanty fighting resources. At the period we are considering, there were, in addition to the efficient militia described above, a few troops drilled for the past eighteen months, some after the Chinese, some after the Japanese, fashion. In the second place, even this semi-disciplined handful of men could not be depended upon by the progressionist party. They had hitherto been completely under the control of the seclusionists, and were more than likely, under the slightest leadership, to side with their former officers against the new government. But much more threatening yet to the progressionist schemes, just outside the east gate lay encamped, where they had been squatting for some years, a small army of Chinese soldiers, bound by the strongest ties to seclusionist interests. For the one blind principle of the conservative party was a slavish dependence

upon China. The very presence of these troops in Söul meant as much. Korea's relation to China was at this time most peculiar. For centuries she had been a tributary of the Middle Kingdom, but when it came to be a question of her opening to the world, China began to find the connection very embarrassing. She was anxious to keep Korea shut up, yet without appearing to do so. But as the foreign diplomats pointedly put it to her, either she could dictate to Korea in the matter, or she could not. On that occasion she found it convenient to deny any such authority, but sent, nevertheless, a force of soldiers, on no very particular pretext, to domicile itself near Söul. There was, therefore, no doubt as to which side these Chinese would take if they got the chance.

In this unfortunate military predicament for men about to attempt a coup d'état, the progressionist leaders be-thought them of the little Japanese force. The idea of conscripting them, as it were, into the Korean service, without their knowledge or consent, was both a forlorn hope and an inviting bit of far Eastern *finesse*. It seemed an inspiration; it turned out a fatality. In pursuance, then, of what they deemed their happy thought, the leaders, as soon as they had reached the royal presence, dispatched a messenger post-haste to the Japanese legation, to beg the minister to hasten to the palace with his guards, as the king was in danger and unprotected. They omitted to mention the trivial detail that they themselves were the sole cause of the danger. At the same time they proceeded to summon the seclusionist ministers by royal mandate, from a slightly different purpose, namely, to execute them one by one as fast as they should arrive. The first messenger had hardly departed for the legation when two more were hurried off after him, equipped with an autograph letter from the king. The first messenger arrived at his destination, at the other end of

the city, to find the minister, Takezoye, whom a slight cold had prevented from being present at the banquet, well wrapped up in bed. Hastily dressing, however, the minister received the man in an anteroom, and was just beginning to question him when the two others, one of them a court eunuch, arrived with the autograph letter, an imposing document, duly signed and properly sealed in huge red characters by the king. This last reinforcement proved too much for the minister. With a simplicity which did more credit to his heart than to his head, he suffered himself to be overpersuaded by the entreaties of the envoys, backed by their formidable epistle, and, gathering together his little force of one hundred and twenty men, set out to cross the city. It was a fatally false move on the part of the Japanese. In the first place, the minister had no very definite idea what he was starting out to do. To him his own action was indeed very much a step in the dark. He believed the king to be in danger, — that was all; to his mind this fact sufficed. The minister was, in truth, completely duped by the revolutionists. Still, his action was not so egregious a piece of folly as it appears. His position peculiarly exposed him to deception. The wise middle course in like emergencies, of appearing to do everything without in reality doing anything, was not open to him. For to do nothing seemed here to be even more of a committal than to do what was requested of him. The fact was, his relations with the government were anomalous. He stood toward it in the double capacity of advisory friend and foreign diplomat, two irreconcilable positions. Cast suddenly, as the Korean government had been, into a wholly new sphere of action, it was but natural for it to turn, in its childlike ignorance, for advice and counsel to such strangers as came into diplomatic contact with it. It did not hesitate to abuse its privileges. Thus

the minister, as friend, found himself committed to actions which the diplomat would never have sanctioned. Unfortunately, the friend and the diplomat were corporeally one.

When he had got about midway on his journey, he was met by another court official, running, who breathlessly informed him that the king had removed from his own palace to the Keiyu Kiu, and that his majesty requested the minister to proceed there instead. Accordingly, Takezoye changed the direction of his march, and, following the new guide, he and his escort were conducted to where the king had for the time being taken up his abode. The king, the queen, the heir apparent, and his consort were already there, and shortly afterward the queen dowager arrived. It was a gloomy family gathering. The king's face lighted up, however, when he caught sight of Takezoye, and stepping out into the garden, as if he had been anxiously waiting, he welcomed the minister with great warmth, and thanked him for coming. The king was, in truth, anything but easy in mind. He was a young man, of about one and thirty, of a singularly sweet disposition, which in happy moments shone through his face in a most winning smile. Nature had intended him for a life of peaceful beneficence, and not for the moulder of a new *régime*; and in this sudden crisis he felt himself sadly at a loss. His son, the heir apparent, though duly married, was still a little boy of eleven, and consequently more of a care than a companion to his father. As for the queen dowager, she was destined to be the Nemesis of the whole affair.

At the time Takezoye arrived, the Korean general, Yun Te Shun, was on guard at the impromptu palace, with a number of Korean troops. Within and without were crowds of panic-stricken people. If danger was but a progressionist fiction, it was a fiction believed by everybody except the few to whom it

was about to become a fact, — the seclusionist ministers. Everywhere there was the wildest confusion; and to make matters, if possible, worse, the place was packed. For so many dignitaries, court officials, and court ladies had collected there that they not only filled the building itself, but thronged the surrounding court-yards, so that there was hardly a vacant spot anywhere in or about the Keiyu Kiu. Takezoye, after saluting the king, took up his post at the inner entrance, attended by Shimamura and Asayama, secretaries of the legation; while Cheu Syò Kong, the governor of the province of Kyōng Ki To, stood, sword in hand, outside what had become the palace, to prevent the menials and the common people from rushing into the buildings. In the midst of this melodramatic reality the supply of candles all at once gave out, and the whole assemblage found itself plunged in utter darkness. A lantern, brought by the Japanese troops, was hastily lighted and handed to one of the court officials, and this bit of borrowed brightness formed the sole illumination throughout the whole extent of the Keiyu Kiu for the remainder of that dismal night. Even the Japanese themselves felt uneasy, and at last Captain Murakami, commanding the Japanese troops, pointed out to the minister that, amid such a crowd and so much confusion, it would be impossible to detect any one who might have designs upon the royal person; and, furthermore, that the buildings covered so much ground and the gates were so far apart that it was impossible for the small force at his command to guard every part of the vast inclosure. This was rendered no easier by the presence of several large clumps of shrubbery scattered through the compound, excellent hiding-places for persons purposing mischief. He therefore suggested that some attempt be made toward checking the confusion among the servants, and to this end he proposed the posting of

a proper system of guards; for apparently the Koreans were powerless to keep order themselves. The minister laid the matter before the king, upon which his majesty gave orders that the crowd of menials should pass out of the gates, and that the court ladies should all move to a house at the northern corner of the Keiyu Kiu inclosure. The several gates were then apportioned to the troops to guard; some being allotted to the Koreans, some to the Japanese. After this every person applying for admission was obliged to give his name, and was suffered to enter only when the consent of the king had been obtained; and every one going out was required to take with him the card of one of the king's immediate attendants, as a sort of pass.

While the Japanese were thus more particularly occupied about the person of the king, a terrible tragedy was being enacted at one of the outer gates. Unknown to the Japanese minister, and, perhaps, even without a full understanding on the part of his majesty, although in his name, messengers had been sent with royal mandates to the various seclusionist leaders, to summon them separately to the royal presence, as if for an ordinary interview. As they arrived in turn, in obedience to the orders, in utter ignorance of any impending danger, each, as he alighted from his palanquin at the gate, was set upon by men stationed there for the purpose, and murdered. Thus passed this first anxious and terrible night.

II.

On the morning of the fifth, the city of Söul awoke to find itself under a new government, with Hong Yöng Sik nominally at its head as prime minister. The seclusionists had nearly all been assassinated, and the progressionists had taken their vacant places. It was sim-

ply a somewhat violent change of ministry. So far, this was all that had happened, but the complications were yet to come. For to this domestic dispute the Japanese had unwittingly become a party, and, having once identified themselves with one side in the imbroglio, it became every moment more and more difficult to break the connection.

As the day wore on, the king received in audience the various foreign ministers and consuls. He then signified his intention of removing to the house of I Che Won, as the queen dowager was insufficiently provided with clothing against the cold, which the Keiyu Kiu but ill kept out. At the royal request, the several foreign ministers then in audience accompanied his majesty to his fresh choice of a temporary palace, — a set of buildings adjoining the Keiyu Kiu, with only a gate to separate the two compounds. When his majesty was fairly installed in his new quarters, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all the foreign ministers and consuls, except Takezoye, withdrew. He would have followed their wise example, had the king not begged him so earnestly to remain that, much against his better judgment, he still stayed on. Each false step on his part seemed only to render more necessary the next. Finding it practically impossible to get away, he ordered Shimamura to prepare the draft of a telegram to be dispatched to Japan, — to be carried, that is to say, to Nagasaki, and thence transmitted, — describing the events of the day, and explaining his own conduct in the matter. Shimamura had hardly departed with this to the legation, when Takezoye was summoned into the king's presence, and informed by his majesty that he meant to move again, — this time to his original starting-point, his own palace, — as the queen dowager could neither eat nor sleep in her present lodging. Takezoye, sore afraid that this step

might lead to serious Korean complications, saw nothing for it, however, but to accompany the royal retinue, the king's entreaties being too importunate to be refused. Accordingly, the procession again took up its march, and reached the palace about sunset. Guards were at once posted at the several gates, — the Koreans being given the outermost, while the Japanese were stationed at the inner ones; the truth being that the Japanese were both more efficient and more trustworthy than the Koreans. That night Takezoye learned for the first time of the murder of the seclusionist ministers on the night before; the reason he had not heard of it sooner being that, while the assassinations were going on, he had been in immediate attendance on his majesty, and care had been taken by those about the royal person not to speak of such horrible events in the king's presence. Rumors, however, became current during the day, and by evening these were confirmed. Though the Japanese had been as a right hand to the progressionist leaders, it was only too sadly in keeping with far Eastern duplicity not to let the right hand know what the left hand was doing. Matters began to look graver and graver for the Japanese, in their involuntary complicity. Still, as yet, nothing very unpleasant had resulted to them from the connection, except the impossibility of putting an end to it.

On the following day, the sixth, order had apparently been restored. The minister, foreseeing no further need for his services, again submitted through Hong Yōng Sik a request to be relieved; but the king only answered his petition by preferring one of his own, begging him to remain until the various members of the royal family should have reached their respective dwellings in safety. Takezoye, therefore, most unwillingly, again prolonged his stay, for the third time. This last of many ill-fated delays proved fatal. About three o'clock that

afternoon, as the king was in the act of affixing his seal to a royal decree, drawn up by the new ministers, announcing several radical reforms in the customs of the country, shots were suddenly heard, coming from the neighborhood of the outer gates. This was the first firing directed against the palace. Every one was startled by the sound, and the king, who was particularly affected, kept nervously asking his attendants, as ignorant in the matter as he was himself, what it meant. At this moment, a letter addressed to Takezoye, was hastily handed to one of the court officials by an unknown person, who then vanished. The official passed it on to Shimamura, who gave it to the minister.

Just as the minister received the missive a second discharge rattled through the outer court-yard, whereupon his majesty, much disturbed, retired to his sleeping apartment. A third volley succeeded the second, followed by another, and then another, the bullets by this time pattering like rain about the house, so that Takezoye, in the thick of the general excitement, could not find time to read the letter he still stood holding in his hand. At this juncture, the Japanese Captain Murakami hurried in to the minister, and reported that the Chinese troops had attacked the palace; that the Korean troops, posted at the outer gates, had given way before them; and that some of the latter had advanced against the Japanese guards, in company with the assaulting force. What should he do? The minister replied that, as he was there to protect the king, the captain must take what measures he deemed necessary to defend the place. Murakami retired, and gave the order to his troops to fire. The Japanese, already maddened by the attack of the Chinese, and impatiently awaiting the word of command, responded to it at once, and, leveling their rifles, poured a solid fire into the advancing columns. The Chinese and Koreans received it full in

front, staggered, and fell back. The order was then given the Japanese to lie down, and to continue firing from that position. Throwing themselves upon the ground, and making what breastworks they could of their knapsacks, they reloaded their pieces, and discharged them again as fast as possible, keeping up a steady fusillade on the already half-discomfited foe. In this manner, the little band held many times their number at bay, the Chinese and Koreans replying, in a huddled mass, from the other end of the great courtyard.

The assailants had meant to advance simultaneously from three directions, fall upon the small Japanese force, of whose numerical weakness they were well aware, surround and annihilate it. Like most such concerted movements, the attempt failed, the three attacks being separated by just that interval fatal to any combined effect. The Japanese were by no means the flower of the army. They were a local corps from about Sendai, but they possessed one local quality, which took the place now of many more generally effective traits, — a remarkably stolid obedience. They were not the least depressed in mind by their lowly position in body. On the contrary, they were in such high spirits that they made no scruple of joking about the situation, likening the affair to a successful stag-hunt, as with deadly precision they picked off their victims. This amusing pastime was much facilitated by a certain detail in the uniform of their opponents. On the front of the Chinese military tunic blazed the hideous national dragon, embroidered in yellow, while just above it shone the appropriately warlike motto, "Courage." This inspiring insignium has no doubt proved most efficacious in ordinary encounters by mutually encouraging the Chinese braves. In this case it became even more useful to their enemies. The Japanese made of it an admirable tar-

get; and they aimed with such success that when, after the battle, the bodies of the slain came to be examined, it was found that many a bullet through the saying had reached the sought. Whether it was skill, coolness, happy accident, or a combination of all three that enabled them to hit the device, certain it is that they fired low, as the wounds of the Chinese subsequently treated proved to be mostly below the waist.

While this plucky defense was being made in the outer court-yard, Takezoye proceeded to the royal bed-chamber to ascertain what condition the king was in, and was upon the point of entering it when he was prevented by Cheu Syō Kong, the governor of Kyōng Ki To, who assured him that his majesty was perfectly safe, and that he, Takezoye, had no cause for anxiety. The minister, suspecting that the queen and the queen dowager might also be within, discreetly desisted from any further attempts to enter. Instead, he betook himself to the front room of the suite, whence he heard the report of firearms, and where, on arrival, he found the bullets unpleasantly thick. Judging the suite no longer safe for the king, he came back, and now made bold to enter the bed-chamber. On doing so, he found it, to his astonishment, empty. Much surprised, he then proceeded to search in and about the place for some trace of the royal fugitive, but all in vain. Nothing was to be seen. The king, the objective point of the whole disturbance, had disappeared.

The palace, in the more extended Korean meaning of the term, is a vast walled inclosure, pierced by fourteen outer gates, which give access to a perfect labyrinth of inner gateways, courtyards, and buildings. To guard such a multiplicity of approaches against an attacking body of about six hundred Chinese and between two and three thousand Koreans was quite impossible for the one hundred and twenty Japanese

soldiers. They were stationed, therefore, in a few important positions only, being distributed in bands of from twenty to thirty men each. Their *morale* was beyond praise. Wherever they were placed, they held their ground as if they had been a part of it, all attempts of the enemy to dislodge them proving futile. As they could not be omnipresent, however, the enemy simply swarmed in, around and past them; possessing themselves first of one point of vantage, and then of another. The maze of buildings converted the attack into a species of guerrilla warfare, and rendered any moving about peculiarly dangerous. This did not in the least deter Takezoye from prosecuting his quest. Oblivious to the danger, in his all-absorbing desire to find the king, he continued to scurry hither and thither, and very nearly lost his life by so doing. In the course of one of his rapid excursions, he found himself in the rear of the queen's apartments, and before he realized the situation was being fired at by the Chinese troops. A detachment, coming to the rescue, drove his assailants back. At this juncture Murakami arrived on the scene, and was instantly struck with the strength of the place for purposes of defense. Quite ignoring the king, or rather his absence, he was for moving the troops into the apartments at once, and staying there. In his mind, not unnaturally, the welfare of his soldiers stood first, and his majesty's second. To him the means entirely effaced the end. The unfortunate minister, though only too well aware of the wisdom of the step, felt bound to veto the suggestion, in order that he might continue his apparently hopeless hunt for the king. In pursuance of this idea, therefore, the detachment retreated to a wood which crowned a hill behind the garden, just back of the buildings, Takezoye meanwhile diligently searching every nook and corner for the missing monarch. But nothing was to be

seen of the royal fugitive. As soon as they reached the wood, Murakami, at all times a much better Japanese than an extemporized Korean, true again to his military instincts, immediately perceived the strategic advantages of this new position, and promptly proposed that the main body of the Japanese should be concentrated there, and the spot fortified by hastily thrown up earth-works. As it seemed now quite useless to look further for the king, Takezoye, resigning himself to circumstances, grudgingly gave his consent. He had scarcely done so when one of the court officials suddenly appeared a short distance off, beckoning excitedly to them, and shouting, His majesty is here! His majesty is here! At this Takezoye hastily posted off in the direction indicated, while Murakami, after bidding his officers stay where they were till they received explicit orders to move, — so loath was he to abandon his military projects, — followed, taking with him but a portion of the detachment. They found his majesty encamped in a little pavilion snugly situated in a slight depression between two hills. In this secluded spot he continued to remain, guarded by Takezoye and Murakami, with one half of one of the Japanese companies. Before long they were attacked by some of the Chinese and Koreans, whom they repulsed. The building, however, proved to be so ill adapted to purposes of defense that the party moved with his majesty to the summit of a neighboring rise, where a blanket was spread upon the ground, upon which the king seated himself. Takezoye, having at last a moment he could call his own, now opened and read the letter which he had received at the beginning of the fight, and which the general confusion at first and his anxious hunt for the king afterwards had prevented him from perusing before. Its contents proved both startling and humorous. It turned out to be an official communication from

the commander of the Chinese forces, apprising the Japanese minister of his intention to proceed with his troops to the palace, for the sake of protecting the king, — a somewhat diverting diplomatic fiction, considering that the person he was proposing to protect was already being protected by those he was purposing to attack.

Meanwhile, the king was very restless, to the great annoyance of Murakami. No sooner was he securely settled in one spot than he grew nervous at the noise of the firing, and hastened to remove to another. He was now about to start off again on the back of one of the court officials, — the royal mode of locomotion within the palace grounds, — when the minister and Murakami, after some difficulty, succeeded in persuading him that by so doing he was only running increased risks, and eventually induced him to compromise matters by limiting his flight to the top of a hillock behind the garden.

Up to this time the firing had been continuous, but now, suddenly, a particularly heavy burst was heard from the direction of the inner palace, and then everything, all at once, became ominously still. Only through the trees masses of dense white smoke could be seen slowly surging up from a thickly wooded part of the grounds, while a brilliant beam of light shot up dazzlingly into the sky. The Japanese around the king, idle spectators of the sight, concluded that the Chinese troops had fired the palace. On the other side, at the back gate, they could see the Korean troops massed in crowds, while behind these, and at a considerable distance from their own position, they descried the queen dowager and her suite on the shoulder of a hill. As soon as the king caught sight of his mother he instantly begged to be taken to her. This touching appeal found anything but a welcome from his foreign friends; not, indeed, because they were foreign, but

solely because they recognized only too clearly the utter impossibility of granting it. His majesty loftily ignored any such trifling impediment in the path, and simply repeated his request, to the entire disregard of everything and everybody. It was a sort of key-note, this cry, to his whole conduct. An intense filial affection, that asserted itself uncontrollably at the most inopportune moments, would seem to have been the one spontaneous impulse of his majesty throughout this trying regal ordeal. No doubt it did him great credit as a son, but it stood wofully in his way as a monarch. On account of the queen dowager he had removed from the Keiyu Kiu to the house of I Che Won; he had then, for her sake, most unwisely gone back to his own palace; and lastly, after he had got there, he had been constantly jeopardizing the safety of all his followers in his frantic attempts to follow her erratic movements. It had been difficult enough before to keep pace with the royal craving, — for the king's mysterious disappearance and the trouble this had entailed upon the Japanese had been due to a previous effort on his part to rejoin the queen dowager, in which dutiful attempt he had failed, — but to comply with it now, whetted to poignancy by a sight of the desired object, was simply out of the question. To satisfy it, it would have been necessary to break through the Korean troops; and these, it was evident, were preparing for just such an attack, from their choice of a commanding position from which they could fire in a recumbent posture. The king continued, however, to make such frequent and piteous appeals to be taken to his mother that at last the party set out to leave the palace grounds. As they passed through the gate, the Koreans, recognizing them, shouted that every Japanese who came out would be killed. They then opened fire. One of the royal attendants, in the vanguard, was

shot in the wrist, and blood from the wound bespattered the king's outer tunic. Fearing for the royal life, the party retired again within the gate, and sheltered his majesty behind a small clump of trees. His own safety, however, was utterly ignored by the king for his almost uncontrollable filial homesickness. He continued his plaintive entreaties to be taken to his mother, though at the risk of his life, and made as if he would go even without a guard. To conduct him outside the gate under Japanese escort was only to court danger to the royal person, as it was evident the virulence of the enemy was directed solely against the foreigners. The Chinese troops had vanished, only Koreans were to be seen; and it looked as if the king would be safer, everything considered, if allowed to pursue his own whim and trust to the custody of his own people. On communicating this conclusion to his majesty, the latter cried, "Good!" Whereupon the Japanese took leave of him, and, accompanied only by his own personal attendants, he then passed out of the gate.

Thus ended the fight at the palace, and thus ended also the direct connection between the Japanese and the Korean coup d'état, — a connection whose only motive as well as whose sole excuse lay in a quixotic loyalty to a fatal friendship. The foreigners had bravely succored what had proved itself not worth the succoring, and had finally been begged to abandon what at first they had been importuned to protect. It was a pitifully poor ending.

Being now relieved by circumstances from what he had so repeatedly attempted in vain to free himself, Takezoye, after consultation with Murakami, decided to return to the legation. The Japanese detachments scattered about the palace grounds were therefore concentrated and formed into two companies, and then, just as night fell, the little army, in close marching order, emerged from the

palace inclosure by one of the back gates.

Here closed the Anabasis proper, in this the first step of the retreat. The Japanese losses had been insignificant. Of their number they had had but two killed and eight wounded. What the Korean losses were will probably never be known. As for the Chinese, thirty-five bodies were found lying within the palace grounds; and of twenty-two Chinese soldiers subsequently treated by a foreign physician, twenty died of their wounds.

But the Japanese had started an avalanche of disturbance which they could not stop. The termination of the fight at the palace, instead of being the end of a bad beginning, was only the bad beginning of a worse end.

Night had already wrapped the city in gloom, as the column defiled from the palace gate into the black and tortuous streets of the town. No resistance was made to their exit, for, under cover of the darkness, the Korean soldiers had all secretly slipped away. A pall-like obscurity and silence had settled over everything. It seemed the spirit of death. The streets of Söul are for the most part hardly more than wide alleys, crooked and forbidding enough in the day-time. Night converts them into long cavernous passages, devoid of light, like the underground ramifications of some vast cave; for, by a curious curfew law, they are denied any artificial illumination. Through this sombre labyrinth the Japanese column threaded its way, with nothing to light its path but the reflection in the sky of fires in distant parts of the city, — a weird canopy to an inky blackness. Before long, however, even night failed to yield security from man. At the cross-roads and wherever a side-street offered an opportunity for attack were gathered bands of braves, mixed masses of soldiers and populace, who fired upon them or hurled stones, according to the character of the indi-

viduals. Still they pushed steadily forward, though utterly uncertain what they might find at their journey's end; for they had not been able to hear from the legation since the attack on the palace, and were in grave fear for its safety. As they came to the top of a bit of rising ground, they made out by the lurid light of the fires their own flag, the red ball on the white field, flying from its flag-staff, and thus learnt for the first time that the buildings were still standing and in Japanese hands. As they neared the legation the crowds increased, but, sweeping them aside, the troops at length reached their destination at eight o'clock at night, having been absent forty-eight hours.

That the legation was yet safe was not due to any neglect or forbearance on the part of the Koreans. From the moment of the attempted assassination of Min Yōng Ik, the city had fallen a prey to disturbances that grew hourly graver and graver in character, and began to be directed more and more against the Japanese merchants and traders scattered through the town. Such of these as took alarm first hastened to the legation for protection. In this way about seventy of them had collected in the buildings, and they, together with the servants and a score of soldiers that had been left there, had successfully defended the place until the return of the troops. For two whole days the little improvised garrison had kept the besiegers at bay.

The legation was safe, but for the rest it was but a melancholy tale which the minister and his suite returned to hear. The sullen glow in the heavens, that had served them for torches across the city, came, they learned, from the burning by the infuriated rabble of the homes of their compatriots. But worse than the loss of property had been the loss of life. The hatred of the Japanese, that had lain smouldering for centuries, had at last found a vent. Shortly

after the attack on the palace by the Chinese troops, the cry was raised against the Japanese, and a wholesale pillage and massacre of the foreigners began. Foreseeing this, which was only too sure to happen, warning had been sent from the legation to the various Japanese living in the city to rendezvous in the legation buildings. Such as responded early to the call succeeded in reaching the place in safety; later, it became impossible to do so. The scenes enacted throughout the city were frightful. Cruelty ran riot. As many of the Japanese as the populace, or more particularly the Korean braves mentioned above, could lay hands on were murdered in the most horrible manner, and their abodes demolished. Many of the unfortunates were caught while trying to gain the legation, and, not content with simply taking their lives, the Koreans, after their method of indignity, tore the bodies limb from limb. Between thirty and forty were thus butchered. It was during the night of the sixth and during the day of the seventh that most of the atrocities took place. The stories told by the survivors are terrible. Minister Foote was the means of saving the lives of two unhappy women, a mother and daughter, all of whose male relatives had been murdered, and who, after undergoing brutal indignities, were on the point of being put to death, when rescue arrived. Another woman had an almost miraculous escape. Her husband and his brother having both been butchered, she fled into an adjoining house; and after remaining concealed there for some time in the underground heating flues, she dressed herself in Korean clothes, and made her way, unperceived, to one of the city gates. Finding it shut, she gave herself up for lost, when a rope, suspended from one of the pillars, caught her eye, and offered her a means of climbing over. Hardly had she reached the ground without, however, when she was detected and pur-

sued by a band of ruffians; and another moment would have sealed her fate, when, the head of the Japanese column on its march to Chemulpo coming into sight, her would-be violators and assassins promptly took to their heels. This happened on the seventh. To understand so opportune an appearance of her fellow-countrymen we must return to the legation and to the night of the sixth.

As soon as the little army had regained its quarters, additional guards were set in ambush. No one in the legation slept that night. About two o'clock in the morning, the barracks behind them, which they had not seen fit to occupy on their return, were burned by the enemy, and early in the day the Koreans opened fire on the residence of the legation proper from the two streets that inclosed a corner of the compound, while a large mob threw stones at the buildings. No less than three unsuccessful attempts were thus made by the soldiers and the mob combined; the Japanese shooting down several of the assailants. About eight o'clock in the morning a letter was thrust through under the outer gate by a Korean, who immediately ran away. It was at once carried to the minister, and on being opened by him proved to be an epistle from Kim Kong Chun, containing the somewhat tardy and now rather useless information that there existed great hostility to the Japanese. The minister, however, courteously wrote a reply to it, and another in answer to the communication from the Chinese commander, received at the palace, addressed likewise to Kim Kong Chun. Unfortunately, no messenger could be found to take the letters. Any single Japanese would assuredly be killed on the way, and to send a large party would be to weaken the guard at the legation. Of the Koreans in its service, but three remained. After a good deal of persuasion, one of them was induced to go. The return letters were destined to prove

as idle as the original epistles. Unknown to Takezoye, the ministry of two days' career had already ceased to be.

From the moment the Japanese yielded up possession of the person of the king, the rule of the progressionists was at an end. What they might have accomplished had they refrained from invoking Japanese aid will always remain problematical. But after they had once identified themselves with the hated foreigners, their doom was sealed. The Korean masses are in intention patriotic, in practice apathetic. Indeed, patriotism in the peninsula is now a meaningless term. The country has for so many centuries been tributary to China, and Chinese manners and customs have for so long represented to the Korean official class all that was most to be admired and copied, that patriotism has come to signify for the masses a tame acquiescence in the *status quo*, an inherited dependence upon the Middle Kingdom. The populace, accordingly, though by no means Chinese in sympathy, suffered the semi-soldier braves and the worst spirits among the rabble, pro-Chinese by temperament and still more anti-Japanese by temper, to work their will.

The Japanese gone, the progressionist ministers, realizing that they had failed, fled hastily to such concealment as individual ingenuity suggested. Some, under cover of the darkness, sought the dwellings of such of their friends as they could trust not to divulge their whereabouts, and lay concealed there; others stealthily escaped from the capital, made their way *incognito* across country, and eventually reached the sheltering security of Japan; while one of the ring-leaders put himself under the protection of the Japanese troops, marched with them from the palace to the legation, accompanied them in their retreat to Chemulpo, and thence managed to get to Tokio, where he is now in hiding. Some of the refugees, not satisfied with

seeking Japan, crossed the Pacific, and are to-day living in exile in the United States. One alone remained to die at his post. The account of his death, given by certain private Korean letters, is a tale of as noble an act of heroism as was ever performed.

When it became evident that the Japanese would withdraw, and the progressionist leaders be left to their fate, the latter, perceiving that if they remained they must inevitably fall into the hands of the enemy, prepared for flight. To the surprise and horror of all the others, Hong Yŏng Sik calmly informed them that he should stay. The rest, indeed, had better go, but one, he thought, ought to remain, to show the world that the progressionists were not rebels nor ashamed of the principles they had professed, and he would be that one. The others, aghast at his resolve, tried their utmost to dissuade him, but all to no purpose. Each in turn then offered to stay in his place, but he would not hear of it. It was more fitting, he replied, that he should remain, because one of the oldest (he was just thirty years of age); and forthwith, to signify that his resolve was unalterable, he drew off his long court boots. Finding it impossible to shake his determination, and fearing lest, if they delayed longer, they might not escape themselves, they reluctantly left him and fled. There in the palace, awaiting his certain doom, the Chinese soldiers found him, a few minutes after. They seized him and carried him to the Chinese camp, where, with some show of formality, he was publicly executed. Thus died a brave and loyal soul, true with his life to the principles he had publicly professed, and which he deemed it cowardly and wicked to abandon.

The revenge of the seclusionists was by no means satiated by this single victim. To them it was not enough that their actual opponents should die. The families of the opponents must be ex-

terminated. Guilty or innocent, every member must perish; the very names must vanish from among mankind. So they slew them all, — decrepit old men and helpless infants, those who had begotten the unfortunates and those whom the unfortunates had begotten. Fathers, brothers, sons, children, every male connected with the fallen foe, was shot or poisoned. It was horrible.

At the same time the city was given up to the mercy of the infuriated militia, who went about wreaking their vengeance not only upon the persons and property of the Japanese, but also upon the houses tenanted by the few other foreigners living in the city. The occupants escaped partly through their own exertions, partly in consequence of a certain mixture of dread and respect which hedged them about. They gathered at the American legation, which was not attacked. To lighten, as it were, this sad picture with a ludicrous touch of poetic justice, the new post-office building, the guilty cradle of the whole plot, was pulled to pieces, and the wretched fragments significantly piled in heaps about the court-yard.

Meanwhile, the Japanese lay imprisoned within their legation buildings, closely besieged by the Koreans. Toward the middle of the day, on the seventh, they discovered that their provisions were nearly exhausted. Only the soldiers, therefore, were allowed rice, the rest getting for their portion the water in which the rice had previously been boiled. There were now in the compound one hundred and forty soldiers, thirty servants attached to the legation, about seventy merchants and artisans, besides many other Japanese residents from the city, who had sought refuge in the buildings. It was utterly impossible to procure more provisions. Starvation stared the prisoners in the face, even if they should contrive to hold out against the assaults of the Koreans. Reports now reached them that all the

gates of Söul had been closed, and that preparations were everywhere in progress for a general attack. It was also rumored that this would take place at dusk, and that under cover of the darkness the legation would be fired by the foe.

Thereupon, Takezoye held a council of war, at which it was decided that the legation's only hope, desperate as it was deemed, lay in forcing a passage through the western gate of the city, and retreating as best they might to Chemulpo. Accordingly, at the close of the conference the order was given to withdraw from Söul. It was now discovered that the messenger to whom the letters had been entrusted had been afraid to leave the legation. Doomed indeed seemed the ill-starred Korean attempt at a postal system to bring mishap upon everything connected with it, both big and little, new and old.

Takezoye then addressed the Japanese gathered in the court-yard. He told them that his guards had been obliged, in defense of the king on the preceding day, to fire upon the Chinese soldiers, who had broken into the palace and opened fire upon the royal apartments; that the Korean troops and people had now combined against the Japanese; that the Korean government was apparently powerless to protect them; that the legation was blockaded; that it was impossible longer to carry on the ministerial functions; and that he had resolved to retire upon Chemulpo, there to await instructions from Japan. All the confidential dispatches and other private documents belonging to the legation were then burned.

It was now half past two in the afternoon. The crowd without was steadily growing larger and larger, and closing in slowly but surely about the devoted compound. Suddenly, to its amazement, the outer wooden gates, so stoutly defended a few minutes before, swung inward; there was a moment's hush of ex-

pectation, and the Japanese column, grim with determination, defiled in marching order into the street. It was a sight to stir the most sluggish soul. Instinctively the Koreans fell back, awed as they read the desperate resolve in the faces of the men; and the column kept silently, surely, moving on. First came two detachments, forming the van; then the minister, his suite, the women and children, followed, placed in the centre and guarded on either hand by rows of soldiers. Next marched the secretaries and the subordinate officials of the legation, all armed, and with them the merchants and artisans, carrying the wounded and the ammunition. Two more detachments brought up the rear. Debouching into the main road, the body struck out for the western gate. The Koreans, who crowded the side-streets, the court-yards, and even the roofs of the houses, had by this time recovered from their first daze, and began to attack the column on all sides, firing and throwing stones. So poor was their aim, however, and so unused were they to the business, that neither bullets nor stones did the Japanese much harm. The vanguard, lying down in the road, fired at the assailants and drove them back, and the march proceeded. Nothing could stop the advance of the van, and the rear-guard as ably covered the rear. Slowly but surely the column pushed on.

It had thus got half-way across the city, when it encountered a more formidable obstruction. Opposite the old palace, where a broad avenue from the palace gates entered the road it was following, a detachment of the left division of the Korean army had been drawn up, to prevent, if possible, all escape. The spot was well chosen. On one side lay the army barracks of the left division, a safe retreat in case of failure, while in front stretched the broad, open space of the avenue, ending in the highway along which the Japanese were obliged to pass.

To make the most of this position, a field-piece had been brought out and trained on the cross-road, and deployed beside it the Koreans posted themselves, and waited for the coming column. As the foreigners came into view, marching across the end of the avenue, the Koreans opened fire upon them both with the field-piece and with small arms. The effect should have been frightful. As a matter of fact it was *nil*, owing to the same cause as before, the bullets passing some twenty feet over the heads of the Japanese. Not a single man was killed, and only a few were slightly wounded. The rear-guard, prone in the street or under cover of the little gutter-moats, a peculiar feature of all Korean city streets, calmly took accurate aim, and eventually forced this body of the enemy back into their barracks. Still harassed at every step by other troops and by the populace, the column, advancing steadily in spite of them, at last gained the west gate. It was shut, bolted, and guarded by Korean soldiers. A sudden onset of the vanguard put these to flight. Some of the soldiers, armed with axes, then severed the bars, demolished the heavy wooden doors, and the column passed through. Keeping up a fire on the foe, who still pursued, the Japanese then made for the principal ferry of the river Han, at a place called Marpo, one of the river suburbs of the city. As they turned there to look back toward Söul, they saw smoke rising from the direction of the legation, and knew from this that the buildings had already been fired. With the rear-guard set to pro-

tect the important points, they proceeded to cross the stream. Seizing this opportunity, a parting attack was now made by a conglomerate collection of Korean troops and tramps, who had pursued them from the city. Hovering on their flanks, these fired at the ferry-boats as they passed over; but the Japanese rear-guard shot at and killed some of them, and so succeeded in keeping the others at bay. By about half past five in the afternoon the Japanese had completed the crossing. After this no further serious opposition was made to their retreat, and, following the ordinary road and marching the whole night, they reached the hill above Chemulpo, and looked down upon the broad expanse of the Yellow Sea at seven o'clock on the morning of the eighth.

The long, hard fight was over; an end had come at last. They saw it in the sea stretched out at their feet, just awaking from its lethargy at the touch of the morning light. To them its gently heaving bosom spoke of their own return to life. No crazy fishing boat now stood between them and theirs. One of their own men-of-war lay at anchor in the offing. There she rode, in all her stately beauty, the smoke curling faintly upward from her funnel, waiting to bear them across the water to the arms of those who held them dear. And the sparkling shimmer, as the rays of the rising sun tinged the Yellow Sea with gold in one long pathway eastward, seemed Japan's own welcome sent to greet them, a proud, fond smile from home.

Percival Lowell.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

THIRD PAPER.

X.

ARISTOCRACY IN ENGLAND AND
FRANCE.

IN the course of the last article I said that England had been able to pass through a highly convenient intermediate stage, that of an aristocratic republic preserving monarchical appearances, and that France had not been able to do this, because she had not the kind and quality of aristocracy that was necessary for such a work. I said this, but I did not say (what some Englishmen believe) that France has no real aristocracy at all.

On the contrary, I agree with Littré in the belief that the real aristocratic spirit still lives vigorously in France, but only in the aristocracy itself; and I should say that the great difference between England and France in this respect is that what there is of the aristocratic spirit in England is shared by classes outside of the aristocracy, whereas in France very few people have the aristocratic sentiment unless it has been implanted in them by the traditions of an aristocratic house, and cultivated by a training apart from the ordinary training of Frenchmen.

Again, it does not appear that the aristocratic spirit in England, though widely diffused, is of a pure or elevated kind. Perhaps it is for this very reason, perhaps it is just because it is not pure or elevated, that it is so general and so commonly understood. The want of purity and elevation in the English ideal of aristocracy is evident from the undeniable fact that it is now little more than a kind of supreme sanction given to the popular adoration of wealth.

From the idea that it is inconvenient for a peer of England to be poor, a farther advance has been made to the idea that a very rich man has a sort of claim to a title; and when peerages are bestowed on rich obscure men the proceeding is thought so natural as to excite no comment, except, perhaps, from Mr. Labouchere. When, on the other hand, a distinguished man, not exceptionally rich, is made the recipient of a peerage, his promotion is a surprise to the public, unless it is a reward for political services. The Tennyson peerage is a curious example of this. The friends of the Poet Laureate thought it rather a degradation for a man of genius to accept the prize of a lower ambition than that which they had believed to be his, whilst his enemies made quotations from Maud, applicable to new titles and new mansions. If Tennyson had been a successful brewer or banker, nobody would have made a remark; his peerage would not have been considered either above him or below him, but simply the natural English consecration of new riches.

Forty years before the elevation of Tennyson to the English peerage, his contemporary, Victor Hugo, was made a peer of France. It is probable that not a single Frenchman saw anything incongruous in that promotion, or wondered whether the new peer had money enough to support his dignity.

The reader may call to mind a few strong words of Matthew Arnold about the present condition of aristocracy in England: "Aristocracy now sets up in our country a false ideal, which materializes our upper class, vulgarizes our middle class, brutalizes our lower class. It misleads the young, makes the world-

ly more worldly, the limited more limited, the stationary more stationary."

These evils are due to the transformation of the English aristocracy into a plutocracy, that is not, as in America, a plainly avowed plutocracy, but disguises itself with aristocratic costumes.

The distinction of a true aristocracy is that it is *not* a plutocracy, but a noble caste, including poor members as well as rich, and having certain ideals which, however foreign they may be to the spirit of the present age, did certainly, in their own time, tend to lift men and women above vulgarity. The most ennobling of those ideals was the notion that money was not the highest object of pursuit. The poor gentleman could be contented with ill-paid service in the army or the church, because he did not serve for money; and it was believed within the caste, rightly or wrongly, that to labor for pecuniary rewards as the main object had a degrading effect upon the mind. The army was a chosen profession, because it was the school of courage, obedience, and self-sacrifice; the church, because it was the school of piety and morality, as well as the home of learning. I know that I am describing a narrow ideal, but most ideals that have had any power in the world have been narrow, and I am anxious to show how in the old aristocratic prejudices there were elements of real nobleness. Those prejudices were hostile to some things that we now value. They were hostile, for example, to the pursuit of the fine arts, but it was from an apprehension, which I now see to have been only too well founded, that in struggling for the acquirement of brilliant manual skill, the student might spend his efforts on a low object. Those prejudices looked doubtfully upon commerce; it was thought that a gentleman did better not to go into trade, but the reason was because a heavy business ties a man down so much, and leaves him so little leisure for study or

society, so little liberty for travel, that it is really somewhat of a misfortune to be fastened to such a business during the best years of youth and manhood. Again, although some men in trade might have good manners because they were gentlemen by nature, it was thought difficult for them to have the *best* manners, because, instead of living constantly in refined society, they had to be in close contact with the ruder classes. This aristocracy was, in effect, a somewhat narrow and exclusive caste, that knew quite well the value of riches when they came by inheritance, but did not care to sacrifice its peace, its leisure, its dignity, to get possession of them. It goes without saying that some amount of income was always necessary to the aristocratic life, because independence was the very foundation of it: but the real distinction between aristocracy and plutocracy is that aristocracy had an ideal of existence, making grace and refinement possible on limited means, and the respect of mankind enjoyable without ostentatious expenditure, and economy not contemptible or ridiculous; whereas plutocracy is the most massive materialism, casting into the shade all those graces and elegances of life which are not so materially visible as itself.

The reader may remember how Mr. Bagehot, in one of his excellent essays on the British Constitution, defended titles on the ground that they counterbalanced in some degree the power of wealth by setting up something else to be respected, and he even argued that title was a roundabout means of making intelligence respected: —

"Nobility is the symbol of mind. It has the marks from which the mass of men always used to infer mind, and often still infer it. A common clever man who goes into a country place will get no reverence; but the 'old squire' will get reverence. Even after he is insolvent, when every one knows that his ruin is but a question of time, he will

get five times as much respect from the common peasantry as the newly made rich man who sits beside him. The common peasantry will listen to his nonsense more submissively than to the new man's sense. An old lord will get infinite reverence. His very existence is so far useful that it awakens the sensation of obedience to a *sort of mind*."

This passage contains, I think, a condemnation of the very use of nobility that the author intended to eulogize. If the common peasantry will listen more submissively to the nonsense of an old squire than they will to a new man's sense, it is hard to see how aristocracy, in this instance, can be really on the side of mind. Again, if the old lord gets infinite reverence, whether he is wise or foolish, it is a mere chance whether the reverence is favorable to the influence of mind or against it. If the old lord is a fool, and there is a wise man in the neighborhood who is not listened to because the lord has the ear of the peasantry, the strength of title is not the candlestick of mind, but its extinguisher.

Frenchmen who write about England usually remark that mind is overshadowed by aristocracy; that mediocrities with titles get more consideration, and are listened to more respectfully, than intelligent men without them. I should say that the exact truth is more as follows. Political celebrity, in England, is quite as strong as title. Any one who has the ear of the House of Commons, however humble his birth, is listened to in the country quite as attentively, quite as respectfully, as a lord. But I think that title certainly overshadows literary and artistic celebrity. Not that this is of any real importance, for literary and artistic celebrity are not in their nature powerful except over a very few, and are always likely to be overshadowed by something more visible and massive. If I were a celebrated writer, I would quite as willingly be overshadowed by

an English lord as by an American millionaire, and would accept the shade with perfect contentment in either case. Literature and art, like all noble studies, have their own ample compensations, independently of what may happen to be the popular opinion about them.

If the aristocracies have not done much for the intellectual life, or for art, they have been serviceable in setting up a model of generally refined life, not for people of culture specially, but for all who had means enough to copy it. This is not to be despised. A real aristocracy is a school of refinement and manners, and nations that are destitute of an aristocracy have to look to some fluctuating upper class, less perfectly regulated than aristocracy is by hereditary custom.

Again, a real aristocracy is a school of peace and contentment. In conjunction with its ally, the church, it encourages in every one a spirit of contentment with his lot in life, an acceptance of the lot as a settled thing, which, though it is not favorable to progress, is unquestionably favorable to happiness.

But the best gift of a true aristocracy, such as that which existed in England down to the beginning of the present century, is to establish a claim to respect outside of the preponderance of wealth, and to encourage self-respect in the members of the caste even when they are comparatively poor. In this way it comes to pass that the sentiment of birth is favorable to simplicity of life. The poorer members of the aristocracy often lived with much less self-indulgence in eating and drinking and in dress than is common in the middle class of the present day, whilst their houses were far less luxuriously furnished than our middle-class houses are; and they were not ashamed of practicing in the most open manner a wise economy in many things that would be very difficult and very painful in the present day. I am not writing this from

imagination, but from facts that are well known to me. At the close of the eighteenth century a gentleman belonging to one of the old aristocratic families could live on a small income without any false pretension, at least in the country, and yet not be disclassed. At the close of the nineteenth century the position of such a gentleman will be very different.

The transition from aristocracy to plutocracy has been marked, in England, by the increasing contempt for the poor gentleman. I myself have heard a gentleman of very good family called "a beggar" because he had only six hundred pounds a year, and seen the mention of another excite a smile because he had only twelve hundred. A worse sign is when gentlemen begin to despise themselves for their own poverty. I knew one who thought it absurd and contemptible to be as poor as he was, and yet his private income was as good as the earnings of a fairly successful lawyer. These are signs that the victory of the plutocracy is very nearly accomplished, the proof of its complete victory being the final stage when an aristocracy loses its historical sense, forgets its ancestors, and humbly acquiesces in the pecuniary estimate of itself. It is a bad sign when an ancient European and Christian aristocracy allows itself to be led and patronized by new families of Jewish money-lenders.

Much of the social power of wealth in England, above and beyond its natural power, is due to a kind of sanctity that is attached to it, which comes, it is believed, from the Old Testament. In France wealth is looked upon as an immense convenience; its possessors are lucky, enviable, and also envied. But in England it is more: it is a sort of commission from Divine Providence for the ruling of men, involving great responsibility and a corresponding sense of dignity. The rich man feels that he has been personally selected as a ruler, and

that it is wrong to treat his power with levity. In the presence of his poor domestics, he kneels down and thanks God that he is not poor. He has at least this verity on his side: that whether selected by accident or design, the rich surely hold the forces of nature in their hands.

If plutocracy has been the bane of aristocracy in England, and is gradually taking its place by progressive substitution, what are we to say of the decline of aristocracy in France, and of its present notorious impotence to attain the ends that it still avowedly desires?

Unteachableness, rigidity, want of sympathy with the rest of the nation, lack of practical sense, — these are some of the defects that have reduced the French aristocracy to its present miserable plight. Since they allowed themselves to be enslaved by Louis XIV. the nobles have been out of sympathy with the common people, and since the Revolution they have been hostile to them. It would, perhaps, be expecting too much of human nature to hope that an ancient *noblesse* could forget the rough treatment it received in the first unreasoning outburst of popular vengeance; but it would not have been so dealt with if it had lived less selfishly, and cared for other interests than its own. It had brilliant intelligence, it had charming graces and all the *éclat* of personal bravery in combination with the rarest degree of polish, yet it lost the due rewards of its admirable superiorities by its unkind scorn of the *manant* and the *roturier*. The *manant* and the *roturier* avenged themselves rudely when the time came.

Let us be just to the old French aristocracy, if we can. People of the present *bourgeoisie*, who have preserved in their families some tradition of the way in which the nobles treated them in times past, have told me that they were affable in return for the deference paid to them, and that there existed in those days a very much easier intercourse be-

tween classes than we see at the present day. This is likely to be true, as the noble might repay in condescension the submissiveness of his inferiors, and when they became less submissive he would naturally be less condescending; but however affable it may have been, I cannot learn that the noblesse ever did anything to improve the condition of the people. The people have improved their condition wonderfully and immensely, but it has been entirely by their own efforts. To say that the aristocracy were steeped in the basest pleasures is a coarse exaggeration. We cannot, I think, call hunting a *base* pleasure. The worst that can be said of it is that it is indifferent to animal suffering and a survival from a lower condition of humanity; the best that can be said of it is that it is a corrective of indolence and sloth. Well, hunting was the great occupation of the country nobility, the privilege and the pleasure of their caste. The other pleasure, that finally ruined and overthrew them, was an extreme delight in society, in conversation, a passion for being with crowds of elegant people in drawing-rooms, with an incapacity for solitude and work. The nobility had in time of peace these three occupations, hunting, talking, and going to mass. In the morning they heard mass in the chapel of the *château*, during the day they hunted, and in the evening they dressed splendidly and talked with charming ladies in the most stately saloons. Out of the hunting season they must sometimes have known the miseries of *ennui*; but they had games and garden parties, and the daily duty of amusing those amiable ladies. At a moment's notice they were ready to quit this pleasant life for the hardships of war, and many a fine gentleman lay in his lace and periwig on the battle-fields of Flanders or the Rhine, not to speak of the great internal conflicts that La Roche-

foucauld narrates, and that we now have so much difficulty in understanding.¹ Many of them were vicious enough, no doubt; they were fond of pleasure, they were not industrious, and yet we have no evidence that the race had enervated itself by vice. On the contrary, all the evidence shows us a race that enjoyed life with infinite zest and energy, lively and active in the extreme, but living only according to the ideas of a caste, and careless of the suffering multitude by whose toils the caste-life was made possible. The simple fact that the nobles were so ready to travel, in those days when traveling was so full of discomfort and hardship, is excellent evidence in favor of their real energy. It has always seemed to me that no scene so perfectly depicts the old aristocratic life in France as the mass on St. Hubert's day, when the lords and ladies attended in hunting costume, and the hounds were assembled, and the doors were left open that they might be distant participators in the ceremony. There you have all the interests of lordly life together except war,—the morning mass, the presence of fair ladies in hunting costumes, the dogs and horses ready outside, and the sylvan glades so near.

The life of the great *châteaux* was repeated in the royal palaces, and the king drew the nobles round him by offering them exactly the same pleasures that they pursued at home, but on an incomparably grander scale, and with the additional magic of the royal style and state. Prepared by all their habits to accept the courtly life, they fell readily into the snare, and were detached more completely than ever from all sympathy with the common people.

Versailles was a temporary and delusive heaven, with a mortal king for its God and his mistresses for interceding angels. The blessed denizens of this excessively artificial paradise were ideal-

¹ The difficulty is that no modern Englishman or Frenchman can make out how those brave gentle-

men regarded their country. We cannot imagine the nature of their patriotism.

ists in their own peculiar fashion, their ideal being a courtly life in gardens, palaces, and great royal hunting forests.

The common world is always a disappointment to idealists, and it has been a disappointment to the descendants of these courtiers. The Palace of Versailles has become the place where the National Assembly elects the President of the republic, and the old nobility is represented there by a minority of discontented deputies. All chieftainship seems to have gone away from them. They are neither the leaders nor the masters of the people, neither a directing nor a governing class. They are reduced to mere protest and criticism, whilst the work of government is laboriously carried on by others.

The number of English noblemen who have been loved and trusted by the people would surprise a democrat in France. Where are the French noblemen who have been so loved and trusted? Where are the French equivalents for Lord Hartington and Lord Spencer? What Frenchman has filled anything like the position of Earl Russell? Even amongst conservatives, where is the French conservative grandee who has enjoyed half the popular respect that surrounded Edward, Earl of Derby? The heir to a great dukedom can go down to the English manufacturing towns and speak to the people in as plain and straightforward a manner as if he were one of themselves; he can make them feel that he has not been spoiled by the luxuries of Chatsworth and Hardwicke Hall, but is still a cool and steady English man of business, with a powerful reserve of genuine English independence in his nature. Notwithstanding all the pride and all the frigidity that are attributed by foreigners to the English character; notwithstanding all the vastness of the gulf which, according to the English

themselves, is placed in their country between class and class, it is undeniable that some representatives of the upper classes in England know how to cast a bridge over that gulf, and are able to establish a community of sentiment between themselves and their electors, and a common understanding even as to the details of legislation, that are unknown between the French aristocrats and the provincial urban democracies. I leave Paris out of the question, as there it is useless for any one with aristocratic sentiments to ask for the suffrages of the people.

And yet, in spite of its incapacity for leadership in a democratic age, I think the French aristocracy has, on one or two points, preserved more of the purely aristocratic (as distinguished from the plutocratic) sentiment than the British. To become poor, even moderately poor, in England is to lose caste; to become rich is to acquire caste; and this is the sign that the aristocratic sentiment about ancestry has given place to the plutocratic sentiment about wealth. Those who really belong to the French noblesse are in no danger of losing their birthright of aristocratic consideration for any degree of poverty that does not make a decent appearance impossible, and that does not compel them to engage in some money-earning occupation. The gentry and their descendants have no prejudice against decent aristocratic poverty, but they have the genuine old aristocratic prejudice against work. They despise all wealth that is not inherited, and value only the results of the labors of the dead. Even literature and the fine arts become degrading as soon as they are lucrative,¹ a sentiment quite opposed to the general modern opinion in France. All the forms of trade are despicable for aristocrats, and when they hear of a family that has been in trade they say, with an air of

¹ A French gentleman wanted to let me a country house, and said, with an air of conscious supe-

riority, "It would be quiet and convenient for the prosecution of your — your *industry*."

genteel ignorance about the nature of the business, "Ils ont vendu quelque chose." Their manners towards shop-keepers are often unpleasant, and exhibit a degree of *morgue* that is peculiarly irritating to a French tradesman. They seem to think that because they want something that is the property of the shop-keeper they are his natural superiors and above the usual French forms of civility.¹ Sometimes this excessive *morgue* is liable to make mistakes. A very proud marchioness had gone, with a friend, to make an excursion in a charming place. It began to rain when their servants were producing luncheon, and there was no house within two miles, except a thatched cottage that happened to be close at hand. A man came out of the cottage, and kindly invited the ladies to take shelter and have their luncheon there. The marchioness assumed an air of awful grandeur, and inquired "by what right" the man offered her such an invitation. "By the right of the owner of the soil. I am Captain de —, eldest son of the Viscount de —, who is the owner of this estate." The estate was large; the viscount was a well-known Legitimist personage, representative of one of the oldest families in France; and the thatched cottage was a shelter erected as a convenience for archæological investigations, close to the site of a Gallo-Roman mansion.

It is curious that the French aristocracy, which professes such a deep respect for the church, should no longer supply recruits for the clergy. Fewer and fewer of the sons of the noblesse

become priests every year, and those who do now become priests shut themselves up in the religious orders, and are of no use for the common work of the parishes, many of which are left empty, in country places, for want of working priests to fill them. It would seem as if it were no longer thought *comme il faut* to be a parish priest, whilst it may be *comme il faut* to belong to one of the recognized orders, such as the Marists, the Jesuits, etc. The practical result is that in the country parishes many of the priests are burdened with extra duty, sometimes far from their homes, merely from an insufficient supply of ecclesiastics. This plain fact — which I do not give merely on my own authority, but on that of a French bishop, who deplored it lately in an episcopal charge — is a valuable commentary on that devotion to the church which the French aristocracy still professes, so long as it entails no greater inconvenience than hearing a mass on Sunday morning, which is often early and short. The priests are not recruited from the noblesse, but from the peasantry. There is, consequently, a social severance between the clergy and the aristocracy, though there may be a political alliance. The priest may have patrons in the château, he may have real friends there, but his relations are generally in the farm-houses. The reason lies no deeper than the obvious fact that the duties of a parish priest are irksome and his life is austere. He is confined to one place, without amusements, with society limited to peasants and to the few gentry who happen to

¹ English custom permits what would be thought at least negative rudeness to shop-keepers in France, but sometimes the rich English lady goes even beyond that. Here is a little scene in a modiste's shop in Paris, of which my wife was an amused spectator.

Two prond-looking English ladies entered, and one of them asked to see some bonnets. A great number were shown her, but they invariably failed to please. At length the mistress of the establishment, anxious to gratify her visitor, said she re-

membered *one* bonnet that might suit her taste, and had it sought for.

"Et celui-là, madame, comment le trouvez-vous?"

"Tray mal."

"Si vous ne trouvez pas ailleurs, madame, un chapeau à votre goût, j'espère que vous reviendrez ici."

"Pewteait."

And her ladyship sailed away in silent and disdainful majesty.

be there for a part of the year only ; his work is a continual servitude, and it is never done. He is not allowed to marry, and his conduct is watched with the most jealous and unceasing scrutiny. To devote one's self to such an existence requires not merely the pretense to religious belief, but its reality. That, and that alone, can make a human being happy in a life that is deprived of all worldly pleasures and has no earthly rewards, and that, without faith, would be without an object.

An aristocratic caste may be an institution for which there is no further necessity, it may be a survival that has become useless, but one likes to see it genuine of its kind, even in its latter days. The principle of the French aristocracy is pure, — it is not the principle of a plutocracy ; what is less genuine in France is the *personnel* of which the so-called aristocracy is composed. I said long ago, in *Round my House*, that the particle “*de*,” which is popularly supposed to indicate nobility, was extensively assumed by families belonging really to the bourgeoisie, but I was not fully aware at that time on what a prodigiously extensive scale these usurpations have been made. Here is a single example. A public functionary, whose duties required frequent reference to registers in a particular locality, told me that he had at first been embarrassed by the changes of name in certain families. Plain names of the bourgeoisie had been laid aside for territorial designations with the “*de*” before them, and it was difficult at first sight to understand and remember these transformations. Having a curious and investigating disposition, the functionary amused himself by tracing out as many of these cases as he could discover, and he told me that in a single neighborhood he had found no less than fifty families who had raised themselves into what is considered to be the noble caste by the addition of the “*de*.” Amidst

such an influx of new recruits the authentic old nobility is, in these days, completely overwhelmed. There being no strictly kept peerage, as in England, there is nothing authoritative to refer to, and an injurious doubt is cast upon real coronets by the extreme abundance of false ones. Besides the “*de*” the most positive titles are coolly assumed and worn. You may meet with people who live in an old château and are very *comme il faut*, very simple and well bred, without any appearance of false pretension whatever, yet they have just one little piece of false pretension, — their title. They call themselves count and countess, but are not count and countess at all. Their fortune was made in trade a generation or two since, and the château bought, and the title of the old family that once lived there gradually assumed by a too familiar process.

This is one cause of decadence for the French nobility, — its powerlessness to protect itself against usurpation ; but another cause is the too frequent necessity for intermarrying with the bourgeoisie, for the sake of handsome dowries. Hence the caste is continually liable to deterioration in its social standard, and to the loss of that peculiarly high polish that once distinguished it. In democratic times it may be scarcely safe to say that very high polish must be confined to a caste ; yet how can it ever be maintained except by a small class that specially values it and has a constant care for its preservation ? In democratic ages there are *persons* naturally refined, but society is not refined. The virtues of a democracy are not delicacy and elegance ; they are energy and industry. An aristocracy ought to be elegant, and intolerant of manners that fall short of being the best. Those who know the French aristocracy better than I pretend to do tell me that it is leveling *down* ; that it is becoming more and more like the bourgeoisie both in manners and in style.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

STUDIES FOR PICTURES.

I.

A LONELY lake lies far among the hills,
Whose northern sides are dark with whispering pines;
Fed from their breasts by dancing, dappled rills,
For them alone it softly smiles and shines.

No man has pushed the circling leafage back,
Or stirred the laurels, rimmed with drops of dew,
To gaze where boat has never left its track
Like twist of silver on the shimmering blue!

At the quick touch of sudden, wandering breeze,
Its scudding ripples spread o'er sandy bars;
And as the waves the slanting sunbeams seize,
The water blossoms with a thousand stars!

The panting deer may cool his soft, shy lip,
And trouble with his bubbling breath its rest;
Or strong, straight flight of some wild wing may dip,
And cut with flash of light its burnished breast.

With sharp, green spears, the reeds and grasses pierce
The still, dark water 'neath o'erhanging trees,
As though some Pharaoh's army, wild and fierce,
Were buried, marching, as in Egypt's seas!

Over its heart it folds a scarf of lace,
(Faint-imaged clouds that stretch across the sky,)
And, like white jewels fastening it in place,
The trembling-hearted water-lilies lie.

It braids the moonbeams on a summer night,
Or, while soft laughter all its bosom fills,
Its ripples chase the west wind's sunny flight,
And kiss the feet of its grave, guarding hills!

II.

Like heavy stream of slow, scarce-moving oil,
On open flats the dim, still river lies;
No skimming ripple, and no whirling coil
Of dimpling eddy, stirs its mirrored skies;

No bending grasses on the sandy shore
Reach their long fingers down to dip and lave;
And all unmarked the river's even floor
By hidden pebble's softly slipping wave.

A fine, still haze holds all the brown, warm land,
 And hides the line where sky and river meet, —
 Yellow and dim upon the yellow sand,
 And faintly gold on fields of ripened wheat.

A blur of color shows where poppies bloom;
 A line of shadow marks tall poplar-trees,
 Standing like ghosts against the yellow gloom,
 Unstirred by any lightly blowing breeze.

Faint through the silence of the mellow haze
 Is heard the lingering splash of some slow oar;
 A boat, for one vague, floating moment, stays,
 Seen like a dream against the misty shore.

Slow, with the unseen current, drifts the boat,
 (The trembling water laps the level sands.)
 And guiding it, a boy, with bronze, bare throat,
 Clings to his slender pole, with sunburned hands.

Margaret Deland.

THE GOLDEN JUSTICE.

XIV.

THE CONTESTED ELECTION.

DAVID LANE was right in his premonitions: his slender majority offered too great a premium to objectors. He was presently served with the proper notices, and his election was formally contested.

The taking of testimony in this contest took place in a long upper room of the Johannisberger House, sometimes used as a lodge-room, for assemblies and the like. It was at no great distance from the Polish quarter, and was deemed a convenient place for procuring the attendance of the persons interested. There had been an active stirring among the dry-bones when it was known that these proceedings would take place. Naturally, investigation would not be confined to one side only. Irregular characters of all sorts were hastily moved to embark on steamers and gravel

trains, while others, of a higher class, with standing to maintain, who could not so easily take flight, quaked with even greater trepidation in their consciences. In the sequel, developments reached far beyond even the utmost that was expected. The principal legal talent of Keewaydin was enlisted. There were writs *quo warranto* and *certiorari*, mandamuses, injunctions, demurrers, appeals, all the law's delays, voluntary and involuntary. Should all the surprises, feats of legal skill, hardihood, and chicanery, and store of legal learning poured forth be here set down, after the Homeric fashion, as they might very well be, this simple account could be extended to unheard-of length. With the vital interests they held at stake, each side strained every nerve. Paul Barclay, who himself bore no unimportant part in the proceedings, formed a habit of reporting to Mrs. Varemberg, at frequent intervals, for her information

and pleasure, all their stages, — the humors, exciting episodes, and glimpses into new and quaint phases of life which this unexpected upheaval afforded.

The case for the contestant, Jim DeBow, was chiefly managed by that astute person, Counselor Rand, — the same who had once had Barclay's property in charge. He proved, on this trial, to be a man of shrewd, quick invention, an adept in the sophistry that makes the worse appear the better reason. He had a ready gift of gab, was skilled both in irony and invective, and was well versed generally in all the unscrupulous resources of his art. In his opening speech he outlined his proposed policy. He said in substance, —

"I offer to prove, and shall establish beyond the shadow of a doubt, that there were cast for David Lane, in all the various wards, not less than one hundred and twenty irregular and fraudulent votes. These are to be deducted from his total vote, as being wholly null and void. A clear title to the high and honorable office of mayor of Keewaydin will thereupon rest with my client, James Sapperthwaite DeBow, Esq." (This middle name created a certain sensation in the court-room. It was perhaps the first time DeBow had ever been known to have any middle name at all, or any other prefix than the customary "Jim.") "I shall show that these irregular and fraudulent votes," Rand went on, "were cast by the following persons, to wit: —

"Aliens, or persons not qualified by sufficient residence in the country to exercise the right of suffrage as American citizens.

"Others who had not resided in the State for the one year next prior to election, as required by law.

"Others not resident in, or qualified electors of, the wards and precincts in which they assumed to vote.

"Others vouched for by persons not householders, and therefore not competent to act as sponsors.

"Finally, I allege that a large number of votes were manufactured outright, and corresponded to no persons having an actual existence."

Rand charged, furthermore, bribery, corruption, and undue influence of many kinds. He glared about the court-room as he spoke, and preserved throughout a sonorous rhetoric and air of august indignation, as if he had been some other Edmund Burke impeaching a Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors, in the great hall of William Rufus. He put Ludwig Trapschuh on the stand, as an expert in the habits, manners, and customs of the Polish people. The bridge-tender proceeded to recollect names, dates, and circumstances with a prodigious facility. His own belief was that all was utterly lost to him henceforth, so far as concerned the favor of David Lane, — even, probably, to the stipend of Stanislava, — and his only salvation must be in deserving the gratitude of the opposition to the utmost.

Mr. Welby Goff next made a considerable figure, under examination, in describing his part in the wrangle over the 'bus-load of Bohemian workmen, as before mentioned.

"Did you not distinctly hear their foreman threaten to discharge them unless they obeyed orders?" demanded counsel for the contestant.

"How could I have understood him, if he was Bohemian?" returned witness, parrying.

"Answer my question. Did you not distinctly hear him make that threat in English?"

"What I want to know, in that case, is how the men could have understood him, if they were Bohemians," said Welby Goff.

This was characterized by Rand as impudent and evasive quibbling, — as no doubt it was, — and when DeBow's side finally rested their case the prospect looked dark for David Lane. It was plainly evident that Ives Wilson

and some of his friends, acting with an ill-judged zeal, to put the most favorable construction upon it, had done things that would not at all bear the clear light of investigation.

When Lane's counsel took the floor, however, the case assumed a very different complexion. It was shown that the DeBow party had engaged in the same, and even more iniquitous, practices. The issue seemed to resolve itself into one more of quantity than quality.

Paul Barclay was called to testify as to an expedition — consisting of himself, one Peter Stransky, the Polish letter-carrier, and a German interpreter — he had energetically organized of his own motion, to go about, on the South Side, searching for the numerous missing voters by affidavit for DeBow. He testified that he had taken a copy of the poll-list, and at several of the addresses given had found no houses at all, nor any such numbers on the streets; and at numerous others, no trace whatever of the pretended voters named, nor of any persons who had ever known them.

He was attacked by Rand with all the arts permitted the unscrupulous cross-examiner. That individual had, for the first time, found an opportunity to wreak in a small way the malice he still cherished from the date of their former dealings together. He sought to impugn Barclay's reputation for truth and veracity. He sought next to show that the little band of searchers were not qualified for their mission, that they had been frightened away from certain tenement-houses by fear of small-pox, that their search was but a mere pretense at best, that they had no real desire to find the voters, but had increased the mystification, and distorted facts for their own partisan purposes. He changed from the browbeating to the patronizing, from the menacing to the genially sarcastic; he threw in plentiful

taunts and innuendoes, calculated to enrage the callow in this kind of experience, to his own entanglement and destruction. The red color of resentment, in fact, mantled the cheek of Paul Barclay at the first few stings, and his eye kindled in a way that might have indicated danger to his tormentor. But he very soon recovered his self-control, and, adopting a far more effectual policy, began to return cool, baffling, sometimes half-amused replies, that showed him to be no tyro in linguistic conflicts, but one amply able to defend himself. Rand fell back from some of his more biting answers, much as the wild bull might fall back, from violent onslaughts, on the keen rapier of the toreador.

"You have lived a long time in Poland, no doubt?" he said, sneeringly. "You are thoroughly familiar with the language?"

"I have spent a short time in Poland. I have a certain idea of its pronunciation."

The questioner was flustered; he had not expected any such evidence of fitness.

He entered next upon questions of pronunciation at great length. He chose to impugn the competency of Peter Stransky — a renegade Pole, he said, whom his countrymen refused to associate with — and the German interpreter. "Will you kindly describe to us," he demanded, "your method of asking for these voters?"

"Where the person named was taken to be Polish, he was inquired for through the Polish interpreter; where he was taken to be German, through the German interpreter."

"How did you know whether the person was Polish or German?"

"I judged of his nationality from the name."

"Are you a first-class expert in judging of the nationality of a man from his name?"

"I am perhaps about a third-class ex-

pert," replied Barclay, smiling, "but the combined expertness of the party must certainly have been pretty near the proper standard."

"Did you not know that if you did not find these men at all it would be more to the advantage of David Lane than if you did?"

"Why, yes, we must take that for granted, just as the learned counsel knows that bluster and impertinence may take the place of argument and evidence, when he has none in his case, — though perhaps it is not to the point just at present," returned Barclay, for once meeting the insult somewhat in kind.

Upon this, the court pounded with its gavel, and insisted on rather better order on both sides; but Rand continued to thunder that the whole inquiry was a delusion and an intentional fraud, and that all the persons inquired for really existed, and could have been found by any honest and competent authorities. He next recalled Trapschuh to sustain his position, which this man did with a preposterous effrontery.

"I ask you, as a person well versed in the peculiarities of the Polish people," he said, putting the bridge-tender a long hypothetical question. "Supposing a number of strange men, one an American, one a German, and one a Pole, should go about together through the Polish quarter, asking a great variety of questions, — such as who lived in a house, whether such and such persons lived there, and the like, — what sort of treatment would such a band of persons be likely to meet with?"

"They would meet with no treatment at all. It would be lucky for them if they did n't get licked."

"And they would not get any information at all?"

"No: parties would run on ahead and tell other parties they was coming, and, when they got there, they would ask them what they wanted to know for;

and no matter what they asked, they would not tell them anything."

"Now as to the Polish women. I ask you, as a person well versed in the peculiarities of the Polish people, what would be the course of the Polish women, if their husbands or other male relatives were absent from home, when such a band of men came prowling about. Would they give information?"

"No, the men would n't let 'em. Besides, all them Polish women lie like the devil; they don't ever answer no questions right."

A slight cry was heard, upon this. Trapschuh, looking round, saw his niece, Stanislava Zelinsky, in the court. He wondered at her being there, but supposed it was only as a spectator, like the rest. The room was packed, several rows deep, all around its borders, with men, for the most part of the laboring sort, in rough, ill-smelling clothing, drawn there by their personal interest, or that of immediate friends, in the proceedings. The girl was being led up to a more favored position, it is true, apart from this crowd, and not far from the counsel for David Lane; but Trapschuh did not approve of the degree of forwardness and curiosity that could have brought her to such a place. He meant to have more to say of this anon, though by no means, as yet, suspecting the real cause of it.

"Have you met with many instances, in your experience, where the Polish women would not tell the truth?" he was asked.

"Yes, more as two hundred, — more as one thousand," he replied, with a nonchalant recklessness.

Stanislava involuntarily lamented aloud once more at this wholesale aspersion. The glib perjuries of her uncle made her breath come thick and fast, with astonishment and grief. She wondered that the floor did not open and swallow them all up. She looked around the circle, as if all present were

somehow responsible, too, and almost as bad as he, inasmuch as they did not stop it on the instant, but calmly sat there instead, and listened to it go on. The true history of her coming into court was as follows:—

David Lane, following with painful intensity all the stages of the trial, went to his daughter, one day, when it was well advanced, and said,—

“You say this Polish girl, whom I have benefited, once told you she wished to be of service to me. Now is her opportunity, if she will use it. She seems an intelligent, observing person, who has undoubtedly seen something of the true facts in the case; she may be got to deny some of the wild fabrications of this man, even though he be her relative. She can hardly wish to aid the combination against me, I am sure.”

Mrs. Varemberg had immediately sought the girl, and found her ready to speak the truth. She had sent her to Barclay, and he, in turn, to the discreet counsel in the case, and an arrangement had been effected by which, keeping suspicion averted till the last moment, she was to appear.

Such hard swearing as that of Trapschuh and his mates produced conviction in the humbler portion of the audience, who stood about in awe, and thought that egregious asseveration like this must make even those things to be which had not been so. It had its effect even in higher quarters, not too well versed as yet in distinguishing facts from protestation. The production of Stanislava, therefore, was a decided *coup*. It was rare that any woman entered the domain of these political turmoils, and here was a very young, pretty, and apparently ingenuous one. A little hubbub arose as she took the stand, which required some time to quell. The protruding little eyes of Ludwig Trapschuh started from his head with amazement.

She controverted his outrageous state-

ments, tried to vindicate her humble country-women from the sweeping charge of mendacity, and traced Polish families and individual voters. She often knew the exact date of their arrival in the country, through having entered them as applicants for assistance and employment on the books of the benevolent societies. The excellent handwriting on which we have heard her complimented now stood her in good stead.

Most important of all,—casting a look of appeal at her uncle, as if to beseech him not to withhold his favor from her, even though she performed a duty which her conscience and the interests of truth clearly demanded,—she testified to overhearing the conspiracy between him, Barney, and Notary Kroeger, whereby, though appearing to act always for David Lane, they were covertly to procure and manufacture votes for Jim DeBow. She was timid and flushed with fevered nervousness, at first, but gained confidence as she proceeded, and her answers were of a clear positiveness that cross-examination could not shake. Her whole manner carried conviction with it.

A recall of Trapschuh, based upon her evidence, followed, and resulted in his utter collapse. He tangled himself up in a new tissue of preposterous falsehoods. Shown an “exhibit” that purported to be the affidavit of the voter Andreas Lanick, he was asked if he knew Lanick.

“Yes,” he replied, “I know him very well. He belong from Prussia Poland.”

Shown “exhibit 23,” the affidavit of the pretended voter Wenzel Vai, he was asked, “Do you know Wenzel Vai?”

“Yes, I know a man like that. He’s a Bohemian man.”

Shown the affidavit of the pretended voter Andreas Lanick, he said,—

“Yes, I know him.”

“How long?”

"Since twenty-five years ago."

Shown a great number of other affidavits of the same general description, —

"Yes, I know each and every one of them." He caught up stray bits of the legal phraseology.

"And you could find these men if you wished to?"

"Yes, unless they moved away since election day."

"What makes you think they would move away since election day?"

"More as two, three, hundred Polander families moved away since election time," he asserted, in round numbers.

"Does not that estimate seem a little high?"

"No, it is not high; it is low," he insisted doggedly.

"Now, will you tell us what you understand by a family?"

"I und'stand a man, his wife, some children, and may be a few cousins and uncles."

"Why do you think so many families would suddenly leave Keewaydin?"

"If them Polanders can live cheaper by goin' away as by stayin' at home, they will go away, — in Minnesota, Illinois, and Michigan."

Counsel amiably appeared to accept this as quite a philosophical answer and explanation, and Trapschuh was much pleased with his own ingenuity.

"Will you, now, kindly give a description of the Andreas Lanick we have before mentioned?"

"He had a — a — slouched hat and a — kind o' — old coat," stammered Trapschuh. "I know him very well," more promptly.

"Give us a description of Wenzel Vai."

"He's a kind o' sandy man, — not very short. I done some figurin' with him once."

"Please describe Wozer Chezefski."

"He's not very tall. He wears a

slouched hat," the witness returned, already at the end of his invention.

"Give us a description of Mike Matelski."

"The description of each and every Polander is mostly alike."

"Tell us where Mike Matelski lived."

"Down by Muckwonago Road. I guess I don't remember the number."

"In what street?"

"It was a wood house, — kind o' red color, with green blinds," he answered evasively.

"Where did Wozer Chezefski live?"

"His house was kind o' blue color."

The witness began to mop his forehead furiously with a handkerchief.

"What was the age of your friend Andreas Lanick?"

"Oh, he was a younk man, — he's about twenty-two years old."

"Your memory is perfectly good?"

"Nobody has so better a memory as what I got," he replied, resenting any imputations upon it.

"Well, then, how does it happen that you remember Andreas Lanick for the past twenty-five years, when you say he is but twenty-two years old?"

The witness's jaw dropped. He was aghast; but was presently seen recovering himself, in a surly way, for new efforts.

"Now, as to this large number of families that you say moved away: did you personally see them go?"

"I seen some go, and parties told me about the others."

"What were the names of those you saw go?"

"One's name was Lijeski; I guess the man's front name was Antony. Another's name was Molichcheck. Another's name was Lexau."

"Those are three; how as to the rest of the three hundred?"

"I don't remember all the names."

"Nor any of them?"

"No."

"Who were the parties who told you they had seen the families leave the city?"

"I don't remember their names."

"Give a description of some of those who told you they had seen the families go."

"One was a big feller with a slouched hat."

"When did you see him last?"

The witness began to glare fiercely at his ruthless tormentor. It was hopeless to think of finding answers to such a remorseless torrent of questions.

"On election day. I sent for him to come over," he added, by way of embroidering with a detail as opportunity offered.

"How did you send for him to come, if you did not know his name?"

"I asked parties if parties over that way had voted," was the reply, in an open fury which the presiding magistrate sternly repressed.

"And you swear that all this is as true as any other part of your testimony?"

"I swear that it is all true. All of them men bin voters; they belong from Prussia Poland; each and every one of 'em got his right citizen papers, and I know 'em all very well," he returned, in a final all-embracing burst.

"Oh, he makes me tired," Welby Goff was heard to exclaim, in the slang of the day, affecting to fall dramatically on the back of his chair. Even hardened counsel sighed, in a pensive way. But Trapschuh was not yet released; he had still to be questioned as to making the boy Nicodem Kraska vote. He brazenly insisted that Nicodem was of age. When asked how he knew, he said "because he looked so." The boy's mother, Suzanka, was in court, and it was even after her testimony that Trapschuh perpetrated his effrontery. Suzanka set up a loud wailing, and, being suppressed, seemed to await his coming down from the witness-stand as

if with the purpose of doing him a bodily injury.

"Have you advised with your counsel as to what you were to say in this case?" Lane's counsel thought good to ask, humorously, to cast part of the odium of Trapschuh's lying upon Rand.

"No, he advised with me," returned Trapschuh, meaning to be surly, but really aiding the design in view even more than was expected.

Upon this he was allowed to retire, and he stepped down, abashed, into obscure private life, from the depths of which it was long indeed before he again emerged.

Barney Trapschuh, among others, was examined in his turn. Being asked why he signed affidavits as a householder, when he was not one, he said naively that he had understood by a householder "a person what lived in a house." At this, Welby Goff nearly fell on the floor, once more.

Peter Haller, the teamster, testified that he had certified to affidavits of a large number of persons he had never seen before, because "they looked honest."

The self-sufficient little notary, Kroeger, when his turn came, was found to have resisted the summons first sent out by the court, and to have been brought in under arrest.

"You said you could not be bothered coming here," said the presiding magistrate to him, in severe reproof. "You were found in attendance at a wedding, instead."

"I knew I was all right, and there was n't no need for me to come," he responded sullenly.

"That remains to be seen," said the judge. And it was so effectually seen that Kroeger was shown to be one of the most heinous offenders on the entire list. It appeared that, through informalities in the taking out of his commission, he was not even a qualified notary-public, nor competent to certify

any affidavits whatever. Here at the very Johannisberger House, the seat of his majestic egotism and claims to oracular wisdom, the little man was so thoroughly impugned in all the sources of his authority that he could never hold his head aloft again. In fine, the cases of the voters delayed by the arts of the inspectors at the Railroad Avenue precinct were taken up, and argued at great length. It was claimed that there were over forty of these men, all provided with Lane ballots, so that, by the fraudulent practices named, many votes were lost to that candidate.

Without doubt, the enterprise of Barclay and the testimony of Stanislava had been the two elements, in these complications, that had carried the balance of credibility and favor to the side of David Lane, and procured the final verdict in his favor. He was forced to owe his triumph to the children of those victims of the Chippewa Street bridge whose death was the cause even of this political strife.

XV.

DAVID LANE'S ATTEMPT AT FREEDOM.

At the customary time, as fixed by the city charter, — it was towards the end of April, — Paul Barclay took his seat in the new board of aldermen. His reputation for the active, managing sort of ability, as well as for financial soundness, had preceded him. He was well received, and put at once upon some of the more important standing committees.

Among other matters, at this first regular meeting of the year, a combination was discovered to take away the city printing from Ives Wilson and his Index. Set on foot by his usual adversaries in the other papers, it was aided by some as a punishment for his course in bolting the nominations of his party convention, and by others who had been

made the objects of some of his embittered journalism. That sprightly person was alive to his danger, however, and fought it tooth and nail. It almost seemed as if he could be in half a dozen places at once, as, with the lock of hair streaming back from the apex of his head like an oriflamme, he moved from desk to desk among the aldermen, — in whose part of the council chamber, by the way, he had no business to be at all, — strengthening the weak, joking with his firmer friends, and even making propositions for their support to the less pronounced of his enemies. When the vote was taken, he had retained his patronage by a majority of but two. This was so close that his contemporaries of the press assured him that it ought to be a terrible warning to him, at least, henceforth to keep a civil point to his pen and less gall in his inkstand. But Ives Wilson did not take it at all in this light. He announced his success, in the Index, as a triumphant "vindication," and he began immediately a more trenchant course of abuse than ever before against all persons and things.

An interregnum of something like two months now ensued. Pending the contest between the rival claimants for mayor, the president of the aldermen continued to govern the city. What with all the delays incident to the decision, it was nearly July, instead of April, before the right of David Lane was finally recognized, and he was installed in his chair.

While his fate had still hung in the balance he had wasted, and grown perceptibly older and feebler. The two months of suspense were among the keener forms of his punishment. For a while it had appeared that he was not to have even the desperate chance of attempting his wild and difficult project. During this time, he had thought vaguely whether he might not cause to be introduced into the board of aldermen a resolution calling for the repair of the

Golden Justice; counting that, when once scaffoldings were up, some laborer might perchance be corrupted, and induced to seize the ardently coveted paper for him. He had thought, also, of engaging the janitor; but the worthy Anton Klopp was a wheezy individual, even less capable, physically, than himself. And then the statue needed no repairing; it would easily be discovered to be in excellent condition. And, again, even if it were not, he had decided, years before, that he dared trust his secret to no one. But behold him, at last, in possession of the poor vantage-ground he had sought, and relieved of this source of anxiety.

The inauguration of a mayor, always a stirring affair in political circles, was made especially important on the present occasion by the character of the events that had preceded it. There were deferred appointments to office to be made, and a mass of difficult business had also been diplomatically deferred, to fall upon the shoulders of the new incumbent.

A general amnesty had been tacitly decreed for the irregularities of the late election. Both sides had so equally participated in them that all might be considered as tarred with the same stick. Measures of legislation were at once introduced, however, to prevent the recurrence of such abuses in the future.

With as sharp a feeling of self-reproach as his preoccupation left him for anything less engrossing, David Lane recognized how largely he, the assumed model of probity, had been responsible for this corruption of the public virtue. All evil deeds seemed to follow upon his first, in direct sequence, as if he were another Macbeth. He delivered his brief inaugural address in the chamber of the aldermen, then gravely received some hand-shakings of congratulation as he stepped down the tribune, and then withdrew to his office. He was followed there by some persons connected with

the accumulated business, and for a considerable time had to hold a levee in the spacious room; but one by one these visitors dropped off, and, as the twilight drew on, he was at last quite alone.

He gave a long, heavy sigh, — conveying both relief and a newly arising form of trouble, — and threw himself down in his chair. The first step in his proposed deliverance was accomplished. He was free to come and go, and to remain and plan his projects in the building without question from any quarter. Soon he bent forward again, and, leaning his arm on his desk and his face on his hand, remained a long time in that position, suggesting the brooding attitude of the Lorenzo de' Medici, who looks down from above the famous tombs at San Lorenzo, in Florence. He had brought with him, even on this first day, some of the tools for his exploit. He placed these safely in a drawer of the desk. On the morrow he would bring the others. He paced the floor meditatively, and lightly tested, by turns, the muscles of his legs and arms, as he had done once before, on a previous occasion. On the morrow, too, there would be delivered to him here a light grappling-ladder, already ordered; tall enough, as he said, to reach to the uppermost of his high book-shelves.

For the next few days, as he walked to the city hall for his appointed tasks, — and in many a slow jaunt about the square, for the special purpose, — his eye fearfully sought the Golden Justice; his brain estimated heights, distances, times, and forecast the position of his ladder and all his own movements when at last he should find himself there aloft, where he had so long desired to be. Now, when actually face to face with his undertaking, its sheer physical obstacles loomed up before him, presenting the most formidable difficulties. "I am an old, old man!" he would mutter. He put off its execution yet another day, and another, and at last he was taken

with a sort of paralysis of supreme discouragement; he revolted against the problem before him in utter despair. The shining figure seemed to mock him; high aloft there in the blue empyrean, it swam before his eyes, hopelessly unattainable by any puny efforts of his.

"I cannot do it, — I will not do it!" he cried out to himself, all but demented. "It is impossible. Let them wait."

His manner at home, during a great part of this long delay, had been strained, abstracted, and uncomfortable. Barclay had come there rather upon sufferance than as a welcome guest, and had repined and fumed under the situation with ever-increasing impatience. Lane had made no concession to the object for which the lovers were waiting; he had held obstinately to the letter of his words. Mrs. Varemberg had once or twice taken the initiative upon herself, and addressed him a few words, but only to be repulsed. He had answered her that he was thinking of it.

"Are you indeed thinking of it deeply? Does it require so much consideration?" she had demanded.

"Yes, believe me, I am considering it deeply."

On the momentous day, when he came home oppressed by utter lassitude and despair, as described, it chanced that she spoke to him again. She had, up to that time, preserved a very long silence. They had only their own company at dinner, Mrs. Clinton being absent.

"Papa," began Mrs. Varemberg.

Her father knew at once what was coming, and he evaded her large and earnest eyes, which were raised appealingly to his.

"I did not think I should have to be the one to speak first," she said, "but a week has now passed since you became mayor; the condition upon which you insisted is fulfilled, and yet — and yet" — She arose before she added more, and, coming in a coaxing way around to his side of the table, rested her hand on his

shoulder. "And yet," she went on, "you say nothing of the subject that is the nearest and dearest to the heart of Paul and myself."

He affected at first not quite to know what she was talking about.

"I mean your promise, papa, that you would decide as soon as you were elected. Paul and I have been waiting so patiently. Will you not let me send him word of your favorable answer to-day? I know you have been doing all this only to try us a little, to see if we are really earnest in our affection."

David Lane was suffering the tortures of the damned. He repulsed her caressing hand from his shoulder almost rudely, arose, moved back from his chair in a staggering, almost stupefied way, and then, collecting his faculties, said, "Yes, I recall the matter now. Well, I have decided against it. I cannot consent."

"You cannot consent?" Mrs. Varemberg murmured, trembling, incredulous.

"I cannot give my approval to your marriage with Paul Barclay."

"Oh, what is this? What does it all mean?" she gasped, irrelevantly.

He seemed to feel it necessary to give some answer, and, casting about, he found a wretched excuse.

"He was opposed to my election. I — I have it from the very best authority."

And he proceeded to cite the episode, reported by Ives Wilson, of Barclay's having refused to browbeat his men to his own way of voting.

"I have heard that story, too. I honor him, rather, as you would once have done, for having been one of the few to resist political corruption, even in his own interest. For your interest was his. Was he not one of your strongest supporters? What would you have done without him, in the contest?"

"Perhaps I am harsh, unrelenting, but I have made up my mind. I — I cannot forgive him."

"Forgive him? May Heaven forgive

you all the harm you have done us both," rejoined his daughter, with a noble indignation and contempt, and she prepared to withdraw from the room. "I call you no longer my father. I do not know what your motives can be, but my father would never have acted so. Let this be my farewell. I shall leave your house as soon as is possible."

"Where will you go? What will you do?" he demanded in alarm, aroused to his full faculties, as an intoxicated man is often sobered by some sudden shock.

"I do not know. I will place myself under honorable protection, and when a suitable time has expired I will marry Paul Barclay."

"Will you go to him without money, — if I give you none? Will you throw yourself as a burden upon him?"

She was staggered a moment by this consideration, but, recovering herself, she answered, —

"Yes; he loves me. He alone of all the world wishes me well; to him alone my happiness is dear. He will not look at it so."

"Florence!" cried David Lane, and this time he stretched out his arms towards her pleadingly. She had opposed to him at last an obstinacy and hardness of heart equal to his own. This unnatural casting off by his own daughter wholly unnerved and broke him down. "This from you," he said, — "my darling, my child, the one always so dear to me; you whom I held in my arms as a baby, whom I nursed through sickness; you who made me the confidant of all your joys and troubles, who were always so sure of my affection, as you must be sure of it even now?"

"Then why, papa? then why, papa?" she asked, incoherently. She was easily touched, and quick to forgiveness and reconciliation.

David Lane then had the impulse to tell her all of his sad story. But he

only exclaimed again, much as he had on a former occasion, —

"I must have yet a little time. Wait till you see me again. To-morrow— perhaps it will be different. Oh, I assure you, you shall have reasons to-morrow."

The die was cast. No more vacillations, no more shilly-shally. He had determined once for all that his attempt at freedom should be carried into effect that very night.

When all the other public officials had left the city hall that afternoon, the conscientious new mayor was still at his office, and apparently plunged up to the eyes in the mass of unfinished business there accumulated.

He was still immersed in it, when the janitor made his rounds to close up the building, towards ten o'clock. That rotund functionary put his head in once more in a deferential way, at eleven o'clock, having waited up expressly an hour later than usual to see if anything might be wanted of him.

"No, no, Klopp, don't mind me," returned David Lane cheerily. "I'll probably be through in a few minutes. Go to bed. I'll let myself out by the small door. And, in any event, don't let me give you the least bit of trouble."

"He's a pretty good feller, and a hard-workin' feller for mayor, zure," soliloquized Klopp to himself.

He gladly availed himself of the permission accorded him, and after banging a door or two and rattling a great poker in the vicinity of the furnaces, in the regions below-stairs, he was soon snoring in the midst of his family, who occupied with him the quarters assigned them in the basement.

For perhaps an hour longer the mayor bent over his official tasks. He paused from time to time, to listen. Finally he swept his papers aside, rose, and began to pace the floor, pressing a hand upon his heart, as to check its ac-

celerated beatings. He had already drawn the shades and tightly closed the shutters of the apartment, that no curious eye, if any were so disposed, might look in upon his proceedings. He now took from their place of deposit the tools he had prepared, an array of sharp-cutting drills and saws, unhooked the new grappling-ladder from the high shelf, and lighted and extinguished once or twice a small dark lantern, to see that it was in working order.

Then he divested himself of a part of his clothing and put on shoes of listing, for greater celerity and stealthiness in his proposed movements. Thus partially disrobed, it could be seen that his was indeed no figure for great athletic undertakings. The work before him was of a kind to try even youthful and robust capacity, and he looked, as he was, old and crippled in his joints by his maladies. The excitement of the occasion gave him an unwonted briskness and color, it is true, and he gathered further strength from another source. He drew forth a flask, and took a long pull at it. At the last moment, another. So there! aid from any quarter is welcome in the supreme effort of one's life.

He heard a sudden dash of rain against his windows, followed by the rumble of distant thunder, and immediately after the cathedral clock struck one. The moment for action had come. Rain? So much the better! Under the cover of storm and darkness, his movements must be hidden from any possible observation, his expedition must be doubly secure.

He opened the door of his apartment, and set foot in the corridor without, but, on the instant, stepped back again in affright. The vacant halls seemed full of stealthy whisperings and light footsteps. Surely persons were stealing along there to spy upon him. A dread haunted him of some ghostly circle of witnesses gathered around the balcony of the rotunda of the central dome, and waiting

to flash a full light of recognition upon him and break out into jeers and laughter at his attempt, the moment he had fairly set forth. He stood for some time within, listening with painful intentness. At last he made sure that all this was but the sound of the rain and the draughts of air which wandered uninterrupted at night through the empty spaces of the great city hall, deserted by all its human occupants.

Thereupon he set forth with a renewed confidence. He passed in turn the office doors of the comptroller, the tax commissioner, the treasurer. What would his trusty subordinate functionaries have thought of him, their mayor, could they have but seen him thus, gliding by like some phantom of the night? He recalled the story of that German burgomaster, who was wont to prowl in the dark over the roofs of the houses, armed with a long knife, committing robberies and murders, and the next day, in his staid official capacity, would conduct the inquiries as to the best means of seizing the assassins. He likened himself to him, and apprehended a similar exposure. He had to sit down and rest several times, overcome with fatigue, as he mounted the principal staircase.

"An old, old man!" he would murmur; but it was in a patient, almost mechanical way now, and with no thought of relinquishing his undertaking.

Once arrived in the upper stories, he breathed more freely; the danger of any personal encounter, at least, seemed here got rid of. He gave himself, too, a fuller benefit of his lantern than he had hitherto dared to do. Once, however, he hastily dashed the dark slide across it, and crouched against the wall, while his heart leaped into his mouth with terror. He was on the secondary staircase, which he had partially mounted, and distinctly heard what seemed a step coming down it. Who could it be?

Who could possibly be abroad there at such an hour? Was it perhaps one of Klopp's children, dispatched thither on some unheard-of errand? Was it some somnambulist, walking in those regions in his sleep? Was it an apparition? Old superstitious stories of his childhood, in which he did not in the least believe, came back to David Lane, and for the nonce took a certain reality.

The footstep still came downward, dropping from stair to stair with, as it were, an uncertain sort of tread. The presence, whatever it was, was close at hand, was passing him. He struck out, in uncontrollable affright, in the direction whence it sounded, and encountered nothing. But at the same moment a leaping and tumbling as of some animal was heard below him, and, flashing his dark lantern, he saw a large rat. It had been coming down with a billet of wood, which was attached to a scrap of leather, and, being discovered, it scurried precipitately away to one of the great dusty attics at the side. He had had no surplus of force to stand such useless drains upon it, but he soon collected himself, and climbed on.

At the balcony where he had once held his interview with Paul Barclay, he stopped a moment, to look out upon the night. It was raining steadily, and the darkness was even thicker than he could have desired. Thence onward again, passing through a minor door or two, which he opened with duplicate keys and locked behind him, to a region where dust and cobwebs were rarely disturbed. Thence up lengths of ladder-like stairway, up a spiral one twining interminably round a central post, and, at length, a steep ladder, which ended at the small trap door through which he must make his final exit upon the dome. He painfully climbed this last, once to throw open the trap door, and again to bring up his scaling-ladder and general budget.

At this point, he stood with his head

and shoulders — the rain falling upon him unhindered — projecting through a small opening in the roof of the cupola which surmounted the principal dome. He was just above the level of its cornice, which constituted a flat ledge of considerable width. Above him, close at hand, but raised a considerable distance still, by her globular base, towered the long-sought Golden Justice.

David Lane thrilled at the strange proximity, and it was some time before he could exert himself to find a safe place for his effects, on the cornice. Next, raising himself by means of his hands and arms, he accomplished the feat — that would have seemed all but incredible to disabilities like his — of climbing out through the opening, and stretching himself briefly at rest beside his traps. The cathedral clock beside him in the air struck two, — he had consumed an hour in making the ascent. He had been drenched to the skin in the very first few moments, and the ledge where he lay would have required steady nerves to remain comfortably upon it even in broad daylight.

He delayed only for a short breathing space, but soon planted his scaling-ladder against the foot of the statue, catching its hooks in the folds of the drapery as best he could. The wind and rain beat violently upon him as he mounted it, as if in remonstrance, just as wild birds beat back with their wings some bold marauder who has climbed to rifle their nests.

The ladder slipped a trifle, but caught again, and, in this instant, he had a paralyzed sense or vision of himself, found, the next morning, dashed to pieces on the roofs below, with the paraphernalia of his mission about him. He saw the profound sensation he created among his neighbors, and could even forecast the columns of moving description, accompanied by diagrams in illustration, in which the newspapers — the Index in particular — would indulge. He ar-

rived safely, nevertheless, at the base of the statue. Examining it with his lantern, he found, as well as his memory could serve him, after the lapse of so many years, the vicinity of the place where the paper had been sealed up. Steadying himself more firmly on the top round of the ladder, he began his search. He first effected an opening through the metal, and then began to enlarge this with his chisels and saws. He thought well to give the edges of the opening an irregular and ragged appearance.

"Should investigation ever arise," he said to himself, "the cut will be attributed to the lightning."

His saw presently ran against a stout brace inside the metal sheathing. It incommoded him greatly, in the section he was trying to cut out, and, unable to avoid it, he at length cut squarely across it, dividing it. From time to time, as he wrought, an illuminating flash of lightning showed him the city, spread out far below his dizzy height, and anon the darkness swallowed it up again, as if it had been only a vision. By turns his hand seemed endowed with an unnatural strength by the stimulus of the reward so near at hand, and again it was all but nerveless and incapable.

A long probe he carried finally struck something hard within, which he knew to be the box containing the documents. The focus of his hopes and fears, the pivotal point of his imagination and his destiny for so long a period, was reached. He had but to stretch forth his hand and grasp the prize. He drew back a little to wipe his brow, braced himself more firmly, and prepared to do so.

But at this very moment his forces failed, and he succumbed to an overpowering sense of exhaustion. Overtasked nature could do no more. If the promised reward had been infinitely greater, he could not have secured it. Hardly knowing how, he slipped and fell, rather than climbed, down his ladder, and lay

supine, more dead than alive, on the narrow cornice ledge once more. The rain still pelted him, but he paid it no heed.

He rose, after a time, and feebly renewed the struggle; but the conviction was remorselessly forced upon him that his labors were vain, and the attempt must be put off to another occasion. By what miracle was it that he was able at last to effect his retreat? He decorously covered, too, all his tracks, taking great pains to hide his ladder and other properties in the vacant attics, where they would be secure from sight. He made his way painfully downward by the same long and devious route, stole as before along the great dark corridors, and entered once more his own office. He was so exhausted by overwhelming fatigue that he had scarce left in his body capacity for any effort, or in his brain for a single lucid idea. Hardly was he there, when, throwing himself down, he was lost in profound slumber.

Paul Barclay, as a means of tiding over the dreary period of his probation, had thrown himself most energetically, of late, into the duties of his new official position. All was arranged between him and Mrs. Varemberg; they belonged to each other, and nothing could ever sunder them, but still they were kept apart. Each day in succession he had hung upon the prospect of hearing some favorable tidings from her, by messenger or word of mouth, and day after day had been disappointed. So long a time had elapsed, what with all these delays, that his private view was that the narrow conventionality which would have prevented the announcement of their engagement to the world, provided they had received the coveted permission, need have little further binding force; but this permission was still withheld. Mrs. Varemberg had checked her lover's impatience, more than once, with her appeal: "Let us be wiser than he, dear Paul. It is for a lifetime."

It seemed fair, at least, to await the end of these political complications, but Barclay was vaguely oppressed by fears and premonitions of new forms of evil. He found himself affected by somewhat the same uneasy feeling as the commander who, though successful and sending his squadrons in pursuit of the flying enemy, cannot be wholly sure that the victory may not yet be wrested from him, in some unexpected quarter.

On a certain night in question, he had returned to his lodging at a late hour. He was fatigued with a hard day's work in inspecting the scene of proposed street openings in the northern part of the town, and had more of the same awaiting him on the morrow, but he was unable to sleep. To relieve his wakefulness, he arose at various intervals, and read and wrote awhile, or meditatively paced the floor. It so happened, on this account, that he was at the window of his chamber towards the hour of three in the morning. He threw up the sash, though it was raining heavily, and looked forth into the night, to cool the fever in his head. He said to himself complainingly that there was something oppressive and portentous in the atmosphere, something sultry even in the rain. He distinctly felt currents of air blow alternately warm and cool on his face. There had been many things, in fact, rather abnormal about the current season. There had been not only a peculiar spring, but a peculiar summer as well. Nothing, he thought, seemed any longer as it used to be. For instance, there had been, of late, eclipses, solar and lunar, and extraordinary auroral displays. A large, greenish meteor had passed over, and burst with a loud report. Tornadoes were noted in the lower part of the State, considerably out of their usual course. Fortunately, they never came to Keewaydin. These portents, it may be said, in passing, seemed to warm the

very cockles of the heart of old Fahrenstock. That veteran workman appeared almost gleeful in the conviction that the world was now coming to its end, in very short order, albeit he was himself enjoying the most comfortable existence he had ever known, in the little cottage at White-Fish Bay, to which he had been assisted by Paul Barclay.

But of Fahrenstock more anon. As Barclay now looked from his window, raising his eyes aloft, he all at once fancied he saw something like gleams of reddish light playing about the base of the Golden Justice. It was not lightning: it was much too feeble and too deliberate, even while it was fitful, for that. He had looked out at the time when David Lane was cautiously availing himself of his dark lantern.

"Can it be electric fires? Is the air so full of electricity as that?" speculated Barclay.

The storm centre was moving hither. There came presently some flashes of real lightning,—flashes of an unusually vivid sort, that made all the raindrops glitter on the background of the night like a shower of falling diamonds. Its illumination showed, too, the little park across the way, and the city hall in every detail. The statue on its dome was as effulgent as at noonday; and then,—strange illusion!—there was the figure of a man with a ladder, crouched darkly at the foot of it. Barclay rubbed his eyes in astonishment, and waited for new flashes. He took up his field-glass, which lay conveniently at hand, and devoted himself to a steady examination. For a little time, by the fitful illuminations, the shape seemed still there; and, stranger yet, wilder yet (was there ever a madder conceit?), it had a far-off resemblance to David Lane. The coruscations of lightning grew farther apart, as Barclay watched and scanned so eagerly. The sky cleared somewhat behind the statue, and aided the view; but now, rub his eyes as he would, he could

see nothing further of the figure; it had disappeared.

"Pshaw!" he muttered, turning away. "It was some deceptive trick of the light, or of my own imagination."

He soon went back to bed, and, to make up for his late vigils, he slept heavily in the morning, and did not awake till an advanced hour. He had a drive of considerable extent before him, to inspect, as member of the aldermanic committee, a right of way to be acquired for the purpose of bringing in a small, clear lake at the northward, to be added to the water supply of the city. Just as he had completed his preparations for it, a message was brought him from Mrs. Varemberg, anxiously worded, and asking him to come to her as soon as possible. He accordingly drove to her house before he should set out upon his expedition.

Meanwhile, the rosy-fingered Aurora of the ancients, and the less rosy-fingered hours of the later morning as well, had looked in upon David Lane, and passed over his lethargic slumbers without awaking him. When he again set foot in the corridors of the city hall all the ordinary business of the day had long been in progress. There might even have been some heavy knocks at his door, and fumbling by the janitor with his duplicate key, but he had not heard them. The bustling corridors showed no trace of what had passed through them the night before like a bad dream. Lane himself could hardly have believed it. But its reality was impressed upon him anew, when, evading the demands that presented themselves to his attention, he went forth, and again looked up at the Golden Justice. His head was yet heavy, and he was sore in all his bones. The hard ordeal was to be repeated.

"Courage!" he tried to say to himself bravely. "The prize is so nearly won, and this is to be the end of it all."

He sent home word that he had

passed the night at his office at the city hall, and was still detained by a press of important business. Not precisely rejoicing like a strong man to run his race, he yet proceeded to treat himself like an athlete in training. He breakfasted at the Telson House, took a warm bath later on, and then proceeded to the office kept in the town for his private business. He locked himself in there, and went to sleep again; and, thus refreshed, finally returned, in the afternoon, to his duties as mayor, to await the opportunity for his new attempt. It was his intention to go no more to his own household and not to face his daughter again till the deed was done. Then he should meet with her on a far different footing.

Mrs. Varemberg tearfully related to Barclay, when he reached her, the interview at which we have assisted. She had conceived a harrowing new fear, arising from her father's conduct throughout, and especially from the circumstances attending his last agitated departure from the house.

"Surely no one in his right mind would act so," she said. "It is not like him. I hardly dare tell you what I dread. His bodily infirmities, the election, all these heavy burdens he has chosen to take upon himself — Oh, he is, he must be, very ill. I cannot but think, terrible as it is to have to suggest it to you, or to admit it to myself, that his faculties are failing, and may already be permanently overthrown. Will you not go to him? Perhaps you can ascertain his condition. He passed the night at his office at the city hall, and has not returned."

"He passed the night at the city hall?" said Barclay, echoing her words.

"Yes," she returned. "Ah, you see I was right to be alarmed. Will you not go and try to do something to keep him from such extremes?"

But Barclay was thinking of his vis-

ion or hallucination of the night before. It was a startling coincidence, to say the least. He was all but on the point of telling her the whole story, but something checked it on his lips. Could it be that David Lane was insane, and the most mystic and desperate of somnambulists? No, that figment of the night was too utter a piece of folly in every aspect, and he dismissed it from his mind.

Nor was he greatly disposed to share her misgivings as to her father's sanity. His bitterness — ready, finally, to break over all bounds — attributed it rather to the prejudice of which he had so long been the object.

The matter upon which Barclay was bound held him in an exacting way to its performance. It was one that could not be neglected. But after that was over, upon his return, he would endure no more shilly-shally, suspense, persecution, in the principal affair of his life. The election was over; filial deference had already been carried to the most punctilious extreme; the time for decided and vigorous action was at hand.

"Can you not come with me?" he asked. "We have so much to talk over together, all our future to plan."

In the midst of their deliberations a new message arrived from David Lane, to say that he was quite well; that he need not be expected to dine or sup at home that day, but no one was to have a moment's uneasiness on his account. The entirely sane and easy character of the wording decided Mrs. Varemberg.

"I will go with you," she said.

The conveyance of Barclay was exchanged for that of Mrs. Varemberg, and Castor and Pollux once more drew them. Mrs. Clinton, who dared not object, though — even kept in the dark as she was to the graver aspects of the affair — she thought she ought to, said, with a feeble half affability, that perhaps they would see something of Mrs. Radbrook's out-of-door *fête* at Ingebrand's on the Lake.

It was very long since the couple had been out together, and they were now soon bowling along the pleasant upper country roads, much in their old way.

William Henry Bishop.

WOOD-FEARS.

UNLESS we live in the country the woods play but a small part in our lives. We see them only in the summer holidays, perhaps not even then; we become as strangers to their beauty, and for longer or shorter periods forget to think of them. And yet, aside from all physical consequences, what a dreary world it would be, were there no forests! Our thought would be parched and restless, and, so to speak, without eyelids. The busiest and most persistently urban among us would lose an horizon restful to the eye, a curtain of green and peaceful recollections.

To the wild creatures who inhabit it the wood is full of terrors. It is at once a covert and a snare, a place of refuge and of lurking danger. The tree that shelters the small bird conceals the movements of his enemy, the owl, the squirrel, or the black snake; there is protection beneath the underbrush, but no certitude as to what lies on the other side of its leafage. Everything in the wood appears to be in a perpetual state of watchfulness or of easily routed security. The sparrow by the roadside will accept you for a listener, if you keep within bounds of the auditorium;

transgress them a little, and he measures off another dozen feet to the next post, and begins the concert afresh. The chipmunk, after his first start and scurry, pauses to eye the intruder before slipping into his hole, and the glance is often an assured one. But the wood bird and squirrel have no low curiosity and no desire to be seen; they are up and away at the first alarm. The only birds who are careless of a new presence in the woods are the tiny warblers and fly-catching tribes, who live first floor below the stars and take small note of events in the *rez-de-chaussée*, and the chickadee, who brings in from orchard and pasture a fund of cheerful audacity to be paid out among the shadows.

Do not we ourselves, on entering the wood, take on a certain increase of susceptibility and alertness analogous to this deepened timidity and caution of the birds? Have we no wood-fears? They may be definite and substantial or altogether vague, but I think that most of us have felt some quaver of this innate distrust, this readiness to take alarm in the forest. "See his little breast heave," I once said, pointing out to a startled maiden a chipmunk, who, in the flurry of his own terror, had been the cause of hers. "I don't wonder at it," she replied fervently. "Mine does." There are all degrees of this sensitiveness, according to the fineness or cultivation of the imagination. There are people who suspect every unfamiliar leaf or berry of malicious intent to poison them, who will hardly pluck a flower without challenge, and are more wary of drinking at a mountain stream than of imbibing the filtered liquid which usurps the name of water in the city. And country people have more shrinkings and small superstitions, albeit of a homelier and more absolvable sort, than the most urban of excursionists. The children, on returning from a day's berrying, or "plumming," as they quaintly call it in some parts, report of

hearing a bear in the forest border, and are half convinced that their escape to the sunlight has been a narrow one. Toads and snakes are not looked upon with more favor by those nearest to their haunts. What a venerable cult is that fear of snakes! It is as old as the oldest religion; it is so wide-spread that we can almost call it universal, and has roots so deep that it is impossible to tell whether they are fastened in instinct or in tradition. The fact that it is shared by birds and other animals points to the former source; but if the feeling had not its rise in tradition, it has certainly been among the most potent factors in creating it. The vivid emeralds and harmonious wood-tints of the snake, his patterned spots and stripes, his reproduction in almost every movement of Hogarth's line of beauty, win for him no admiration. Even his innocence is no shield to him; the world will not be brought to believe it. Take away his fangs and reduce him to a puny size, the aversion he inspires is there all the same, illogical yet ineradicable.

Thus it is with the majority of the sensations which I term wood-fears. Apart from all vulgar, tangible apprehension of being bitten or stung, there exist a host of tiny intangible "fear-lets," which tease our imaginations or lurk unsuspected in the background of our consciousness. Alone in the forest, we listen and keep a lookout; there is a course to be shaped; we are alive to every whisper; we startle the partridge, and are startled by him in turn. An unexplained noise has everywhere an unfriendly sound, and under the trees noises do not so readily explain themselves as in the open country. The very screams and bellowings of the farm-yard, familiar as they are, sound new and unaccountable when heard at intervals across a wooded ridge or valley. Sometimes it is the creaking and sougling of the boughs; the tree-tops, on a windy day, give forth unearthly

moans. I have found the cause of a recurrent and perplexing cry in a rude instrument formed by the crossing of two branches, of which the one sawed upon the other like a violin bow drawn across a string. Both bow and string, stout and tough of fibre, were worn and polished by long practice of that solitary note. Even the lightest wood has its hushed twitterings, its vanishings and inexplicable rustlings.

"The copse-depths into little noises start."

I remember as a child being made curious, then awed, and gradually frightened by a low sound resembling a gentle, regular breathing, which proceeded from under an alder-bush on the edge of a swampy thicket. I drew nearer and peeped in. The only live thing visible was a brown thrush, who indeed was skulking away, as if caught in the act; but I knew that was only his usual conscious, embarrassed air, and refused to suspect him of any connection with the disturbance. No other culprit appeared, and yet the even respirations continued, till my courage, like that of Bob Acres, oozed away, and I fled, not from an apparition, but from a vibration.

More appalling than any sound is the silence and lonesomeness of the deep forest. One is haunted by the antiquity which is symbolized in long moss beards, and which lies visible all around in huge decaying trees, the unburied ancestors of the monarchs who are still standing strong in their girth, of rings. It suggests the Palæozoic era and the formation of coal to see those great trunks, hewn down by time and tempest, half sunken in the earth, and already perhaps many seasons on in the existence which is theirs after death. Covered with mosses and bright fungi, they seem still half sentient and more wrought upon by age than the coal itself, which has forgotten and become inorganic so long ago that years do not count. Among those aged generations the mountain climber is an

anachronism as well as an intruder, and is confronted at every step by the question what he doth there. Time has put obstacles in his way: to make any progress, he must clamber over logs, tack around bowlders, and avoid impenetrable places. There silence reigns, with a break now and then, which leaves it to settle again deeper than before. Even so busy and cheerful a sound as the woodpecker's hammer divides and intensifies the stillness with a certain solemnity.

In ancient days of superstition the croaking of a raven foreboded ill-hap. If there were an index expurgatory of New England birds, the jay, for all his heavenly plumage, would have to be placed in it. There are few bird notes more weird than that high scream of his, heard in the autumn across the brown fields or through the arches of the pine grove. It rings through all the aisles, making the quietude like a hush of apprehension.

There are moments when, on entering the woods, one seems to have broken in upon some high festivity of Nature. A few hours before, in the same spot, life was suspended; one could walk from end to end of the wood path and hear not a breath, detect no movement save of noiseless insects or a little leaf-hued frog, in complexion like his carpet. That was at the noontide solstice, when a rose-colored light filtered through broad leaves, and one could fancy siestas in progress behind the jalousies of green. But later in the day what groupings and activities! Squirrels start and scuttle off, thrushes beat a hasty retreat through the underbrush, partridges spring up with a sudden rustle of fright and indignation, and go whirring away in loud protest. You have disturbed the wood-gods at their feast, the fairies at a gathering, and your sense of intrusion is stronger than when you walked through the empty halls while they slept. There is something in these sylvan scat-

terings which suggests almost irresistibly the breaking-up of a fairy dance or a flight of shy nymphs. In early morning such interruptions give hints of a whole night of revelry, and tempt us to believe a little in "the good people," and half regret their banishment from power. The pale nymphs dancing at dawn, in a landscape of Corot's,—are they not formed from the dawn itself, from the first shafts and glimmerings of light on the forest's edge? And may not myths have been evolved in the same manner?

But of all imaginations that have peopled the woods, Shakespeare has most exquisitely fitted his creations into their shadows and sun-flecks, their green glades and nooks. Mr. Burroughs, in one of his delightful papers on the natural history of the poets, has paid tribute to the wonderful accuracy of Shakespeare's incidental characterizations of birds and plants. But beyond this intimate knowledge of herb and songster and creeping thing, there is in his outdoor comedies a breadth of greenery, a sense of the manifold harmonies and repose of the forest, a consciousness of its many tints and meanings. The oaks spread lovingly over *Rosalind* and the flowers grow about *Perdita*. Their speech does not disturb the quiet, nor

ring false among the boughs. They jest and love; they were born in courts and must return thither; yet they belong to the greenwood, and we are never quite reconciled to seeing them on the stage. To find Shakespeare face to face, however, with the woods and the sky, we turn to *The Tempest*. I have always had a fancy that in this play, as in the *Sonnets*, the poet "unlocked his heart," but that time or our own dullness has sealed it again. *The Tempest* seems to me more indicative of our relations to Nature than any other writing. We see in it her terrors, her beauty, and her inscrutableness. We are wrought upon by a spell; but submit to it reverently, and it is a kindly spell, while all our counter-spells and petty insubordinations dash themselves against it and end in failure. I have often questioned whether these paltry fears and startings in the woods are not punishments, marks of a departure from Nature and cessation of familiar intimate intercourse with her. But read in the light of *The Tempest*, they may be partly signs of election; calls to reverence and to wholesome fear; reminders of the mystery which lies about us, and which we are apt to forget in the sunlight, though it is there in its solemnity no less than in the shadow.

Sophia Kirk.

THE WOOD-THRUSH.

WHAT is it you are whispering, solemn woods?
 What hide and hint ye, slopes of sombre green,
 Whose dark reflections blur the crimson sheen
 Of the lake's mirror, whereon sunset broods,
 Trance-like and tender? Speechless, conscious moods
 Are yours, ye purple mountain shapes, that lean
 Out of Day's dying glory. What may mean
 This stillness, through whose veil no thought intrudes
 With earth-shod feet? Can any voice unfold
 The tremulous secret of an hour like this,

So burdened with unutterable bliss?
 Oh, hush! oh, hear the soul of twilight sing!
 One poet knows this mystery. Everything
 The landscape dreamed of has the wood-thrush told!

Lucy Larcom.

THE GERMS OF NATIONAL SOVEREIGNTY IN THE UNITED STATES.

WHILE the events we have heretofore contemplated seemed to prophesy the speedy dissolution and downfall of the half-formed American Union, a series of causes, obscure enough at first, but emerging gradually into distinctness and then into prominence, were preparing the way for the foundation of a national sovereignty. The growth of this sovereignty proceeded stealthily along such ancient lines of precedent as to take ready hold of people's minds, although few, if any, understood the full purport of what they were doing. Ever since the days when our English forefathers dwelt in village communities in the forests of northern Germany, the idea of a common land or folkland—a territory belonging to the whole community, and upon which new communities might be organized by a process analogous to what physiologists call cell-multiplication—had been perfectly familiar to everybody. Townships budded from village or parish folkland in Maryland and Massachusetts in the seventeenth century, just as they had done in England before the time of Alfred. The critical period of the Revolution witnessed the repetition of this process on a gigantic scale. It witnessed the creation of a national territory beyond the Alleghanies,—an enormous folkland in which all the thirteen old States had a common interest, and upon which new and derivative communities were already beginning to organize themselves. Questions about public lands are often

regarded as the drier of historical dead-wood. Discussions about them in newspapers and magazines belong to the class of articles which the general reader usually skips. Yet there is a great deal of the philosophy of history wrapped up in this subject, and it now comes to confront us at a most interesting moment; for without studying this creation of a national domain between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, we cannot understand how our Federal Union came to be formed.

When England began to contend with France and Spain for the possession of North America, she made royal grants of land upon this continent, in royal ignorance of its extent and configuration. But until the Seven Years' War the eastward and westward partitioning of these grants was of little practical consequence; for English dominion was bounded by the Alleghanies, and everything beyond was in the hands of the French. In that most momentous war the genius of the elder Pitt won the region east of the Mississippi for men of English race, while the vast territory of Louisiana, beyond, passed under the control of Spain. During the Revolutionary War, we have seen how the State of Virginia took military possession of a great part of the wilderness east of the Mississippi, founding towns in the Ohio and Cumberland valleys, and occupying with garrisons of her state militia the posts at Cahokia, Kaskaskia, and Vincennes. We have also

seen how, through the skill of our commissioners at Paris, this noble country was secured for the Americans in the treaty of 1783, in spite of the reluctance of France and the hostility of Spain. Throughout the Revolutionary War the Americans claimed the territory as part of the United States; but when once it passed from under the control of Great Britain, into whose hands did it go? To whom did it belong? To this question there were various and conflicting answers. North Carolina, indeed, had already taken possession of what was afterward called Tennessee, and at the beginning of the war Virginia had annexed Kentucky. As to these points there could be little or no dispute. But with the territory north of the Ohio River it was very different. Four States laid claim either to the whole or to parts of this territory, and these claims were not simply conflicting, but irreconcilable.

The charters of Massachusetts and Connecticut were framed at a time when people had not got over the notion that this part of the continent was not much wider than Mexico, and accordingly these colonies had received the royal permission to extend from sea to sea. The existence of a foreign colony of Dutchmen in the neighborhood was a trifle about which these documents did not trouble themselves; but when Charles II. conquered this colony and bestowed it upon his brother, the province of New York became a stubborn fact, which could not be disregarded. Massachusetts and Connecticut peaceably settled their boundary line with New York, and laid no claims to land within the limits of that State; but they still continued to claim what lay beyond it, as far as the Mississippi River, where the Spanish dominion now began. The regions claimed by Massachusetts have since become the southern halves of the States of Michigan and Wisconsin. The region claimed by Con-

necticut was a narrow strip running over the northern portions of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; and we have seen how much trouble was occasioned in Pennsylvania by this circumstance.

But New York laughed to scorn these claims of Connecticut. In the seventeenth century all the Algonquin tribes between Lake Erie and the Cumberland Mountains had become tributary to the Iroquois; and during the hundred years' struggle between France and England for the supremacy of this continent the Iroquois had put themselves under the protection of England, which thenceforth always treated them as an appurtenance to New York. For a hundred years before the Revolution, said New York, she had borne the expense of protecting the Iroquois against the French, and by various treaties she had become lawful suzerain over the Six Nations and their lands and the lands of their Algonquin vassals. On such grounds New York claimed pretty much everything north of the Ohio and east of the Miami.

But according to Virginia, it made little difference what Massachusetts and Connecticut and New York thought about the matter, for every acre of land, from the Ohio River up to Lake Superior, belonged to her. Was not she the lordly "Old Dominion," out of which every one of the States had been carved? Even Cape Cod and Cape Ann were said to be in "North Virginia," until, in 1614, Captain John Smith invented the name "New England." It was a fair presumption that any uncarved territory belonged to Virginia; and it was further held that the original charter of 1609 used language which implicitly covered the northwestern territory, though, as Thomas Paine showed, in a pamphlet entitled *Public Good*, this was very doubtful. But besides all this, it was Virginia that had actually conquered the disputed territory, and held

every military post in it except those which the British had not surrendered; and who could doubt that possession was nine points in the law?

Of these conflicting claims, those of New York and Virginia were the most grasping and the most formidable, because they concerned a region into which immigration was beginning rapidly to pour. They were regarded with strong disfavor by the small States, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland, which were so situated that they never could expand in any direction. They looked forward with dread to a future in which New York and Virginia might wax powerful enough to tyrannize over their smaller neighbors. But of these protesting States it was only Maryland that fairly rose to the occasion, and suggested an idea which seemed startling at first, but from which mighty and unforeseen consequences were soon to follow.¹ It was on the 15th of October, 1777, just two days before Burgoyne's surrender, that this path-breaking idea first found expression in Congress. The articles of confederation were then just about to be presented to the several States to be ratified, and the question arose as to how the conflicting western claims should be settled. A motion was then made that "the United States in Congress assembled shall have the sole and exclusive right and power to ascertain and fix the western boundary of such States as claim to the Mississippi, . . . and lay out the land beyond the boundary so ascertained into separate and independent States, from time to time, as the numbers and circumstances of the people may require." To carry out such a motion, it would be necessary for the four claimant States to surrender their claims into the hands of the United States, and thus create a

domain which should be owned by the confederacy in common. So bold a step towards centralization found no favor at the time. No other State but Maryland voted for it.

But Maryland's course was well considered: she pursued it resolutely, and was rewarded with complete success. By February, 1779, all the other States had ratified the articles of confederation. In the following May, Maryland declared that she would not ratify the articles until she should receive some definite assurance that the northwestern territory should become the common property of the United States, "subject to be parceled out by Congress into free, convenient, and independent governments." The question, thus boldly brought into the foreground, was earnestly discussed in Congress and in the state legislatures, until in February, 1780, partly through the influence of General Schuyler, New York decided to cede all her claims to the western lands. This act of New York set things in motion, so that in September Congress recommended to all States having western claims to cede them to the United States. In October, Congress, still pursuing the Maryland idea, went farther, and declared that all such lands as might be ceded should be sold in lots to immigrants and the money used for federal purposes, and that in due season distinct States should be formed there, to be admitted into the Union, with the same rights of sovereignty as the original thirteen States. As an inducement to Virginia, it was further provided that any State which had incurred expense during the war in defending its western possessions should receive compensation. To this general invitation Connecticut immediately responded by offering to cede everything to which she laid claim, except 6,000,000 the admirable Johns Hopkins University Studies in History and Politics. I am indebted to Mr. Adams for many valuable suggestions.

¹ This subject has been treated in a masterly manner by Mr. H. B. Adams, in an essay on Maryland's Influence upon Land Cessions to the United States, published in the Third Series of

acres on the southern shore of Lake Erie, which she wished to reserve for educational purposes. Washington disapproved of this reservation, but it was accepted by Congress, though the business was not completed until 1786. This part of the State of Ohio is still commonly spoken of as the "Connecticut Reserve." Half a million acres were given to citizens of Connecticut whose property had been destroyed in the British raids upon her coast towns, and the rest was sold, in 1795, for \$1,200,000, in aid of schools and colleges.

In January, 1781, Virginia offered to surrender all the territory northwest of the Ohio, provided that Congress would guarantee her in the possession of Kentucky. This gave rise to a discussion which lasted nearly three years, until Virginia withdrew her proviso and made the cession absolute. It was accepted by Congress on the 1st of March, 1784, and on the 19th of April, in the following year, — the tenth anniversary of Lexington, — Massachusetts surrendered her claims; and the whole north-western territory — the area of the great States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio (excepting the Connecticut Reserve) — thus became the common property of the half-formed nation. Maryland, however, did not wait for this. As soon as New York and Virginia had become thoroughly committed to the movement, she ratified the articles of confederation, which thus went into operation on the 1st of March, 1781.

This acquisition of a common territory speedily led to results not at all contemplated in the theory of union upon which the articles of confederation were based. It led to "the exercise of national sovereignty in the sense of eminent domain," as shown in the ordinances of 1784 and 1787, and prepared men's minds for the work of the Federal Convention. Great credit is

due to Maryland for her resolute course in setting in motion this train of events. It aroused fierce indignation at the time, as to many people it looked unfriendly to the Union. Some hot-heads were even heard to say that if Maryland should persist any longer in her refusal to join the confederation, she ought to be summarily divided up between the neighboring States, and her name erased from the map. But the brave little State had earned a better fate than that of Poland. When we have come to trace out the results of her action, we shall see that just as it was Massachusetts that took the decisive step in bringing on the Revolutionary War when she threw the tea into Boston Harbor, so it was Maryland that, by leading the way toward the creation of a national domain, laid the corner-stone of our Federal Union. Equal credit must be given to Virginia for her magnanimity in making the desired surrender. It was New York, indeed, that set the praiseworthy example; but New York, after all, surrendered only a shadowy claim, whereas Virginia gave up a magnificent and princely territory of which she was actually in possession. She might have held back and made endless trouble, just as, at the beginning of the Revolution, she might have refused to make common cause with Massachusetts; but in both instances her leading statesmen showed a far-sighted wisdom and a breadth of patriotism for which no words of praise can be too strong. In the later instance, as in the earlier, Thomas Jefferson played an important part. He who in after years, as President of the United States, was destined, by the purchase of Louisiana, to carry our western frontier beyond the Rocky Mountains, had, in 1779, done more than any one else to support the romantic campaign in which General Clark had taken possession of the country between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi. He had much to do with the

generous policy which gave up the greater part of that country for a national domain, and on the very day on which the act of cession was completed he presented to Congress a remarkable plan for the government of the new territory, which was only partially successful because it attempted too much, but the results of which were in many ways notable.

In this plan, known as the Ordinance of 1784, Jefferson proposed to divide the northwestern territory into ten States, or just twice as many as have actually grown out of it. In each of these States the settlers might establish a local government, under the authority of Congress; and when in any one of them the population should come to equal that of the least populous of the original States, it might be admitted into the Union by the consent of nine States in Congress. The new States were to have universal suffrage; they must have republican forms of government; they must pay their shares of the federal debt; they must forever remain a part of the United States; and after the year 1800 negro slavery must be prohibited within their limits. The names of these ten States have afforded much amusement to Jefferson's biographers. In those days the schoolmaster was abroad in the land after a peculiar fashion. Just as we are now in the full tide of that Gothic revival which goes back for its beginnings to Sir Walter Scott; as we admire mediæval things, and try to build our houses after old English models, and prefer words of what people call "Saxon" origin, and name our children Roland and Herbert, or Edith and Winifred, so our great-grandfathers lived in a time of classical revival. They were always looking for precedents in Greek and Roman history; they were just beginning to try to make their wooden houses look like temples, with Doric columns; they preferred words of Latin origin; they

signed their pamphlets "Brutus" and "Lycurgus," and in sober earnest baptized their children as Cæsar, or Marcellus, or Darius. The map of the United States was just about to bloom forth with towns named Ithaca and Syracuse, Corinth and Sparta; and on the Ohio River, opposite the mouth of Licking Creek, a city had lately been founded, the name of which was truly portentous. "Losantiville" was this wonderful compound, in which the initial *L* stood for "Licking," while *os* signified "mouth," *anti* "opposite," and *ville* "town;" and the whole read backwards as "Town-opposite-mouth-of-Licking." In 1790 General St. Clair, then governor of the northwestern territory, changed this name to Cincinnati, in honor of the military order to which he belonged. With such examples in mind, we may see that the names of the proposed ten States, from which the failure of Jefferson's ordinance has delivered us, illustrated the prevalent taste of the time rather than any idiosyncrasy of the man. The proposed names were Sylvania, Michigania, Chersonesus, Assenisipia, Metropotamia, Illinoia, Saratoga, Washington, Polypotamia, and Pelisipia.

It was not the nomenclature that stood in the way of Jefferson's scheme, but the wholesale way in which he tried to deal with the slavery question. He wished to hem in the probable extension of slavery by an impassable barrier, and accordingly he not only provided that it should be extinguished in the northwestern territory after the year 1800, but at the same time his anti-slavery ardor led him to try to extend the national domain southward. He did his best to persuade the legislature of Virginia to crown its work by giving up Kentucky to the United States, and he urged that North Carolina and Georgia should also cede their western territories. As for South Carolina, she was shut in between the two neighboring

States in such wise that her western claims were vague and barren. Jefferson would thus have drawn a north-and-south line from Lake Erie down to the Spanish border of the Floridas, and west of this line he would have had all negro slavery end with the eighteenth century. The policy of restricting slavery, so as to let it die a natural death within a narrowly confined area, — the policy to sustain which Mr. Lincoln was elected President in 1860, — was thus first definitely outlined by Jefferson in 1784. It was the policy of forbidding slavery in the national territory. Had this policy succeeded then, it would have been an ounce of prevention worth many a pound of cure. But it failed because of its largeness, because it had too many elements to deal with. For the moment, the proposal to exclude slavery from the northwestern territory was defeated, because of the two-thirds vote required in Congress for any important measure. It got only seven States in its favor, where it needed nine. This defeat, however, was retrieved three years later, when the famous Ordinance of 1787 prohibited slavery forever from the national territory north of the Ohio River. But Jefferson's scheme had not only to deal with the national domain as it was, but also to extend that domain southward to Florida; and in this it failed. Virginia could not be persuaded to give up Kentucky until too late. When Kentucky came into the Union, after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, she came as a sovereign State, with all her domestic institutions in her own hands. With the western districts of North Carolina the case was somewhat different, and the story of this region throws a curious light upon the affairs of that disorderly time.

In surrendering her western territory, North Carolina showed praiseworthy generosity. But the frontier settlers were too numerous to be handed about

from one dominion to another, without saying something about it themselves; and their action complicated the matter, until it was too late for Jefferson's scheme to operate upon them. In June, 1784, North Carolina ceded the region since known as Tennessee, and allowed Congress two years in which to accept the grant. Meanwhile, her own authority was to remain supreme there. But the settlers grumbled and protested. Some of them were sturdy pioneers of the finest type, but along with these there was a lawless population of "white trash," ancestors of the peculiar race of men we find to-day in rural districts of Missouri and Arkansas. They were the refuse of North Carolina, gradually pushed westward by the advance of an orderly civilization. Crime was rife in the settlements, and, in the absence of courts, a rough-and-ready justice was administered by vigilance committees. The Cherokees, moreover, were troublesome neighbors, and people lived in dread of their tomahawks. Petitions had again and again gone up to the legislature, urging the establishment of courts and a militia, but had passed unheeded, and now it seemed that the State had withdrawn her protection entirely. The settlers did not wish to have their country made a national domain. If their own State could not protect them, it was quite clear to them that Congress could not. What was Congress, any way, but a roomful of men whom nobody heeded? So these backwoodsmen held a convention in a log cabin at Jonesborough, and seceded from North Carolina. They declared that the three counties between the Bald Mountains and the Holston River constituted an independent State, to which they gave the name of Franklin; and they went on to frame a constitution and elect a legislature with two chambers. For governor they chose John Sevier, one of the heroes of King's Mountain, a man of Huguenot ancestry, and such daunt-

less nature that he was generally known as the "lion of the border." Having done all this, the seceders, in spite of their small respect for Congress, sent a delegate to that body, requesting that the new State of Franklin might be admitted into the Union. Before this business had been completed, North Carolina repealed her act of secession, and warned the backwoodsmen to return to their allegiance. This at once split the new State into two factions: one party wished to keep on as they had now started, the other wished for reunion with North Carolina. In 1786 the one party in each county elected members to represent them in the North Carolina legislature, while the other party elected members of the legislature of Franklin. Everywhere two sets of officers claimed authority, civil dudgeon grew very high, and pistols were freely used. The agitation extended into the neighboring counties of Virginia, where some discontented people wished to secede and join the State of Franklin. For the next two years there was something very like civil war, until the North Carolina party grew so strong that Sevier fled, and the State of Franklin ceased to exist. Sevier was arrested on a warrant for high treason, but he effected an escape, and after men's passions had cooled down his great services and strong character brought him again to the front. He sat in the senate of North Carolina, and in 1796, when Tennessee became a State in the Union, Sevier was her first governor.

These troubles show how impracticable was the attempt to create a national domain in any part of the country which contained a considerable population. The instinct of self-government was too strong to allow it. Any such population would have refused to submit to ordinances of Congress. To obey the parent State or to set up for one's self, — these were the only alternatives

which ordinary men at that time could understand. Experience had not yet ripened their minds for comprehending a temporary condition of semi-independence, such as exists to-day under our territorial governments. The behavior of these Tennessee backwoodsmen was just what might have been expected. The land on which they were living was not common land: it had been appropriated; it belonged to them, and it was for them to make laws for it. Such is the lesson of the short-lived State of Franklin. It was because she perceived that similar feelings were at work in Kentucky that Virginia did not venture to loosen her grasp upon that State until it was fully organized and ready for admission into the Union. It was in no such partly settled country that Congress could do such a thing as carve out boundaries and prohibit slavery by an act of national sovereignty. There remained the magnificent territory north of the Ohio, — an empire in itself, as large as the German Empire, with the Netherlands thrown in, — in which the collective wisdom of the American people, as represented in Congress, might autocratically shape the future; for it was still a wilderness, watched by frontier garrisons, and save for the Indians and the trappers and a few sleepy old French towns on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, there were no signs of human life in all its vast solitude. Here, where there was nobody to grumble or secede, Congress, in 1787, proceeded to carry out the work which Jefferson had outlined three years before.

It is interesting to trace the immediate origin of the famous Ordinance of 1787. At the close of the war General Rufus Putnam, from the mountain village of Rutland in Massachusetts, sent to Congress an outline of a plan for colonizing the region between Lake Erie and the Ohio with veterans of the army, who were well fitted to protect the border against Indian attacks. The land

was to be laid out in townships six miles square, "with large reservations for the ministry and schools;" and by selling it to the soldiers at a merely nominal price, the penniless Congress might obtain an income, and at the same time recognize their services in the only substantial way that seemed practicable. Washington strongly favored the scheme, but, in order to carry it out, it was necessary to wait until the cession of the territory by the various claimant States should be completed. After this had been done, a series of treaties were made with the Six Nations, as overlords, and their vassal tribes, the Wyandots, Chippewas, Ottawas, Delawares, and Shawnees, whereby all Indian claims to the lands in question were forever renounced. The matter was then formally taken up by Holden Parsons, of Connecticut, and Rufus Putnam, Manasseh Cutler, Winthrop Sargent, and others, of Massachusetts, and a joint-stock company was formed for the purchase of lands on the Ohio River. A large number of settlers — old soldiers of excellent character, whom the war had impoverished — were ready to go and take possession at once; and in its petition the Ohio company asked for nothing better than that its settlers should be "under the immediate government of Congress in such mode and for such time as Congress shall judge proper." Such a proposal, affording a means at once of replenishing the treasury and satisfying the soldiers, could not but be accepted; and thus were laid the foundations of a State destined within a century to equal in population and far surpass in wealth the whole Union as it was at that time. It became necessary at once to lay down certain general principles of government applicable to the northwestern territory; and the result was the Ordinance of 1787, which was chiefly the work of Edward Carrington and Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, and Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts, in committee, following

the outlines of a draft which is supposed to have been made by Manasseh Cutler. Jefferson was no longer on the ground, having gone on his mission to Paris, but some of the principles of his proposed Ordinance of 1784 were adopted.

It was provided that the northwestern territory should ultimately be carved into States, not exceeding five in number, and any one of these might be admitted into the Union as soon as its population should reach 60,000. In the mean time, the whole territory was to be governed by officers appointed by Congress, and required to take an oath of allegiance to the United States. Under this government there was to be unqualified freedom of religious worship, and no religious tests should be required of any public official. Intestate property should descend in equal shares to children of both sexes. Public schools were to be established. Suffrage was to be universal, without any property qualification. No law was ever to be made which should impair the obligation of contracts, and it was thoroughly agreed that this provision especially covered and prohibited the issue of paper money. The future States to be formed from this territory could make no laws conflicting with these fundamental principles, nor could any one of them, under any circumstances, ever be separated from the Union. In such wise, the theory of peaceful secession was condemned in advance, so far as it was possible for the federal government to do so. Jefferson's principle, that slavery should not be permitted in the national domain, was also adopted so far as the northwest was concerned; and it is interesting to observe the names of the States which were present in Congress when this clause was added to the ordinance. They were Georgia, the two Carolinas, Virginia, Delaware, New Jersey, New York, and Massachusetts; and the vote was unanimous. No one was more active in bringing about this

result than William Grayson, of Virginia, who was earnestly supported by Lee. The action of Virginia and North Carolina at that time need not surprise us. But the movements in favor of emancipation in these two States, and the emancipation actually effected or going on at the North, had already made Georgia and South Carolina extremely sensitive about slavery; and their action on this occasion can be explained only by supposing that they were willing to yield a point in this remote territory, in order by and by to be able to insist upon an equivalent in the case of the territory lying west of Georgia. Nor would they have yielded at all had not a fugitive slave law been enacted, providing that slaves escaping beyond the Ohio should be arrested and returned to their owners. These arrangements having been made, General St. Clair was appointed governor of the territory; surveys were made; land was put up for sale at sixty cents per acre, payable in certificates of the public debt; and settlers rapidly came in. The westward exodus from New England and Pennsylvania now began, and only fourteen years elapsed before Ohio, the first of the five States, was admitted into the Union.

"I doubt," says Daniel Webster, "whether one single law of any law-giver, ancient or modern, has produced effects of more distinct, marked, and lasting character than the Ordinance of 1787." Nothing could have been more emphatically an exercise of national sovereignty; yet, as Madison said, while warmly commending the act, Congress did it "without the least color of constitutional authority." The ordinance was never submitted to the States for ratification. The articles of confederation had never contemplated an occasion for such a peculiar assertion of sovereignty. "A great and independent fund of revenue," said Madison, "is passing into the hands of a single body

of men, who can raise troops to an indefinite number, and appropriate money to their support for an indefinite period of time. . . . Yet no blame has been whispered, no alarm has been sounded," even by men most zealous for state rights and most suspicious of Congress. Within a few months this argument was to be cited with telling effect against those who hesitated to accept the Federal Constitution because of the great powers which it conferred upon the general government. Unless you give a government specific powers, commensurate with its objects, it is liable on occasions of public necessity to exercise powers which have not been granted. Avoid the dreadful dilemma between dissolution and usurpation, urged Madison, by clothing the government with powers that are ample but clearly defined. In a certain sense, the action of Congress in 1787 was a usurpation of authority to meet an emergency which no one had foreseen, as in the cases of Jefferson's purchase of Louisiana and Lincoln's emancipation of the slaves. Each of these instances marked, in one way or another, a brilliant epoch in American history, and in each case the public interest was so unmistakable that the people consented and applauded. The theory upon which the Ordinance of 1787 was based was one which nobody could fail to understand, though perhaps no one could have stated it. It was simply the thirteen States, through their delegates in Congress, dealing with the unoccupied national domain as if it were the common land or folkland of a stupendous township.

The vast importance of the lands between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi was becoming more apparent every year, as the westward movement of population went on. But at this time their value was much more clearly seen by the Southern than by the Northern States. In the North the westward emigration was only just beginning to

pass the Alleghanies ; in the South, as we have seen, it had gone beyond them several years ago. The Southern States, accordingly, took a much sounder view than the Northern States of the importance to the Union of the free navigation of the Mississippi River. The difference was forcibly illustrated in the dispute with Spain, which came to a crisis in the summer of 1786. It will be remembered that by the treaties which closed the Revolutionary War the provinces of East and West Florida were ceded by England to Spain. West Florida was the region lying between the Appalachicola and the Mississippi rivers, including the southernmost portions of the present States of Alabama and Mississippi. By the treaty between Great Britain and the United States, the northern boundary of this province was described by the thirty-first parallel of latitude ; but Spain denied the right of these powers to place the boundary so low. Her troops still held Natchez, and she maintained that the boundary must be placed a hundred miles farther north, starting from the Mississippi at the mouth of the Yazoo River, near the present site of Vicksburg. Now the treaty between Great Britain and the United States contained a secret article, wherein it was provided that if England could contrive to keep West Florida, instead of surrendering it to Spain, then the boundary should start at the Yazoo. This showed that both England and the United States were willing to yield the one to the other a strip of territory which both agreed in withholding from Spain. Presently the Spanish court got hold of the secret article, and there was great indignation. Here was England giving to the Americans a piece of land which she knew, and the Americans knew, was recently a part of West Florida, and therefore belonged to Spain ! Castilian grandees went to bed and dreamed of invincible armadas. Congress was promptly informed that,

until this affair should be set right, the Americans need not expect the Spanish government to make any treaty of commerce with them ; and furthermore, let no American sloop or barge dare to show itself on the Mississippi below the Yazoo, under penalty of confiscation. When these threats were heard in America, there was great excitement everywhere, but it assumed opposite phases in the North and in the South. The merchants of New York and Boston cared little more about the Mississippi River than about Timbuctoo, but they were extremely anxious to see a commercial treaty concluded with Spain. On the other hand, the backwoodsmen of Kentucky and the State of Franklin cared nothing for the trade on the ocean, but they would not sit still while their corn and their pork were confiscated on the way to New Orleans. The people of Virginia sympathized with the backwoodsmen, but her great statesmen realized the importance of both interests and the danger of a conflict between them.

The Spanish envoy, Gardoqui, arrived in the summer of 1785, and had many interviews with Jay, who was then Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Gardoqui set forth that his royal master was graciously pleased to deal leniently with the Americans, and would confer one favor upon them, but could not confer two. He was ready to enter into a treaty of commerce with us, but not until we should have renounced all claim to the navigation of the Mississippi River below the Yazoo. Here the Spaniard was inexorable. A year of weary argument passed by, and he had not budged an inch. At last, in despair, Jay advised Congress, for the sake of the commercial treaty, to consent to the closing of the Mississippi, but only for twenty-five years. As the rumor of this went abroad among the settlements south of the Ohio, there was an outburst of wrath, to which an incident that now occurred

gave added virulence. A North Carolinian trader, named Amis, sailed down the Mississippi with a cargo of pots and kettles and barrels of flour. At Natchez his boat and his goods were seized by the Spanish officers, and he was left to make his way home afoot through several hundred miles of wilderness. The story of his wrongs flew from one log cabin to another, until it reached the distant northwestern territory. In the neighborhood of Vincennes there were Spanish traders, and one of them kept a shop in the town. The shop was sacked by a band of American soldiers, and an attempt was made to incite the Indians to attack the Spaniards. Indignation meetings were held in Kentucky. The people threatened to send a force of militia down the river and capture Natchez and New Orleans; and a more dangerous threat was made. Should the northeastern States desert them and adopt Jay's suggestion, they vowed they would secede, and throw themselves upon Great Britain for protection. On the other hand, there was great agitation in the seaboard towns of Massachusetts. They were disgusted with the backwoodsmen for making such a fuss about nothing, and with the people of the Southern States for aiding and abetting them; and during this turbulent summer of 1786, many persons were heard to declare that, in case Jay's suggestion should not be adopted, it would be high time for the New England States to secede from the Union, and form a confederation by themselves. The situation was dangerous in the extreme. Had the question been forced to an issue, the Southern States would never have seen their western territories go and offer themselves to Great Britain. Sooner than that, they would have broken away from the Northern States. But New Jersey and Pennsylvania now came over to the Southern side, and Rhode Island, moving in her eccentric orbit, presently

joined them; and thus the treaty was postponed for the present, and the danger averted.

This lamentable dispute was watched by Washington with feelings of gravest concern. From an early age he had indulged in prophetic dreams of the grandeur of the coming civilization in America, and had looked to the country beyond the mountains as the field in which the next generation was to find room for expansion. Few had been more efficient than he in aiding the great scheme of Pitt for overthrowing the French power in America, and he understood better than most men of his time how much that scheme implied. In his early journeys in the wilderness he had given especial attention to the possibilities of water connection between the East and West, and he had bought for himself and surveyed many extensive tracts of land beyond the mountains. The subject was a favorite one with him, and he looked at it from both a commercial and a political point of view. What we most needed, he said in 1770, were easy transit lines between East and West, as "the channel of conveyance of the extensive and valuable trade of a rising empire." Just before resigning his commission in 1783, Washington had explored the route through the Mohawk Valley, afterward taken first by the Erie Canal, and then by the New York Central Railroad, and had prophesied its commercial importance in the present century. Soon after reaching his home at Mount Vernon, he turned his attention to the improvement of intercourse with the West through the valley of the Potomac. The East and West, he said, must be cemented together by interests in common; otherwise they will break asunder. Without commercial intercourse they will cease to understand each other, and will thus be ripe for disagreement. It is easy for mental habits, as well as merchandise, to glide down stream, and the connec-

tions of the settlers beyond the mountains all centre in New Orleans, which is in the hands of a foreign and hostile power. No one can tell what complications may arise from this, argued Washington; "let us bind these people to us by a chain that can never be broken;" and with characteristic energy he set to work at once to establish that line of communication that has since grown into the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and into the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. During the three years preceding the meeting of the Federal Convention he was largely occupied with this work. In 1785 he became president of a company for extending the navigation of the Potomac and James rivers, and the legislature of Virginia passed an act vesting him with one hundred and fifty shares in the stock of the company, in order to testify their "sense of his unexampled merits." But Washington refused the testimonial, and declined to take any pay for his services, because he wished to arouse the people to the importance of the undertaking, and felt that his words would have more weight if he were known to have no selfish interest in it. His sole purpose, as he repeatedly said, was to strengthen the spirit of union by cementing the Eastern and Western regions together. At this time he could ill afford to give his services without pay, for his long absence in war-time had sadly impaired his estate. But such was Washington.

In order to carry out the enterprise of extending the navigation of the Potomac, it became necessary for the two States Virginia and Maryland to act in concert; and early in 1785 a joint commission of the two States met for consultation at Washington's house at Mount Vernon. A compact insuring harmonious coöperation was prepared by the commissioners; and then, as Washington's scheme involved the connection of the head waters of the Po-

tomac with those of the Ohio, it was found necessary to invite Pennsylvania to become a party to the compact. Then Washington took the occasion to suggest that Maryland and Virginia, while they were about it, should agree upon a uniform system of duties and other commercial regulations, and upon a uniform currency; and these suggestions were sent, together with the compact, to the legislatures of the two States. Great things were destined to come from these modest beginnings. Just as in the Yorktown campaign, there had come into existence a multifarious assemblage of events, apparently unconnected with one another, and all that was needed was the impulse given by Washington's far-sighted genius to set them all at work, surging, swelling, and hurrying straight forward to a stupendous result.

Late in 1785, when the Virginia legislature had wrangled itself into imbecility over the question of clothing Congress with power over trade, Madison hit upon an expedient. He prepared a motion to the effect that commissioners from all the States should hold a meeting, and discuss the best method of securing a uniform treatment of commercial questions; but as he was most conspicuous among the advocates of a more perfect union, he was careful not to present the motion himself. Keeping in the background, he persuaded a weaker member — John Tyler, father of the President of that name, a fierce zealot for state rights — to make the motion. The plan, however, was "so little acceptable that it was not then persisted in," and the motion was laid on the table. But Madison knew what was coming from Maryland, and bided his time. After some weeks it was announced that Maryland had adopted the compact made at Mount Vernon concerning jurisdiction over the Potomac. Virginia instantly replied by adopting it also. Then it was suggested, in the

report from Maryland, that Delaware, as well as Pennsylvania, ought to be consulted, since the scheme should rightly include a canal between the Delaware River and the Chesapeake Bay. And why not also consult with these States about a uniform system of duties? If two States can agree upon these matters, why not four? And still further, said the Maryland message, — dropping the weightiest part of the proposal into a subordinate clause, just as women are said to put the quintessence of their letters into the postscript, — might it not be well enough, if we are going to have such a conference, to invite commissioners from all the thirteen States to attend it? An informal discussion can hurt nobody. The conference of itself can settle nothing; and if four States can take part in it, why not thirteen? Here was the golden opportunity. The Madison-Tyler motion was taken up from the table and carried. Commissioners from all the States were invited to meet on the first Monday of September, 1786, at Annapolis, — a safe place, far removed from the influence of that dread tyrant, the Congress, and from wicked centres of trade, such as New York and Boston. It was the governor of Virginia who sent the invitations. It may not amount to much, wrote Madison to Monroe, but “the expedient is better than nothing; and, as the recommendation of additional powers to Congress is within the purview of the commission, it may possibly lead to better consequences than at first occur.”

The seed dropped by Washington had fallen on fruitful soil. At first it was to be just a little meeting of two or three States to talk about the Potomac River and some projected canals, and already it had come to be a meeting of all the States to discuss some uniform system of legislation on the subject of trade. This looked like progress, yet when the convention was gathered at Annapolis, on the 11th of September,

the outlook was most discouraging. Commissioners were there from Virginia, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York. Massachusetts and New Hampshire, Rhode Island and North Carolina, had duly appointed commissioners, but they were not there. It is curious to observe that Maryland, which had been so earnest in the matter, had nevertheless neglected to appoint commissioners; and no action had been taken by Georgia, South Carolina, or Connecticut. With only five States represented, the commissioners did not think it worth while to go on with their work. But before adjourning they adopted an address, written by Alexander Hamilton, and sent it to all the States. All the commissioners present had been empowered to consider how far a uniform commercial system might be essential to the permanent harmony of the States. But New Jersey had taken a step in advance, and instructed her delegates “to consider how far a uniform system in their commercial regulations *and other important matters* might be necessary to the common interest and permanent harmony of the several States.” *And other important matters*, — thus again was the weightiest part of the business relegated to a subordinate clause. So gingerly was the great question — so dreaded, yet so inevitable — approached! This reference to “other matters” was pronounced by the commissioners to be a vast improvement on the original plan; and Hamilton’s address now urged that commissioners be appointed by all the States, to meet in convention at Philadelphia on the second Monday of the following May, “to devise such further provisions as shall appear to them necessary to render the constitution of the federal government adequate to the exigencies of the Union, and to report to Congress such an act as, when agreed to by them, and confirmed by the legislatures of every State, would effectually provide for the same.”

The report of the commissioners was brought before Congress in October, in the hope that Congress would earnestly recommend to the several States the course of action therein suggested. But Nathan Dane and Rufus King, of Massachusetts, intent upon technicalities, succeeded in preventing this. According to King, a convention was an irregular body, which had no right to propose changes in the organic law of the land, and the state legislatures could not properly confirm the acts of such a body, or take notice of them. Congress was the only source from which such proposals could properly emanate. These arguments were pleasing to the self-love of Congress, and it refused to sanction the plan of the Annapolis commissioners.

In an ordinary season this would perhaps have ended the matter, but the winter of 1786-7 was not an ordinary season. All the troubles above described seemed to culminate just at this moment. The paper-money craze in so many of the States, the shameful deeds of Rhode Island, the riots in Vermont and New Hampshire, the Shays Rebellion in Massachusetts, the dispute with Spain, and the consequent imminent danger of separation between North and South had all come together; and the feeling of thoughtful men and women throughout the country was one of real consternation. The last ounce was now to be put upon the camel's back in the failure of the impost amendment. In 1783, when the cessions of western lands were creating a national domain, a promising plan had been devised for relieving the country of its load of debt, and furnishing Congress with money for its current expenses. All the money coming from sales of the western folk land was to be applied to reducing and wiping out the principal of the public debt. Then the interest of this debt must be provided for; and to that end Congress had recommended an impost, or system of custom-house duties, upon

liquors, sugars, teas, coffees, cocoa, molasses, and pepper. This impost was to be kept up for twenty-five years only, and the collectors were to be appointed by the several States, each for its own ports. Then for the current expenses of the government, supplementary funds were needed; and these were to be assessed upon the several States, each of which might raise its quota as it saw fit. Such was the original plan; but it soon turned out that the only available source of revenue was the national domain, which had thus been nothing less than the principal thread which had held the Union together. As for the impost, it had never been possible to get a sufficient number of States to agree upon it, and of the quotas for current expenses, as we have seen, very little had found its way to the federal treasury. Under these difficulties, it had been proposed that an amendment to the articles of confederation should endow Congress with the power of levying customs-duties and appointing the collectors; and by the summer of 1786, after endless wrangling, twelve States had consented to the amendment. But, in order that an amendment should be adopted, unanimous consent was necessary. The one delinquent State, which thus blocked the wheels of the confederacy, was New York. She had her little system of duties all nicely arranged for what seemed to be her own interests, and she would not surrender this system to Congress. Upon the neighboring States her tariff system bore hard, and especially upon New Jersey. In 1786 this little State flatly refused to pay her quota until New York should stop discriminating against her trade. Nothing which occurred in that troubled year caused more alarm than this, for it could not be denied that such a declaration seemed little less than an act of secession on the part of New Jersey. The arguments of a congressional committee at last prevailed upon the State to re-

scind her declaration. At the same time there came the final struggle in New York over the impost amendment, against which Governor Clinton had firmly set his face. There was a fierce fight, in which Hamilton's most strenuous efforts succeeded in carrying the amendment in part, but not until it had been clogged with a condition that made it useless. Congress, it was declared, might have the revenue, but New York must appoint the collectors; she was not going to have federal officials rummaging about her docks. The legislature well knew that to grant the amendment in such wise was not to grant it at all, but simply to reopen the whole question. Such was the result. Congress expostulated in vain. On the 15th of February, 1787, the matter was reconsidered in the New York legislature, and the impost amendment was defeated.

Thus, only three months before the Federal Convention was to meet, if indeed it was ever to meet, Congress was decisively informed that it would not be allowed to take any effectual measures for raising a revenue. There now seemed nothing left for Congress to do but adopt the recommendation of the Annapolis commissioners, and give its sanction to the proposed convention. Madison, however, had not waited for this, but had prevailed upon the Virginia legislature to go on and appoint its delegates to the convention. The events of the year had worked a change in the popular sentiment in Virginia; people were more afraid of anarchy, and not quite so much afraid of centralization; and now, under Madison's lead, Virginia played her trump card and chose George Washington as one of her delegates. As soon as this was known, there was an outburst of joy throughout the land. All at once the people began everywhere to feel an interest in the proposed convention, and presently the great State of Massachusetts changed her attitude. Up to this time Massachusetts

had been as obstinate in her assertion of local independence, and as unwilling to strengthen the hands of Congress, as any of the thirteen States, except New York and Rhode Island. But the Shays Rebellion had served as a useful object-lesson. Part of the distress in Massachusetts could be traced to the inability of Congress to pay debts which it owed to her citizens. It was felt that the time had come when the question of a national revenue must be seriously considered. Every week saw fresh converts to the party which called for a stronger government. Then came the news that Virginia had chosen delegates, and that Washington was one of them; then that New Jersey had followed the example; then that Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Delaware, had chosen delegates. It was time for Massachusetts to act, and Rufus King now brought the matter up in Congress. His scruples as to the legality of the proceeding had not changed, and accordingly he moved that Congress should of itself propose a convention at Philadelphia, identical with the one which the Annapolis commissioners had already recommended. The motion was carried, and in this way Congress formally approved and adopted what was going on. Massachusetts immediately chose delegates, and was followed by New York. In April, Georgia and South Carolina followed suit. Connecticut and Maryland came on in May, and New Hampshire, somewhat tardily, in June. Of the thirteen States, Rhode Island alone refused to take any part in the proceedings.

The convention held its meetings in that plain brick building in Philadelphia already immortalized as the place from which the Declaration of Independence was published to the world. The work which these men were undertaking was to determine whether that Declaration had been for the blessing or the injury of America and of mankind. That they had succeeded in assembling here at all was

somewhat remarkable, when we think of the curious medley of incidents that led to it. At no time in this distressed period would a frank and abrupt proposal for a convention to remodel the government have found favor. Such proposals, indeed, had been made, beginning with that of Pelatiah Webster in 1781, and they had all failed to break through the crust of a truly English conservatism and dread of centralized power. Now, through what some might have called a strange chapter of accidents, before the element of causal sequence in it all had become so manifest as it is to us to-day, this remarkable group of men had been brought together in a single room, while even yet but few of them realized how thoroughly and exhaustively reconstructive their work was to be. To most of them it was not clear whether they were going merely to patch up the articles of confederation, or to strike out into a new and very different path. There were a few who entertained far-reaching purposes; the rest were intelligent critics rather than constructive thinkers; the result was surprising to all. It is worth our while to pause for a moment, and observe the character and composition of one of the most memorable assemblies the world has ever seen. Mr. Gladstone says that just "as the British Constitution is the most subtle organism which has proceeded from progressive history, so the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." Let us now see who the men were who did this wonderful work, — this Iliad, or Parthenon, or Fifth Symphony, of statesmanship. We shall not find that they were all great geniuses. Such is never the case in such an assembly. There are not enough great geniuses to go around; and if there were, it is questionable if the result would be satisfactory. In such discussions the points which impress the more ordinary and

less far-sighted members are sure to have great value; especially when we bear in mind that the object of such an assembly is not merely to elaborate a plan, but to get the great mass of people, including the brick-layers and hod-carriers, to understand it well enough to vote for it. An ideally perfect assembly of law-makers will therefore contain two or three men of original constructive genius, two or three leading spirits eminent for shrewdness and tact, a dozen or more excellent critics representing various conflicting interests, and a rank and file of thoroughly respectable, commonplace men, unfitted for shining in the work of the meeting, but admirably competent to proclaim its results and get their friends and neighbors to adopt them. And in such an assembly, even if it be such as we call ideally perfect, we must allow something for the presence of a few hot-headed and irconcilable members, — men of inflexible mind, who cannot adapt themselves to circumstances, and will refuse to play when they see the game going against them.

All these points are well illustrated in the assemblage of men that framed our Federal Constitution. In its composition, this group of men left nothing to be desired. In its strength and in its weakness, it was an ideally perfect assembly. There were fifty-five men, all of them respectable for family and for personal qualities, — men who had been well educated, and had done something whereby to earn recognition in those troubled times. Twenty-nine were university men, graduates of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Oxford, and Glasgow. Twenty-six were not university men, and among these were Washington and Franklin. Of the illustrious citizens who, for their public services, would naturally have been here, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were in Europe; Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, and Richard Henry Lee disapproved

of the convention, and remained at home; and the greatest man of Rhode Island, Nathaniel Greene, who might have succeeded in bringing his State into the convention, had lately died of a sunstroke, at the early age of forty-four.

Of the two most famous men present little need be said. The names of Washington and Franklin stood for supreme intelligence and consummate tact. Franklin had returned to this country two years before, and was now president of Pennsylvania. He was eighty-one years of age, the oldest man in the convention, as Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, aged twenty-nine, was the youngest. The two most profound and original thinkers in the company were but little older than Pinckney. Alexander Hamilton was thirty, James Madison thirty-six. Among political writers, these two men must be ranked in the same order with Aristotle, Montesquieu, and Locke; and the Federalist, their joint production, is the greatest treatise on government that has ever been written. John Jay, who contributed a few pages to this immortal volume, had not been sent to the convention, because New York did not wish to have it succeed. Along with Hamilton, New York sent two commonplace men, Yates and Lansing, who were extreme and obstinate anti-Federalists; and the action of Hamilton, who was thus prevented from carrying the vote of his own State for any measure which he might propose, was in this way sadly embarrassed. For another reason, Hamilton failed to exert as much influence in the convention as one would have expected from his profound thought and his brilliant eloquence. Scarcely any of these men entertained what we should now call extreme democratic views. Scarcely any, perhaps, had that intense faith in the ultimate good sense of the people which was the most powerful characteristic of Jefferson. But

Hamilton went to the other extreme, and expressed his distrust of popular government too plainly. His views were too aristocratic and his preference for centralization was too pronounced to carry conviction to his hearers. The leading part in the convention fell, therefore, to James Madison, a young man somewhat less brilliant than Hamilton, but superior to him in sobriety and balance of powers. Madison used to be called the "Father of the Constitution," and it is true that the government under which we live is more his work than that of any other one man. From early youth his life had been devoted to the study of history and the practice of statesmanship. He was a graduate of Princeton College, an earnest student, familiar with all the best literature of political science from Aristotle down to his own time, and he had given especial attention to the history of federal government in ancient Greece, and in Switzerland and Holland. At the age of twenty-five he had taken part in the Virginia convention which instructed the delegates from that State in Congress to bring forward the Declaration of Independence. During the last part of the war he was an active and influential member of Congress, where no one equaled or approached him for knowledge of English history and constitutional law. In 1784 he had returned to the Virginia legislature, and been foremost in securing the passage of the great act which gave complete religious freedom to the people of that State. No man understood better than he the causes of the alarming weakness of the federal government, and of the commercial disturbances and popular discontent of the time; nor had any one worked more zealously or more adroitly in bringing about the meeting of this convention. As he stood here now, a leader in the debate, there was nothing grand or imposing in his appearance. He was small of stature and slight in frame, like Ham-

ilton, but he had none of Hamilton's personal magnetism. His manner was shy and prim, and blushes came often to his cheeks. At the same time, he had that rare dignity of unconscious simplicity which characterizes the earnest and disinterested scholar. He was exceedingly sweet-tempered, generous, and kind, but very hard to move from a path which, after long reflection, he had decided to be the right one. He looked at politics judicially, and was so little of a party man that on several occasions he was accused (quite wrongfully, as I hope hereafter to prove) of gross inconsistency. The position of leadership, which he won so early and kept so long, he held by sheer force of giant intelligence, sleepless industry, and an integrity which no man ever doubted. But he was above all things a man of peace. When in after years, as President of the United States, he was called upon to manage a great war, he was out of place, and his reputation for supreme ability was temporarily lowered. Here in the Federal Convention we are introduced to him at the noblest and most useful moment of his life.

Of the fifty-five men here assembled, Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, and Madison were of the first order of ability. Many others in the room were gentlemen of more than ordinary talent and culture. There was John Dickinson, who had moved from Pennsylvania into Delaware, and now came to defend the equal rights of the smaller States. There was James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, born and educated in Scotland, one of the most learned jurists this country has ever seen. Beside him sat the financier, Robert Morris, and his namesake, Gouverneur Morris, of Morristania, near the city of New York, the originator of our decimal currency, and one of the far-sighted projectors of the Erie Canal. Then there was John Rutledge, of South Carolina, who ever since

the Stamp Act Congress had been the main-stay of his State; and with him were the two able and gallant Pinckneys. Caleb Strong, afterward ten times governor of Massachusetts, was a typical Puritan, hard-headed and supremely sensible; his colleague, Rufus King, already distinguished for services in opposing the slave power, was a man of brilliant attainments. And there were Chancellor Wythe, of Virginia, and Daniel Carroll, of Maryland, who had played a prominent part in the events which led to the creation of a national domain. Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, afterward Chief Justice of the United States, was one of the ablest lawyers of that age; with him were Roger Sherman and William Johnson, the latter a Fellow of the Royal Society, and afterward president of Columbia College. The New Jersey delegation, consisting of William Livingston, David Brearley, William Paterson, and Jonathan Dayton, was a very strong one; and as to New Hampshire, it is enough to mention the name of John Langdon. Besides all these there were some twenty of less mark, men who said little, but listened and voted. And then there were the irreconcilables, Yates and Lansing, the two weak members from New York; and four men of much greater ability, who took an important part in the proceedings, but could not be induced to accept the result. These four were Luther Martin, of Maryland; George Mason and Edmund Randolph, of Virginia; and Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts.

When these men had assembled in Independence Hall, they chose George Washington president of the convention. The doors were locked, and an injunction of strict secrecy was put upon every one. The results of their work were known in the following September, when the draft of the Federal Constitution was published. But just what was said and done in this secret conclave was

not revealed until fifty years had passed, and the aged James Madison, the last survivor of those who sat there, had been gathered to his fathers. He kept a jour-

nal of the proceedings, which was published after his death, and upon the interesting story told in that journal we have now to enter.

John Fiske.

IN THE CLOUDS.

XXVI.

UNDER the strong pull on the curb, the young horse stood quivering in every limb beneath the blooming peach boughs that overhung the grassy margin of the road. There seemed a reflection of their delicate roseate tints in Alethea's upturned face, as with one hand she still grasped the bridle. Her old brown bonnet, falling back, showed her golden hair in its dusky tunnel. The straight blossoming wands of the volunteer peach sprouts, that had sprung up outside the zigzag barriers of the rail fence, clustered about the folds of her homespun dress, as she stood in their midst.

All at once she was trembling violently. Her luminous brown eyes suddenly faltered, as she looked up. In her every consideration she herself was always so secondary — not a sedulous effort of subordination, but yielding with a fine and generous instinct to the interest of others — that until this moment it had not recurred to her mind that it was she who had been the unconscious cause of Gwinnan's injuries. For her he had been struck down and brought near to death. Some sense of a reciprocal consciousness, an overwhelming appreciation of Mink's folly in fancying him a rival, a vague wonderment as to the effect of the idea upon Gwinnan, seized upon her for the first time now in his presence, as if she had had no space to think before of these things. She could not speak. She could not meet his se-

rious, intent, expectant eye as he looked down at her.

"Did you have something to say to me?" he asked, taking the initiative.

It was the same voice that had given her sympathetic encouragement in the court-room, charged with a personal interest, a grave solicitude, all unlike the superficial, unmeaning courtesy of the lawyers. She spoke impetuously now as then, and with instant reliance upon him.

"I hearn, jedge," she cried, looking up radiantly at him, "ez how ye hev gin out ez ye never wanted Reuben Lorey ter be prosecuted fur tryin' ter kill ye, an' axed fur him ter be let off, an' I 'lowed ye hold no gredge agin him. 'Pears ter me like ye war powerful good 'bout'n it."

"But he was prosecuted," the judge said quickly, fancying that she was under a delusion. "His sentence was the extremest limit of the law."

"I know!" she cried, with a poignant accent. "I know! I hearn it all."

She thought of his justification, his fancied provocation, and once more timidity beset her. How could she have found courage to attempt to speak in his behalf to Gwinnan? The judge himself was embarrassed; she knew it by the way he turned the reins in his hands. She noted with a concentrated sense of detail minutiae which usually, when her faculties were not so abnormally alert, would not have arrested her attention: the sleek coat of the handsome young horse, which now and then shook his

head as if in disdain of her grasp; the superfine accoutrements of saddle and bridle; the toilless hands that held the reins; the severely straight lineaments, shadowed by the brim of the hat; and the searching, intent gray eyes, which saw, she felt, her inmost thought.

The postmaster, ploughing, came ever and anon down to the fence, pausing there to turn, and sometimes to thrust with his foot the clinging mould from the share. Occasionally he glanced at the incongruous couple, but as if the colloquy between them were a very normal incident, and with that courteous lack of curiosity and speculation characteristic of the region. All the fowls of the place followed in the furrow, clucking with gustatory satisfaction; now and then, with a gluttonous outcry, they darted to favored clods, upturned by the plough, and the pantomime indicated much mortality among those poor troglodytes, the worms of the earth.

"You wanted to speak to me about him," said Gwinnan, with, it seemed to her, wonderful divination.

"Ye know, judge," she went on, more calmly, instantly reassured whenever he spoke, "they hev fund out ez 't war n't him ez bust down the mill. A boy seen it done, an' he war feared ter tell afore. I reckon that war what set Reuben off so awful onruly, — knowin' he never done it, nor drowned Tad nuther, — an' the 'torney-gin'al makin' folks 'low I seen a harnt."

"I dare say," said Gwinnan, dryly.

"An' I 'lowed," she continued, faltering, and looking at him with beautiful, beseeching eyes, "ez 't won't do him much good ef he kin git off at his nex' trial, kase then he'll be bound ter be in the prison arterward, ennyhow, fur twenty year. An' I 'lowed I'd ax ye, seein' ez ye don't hold no gredge agin him, — I wonder at ye, too! — if ye can't do nuthin' ez kin git him out now."

The wind waved the peach boughs

above their heads, and the pink petals were set a-drifting down the currents of the air. Among the blossoms bees were booming, and on a budding spray a blue and crested jay was jauntily pluming its wings. Golden flakes of sunshine shifted obliquely through the rosy, inflorescent bower delicately imposed upon the blue sky. In its fine azure cirrus clouds were vaguely limned. On the opposite side of the road was the bluff end of a ridge, presenting a high escarpment of grim splintered rocks; among the niches ferns grew and vines trailed downward; there came from them a dank, refreshing odor, for they continuously trickled with moisture, and a hidden spring in a cleft by the wayside asserted its presence, its tinkling distinctly heard in the pause that ensued.

He looked meditatively at the jagged heights. Then suddenly he turned his eyes upon her.

She was only an humble mountain girl, but it seemed to him that never since the first spring bloomed had woman worn so noble and appealing a face, so fine and delicate a personality. The familiar dialect, common enough to him, accustomed to the region, significant of all ignorance, of all poverty, of all hopeless isolation from civilization, of all uncouth manners, was in her all that speech might be, — a medium for her ideas; the coarseness of her dress could hardly impinge upon the impression of her grace, — it was merely a garb. Her embarrassment had ceased. She looked straight at him; the unconscious dignity of her manner, the calmness of her grave eyes, the fading flush in her cheek, betokened that she had made her appeal to his generosity and that she had faith in it.

He was not a man who made promises lightly. He was still silent. Again he looked up the road, with an absorbed and knitted brow. He tipped his hat further forward over his face; he shifted the reins uncertainly in his hands;

the horse impatiently shook his head and struck the ground with his fore-foot.

"It would be the worst thing I could do—for you," Gwinnan said at last, surprised himself at the tone he was taking.

She made no rejoinder; her face did not change; she only looked expectantly at him.

"You ought not to marry a man like that," he continued. "You are too good for him; and that is not saying much for you, either."

"Oh," she cried, renewing her hold upon the bridle, and looking up with a face that coerced credulity, "'t ain't fur myself I want him free! It air jes' fur him. He seemed ter set mo' store by another gal 'n me. I ain't thinkin' ez we-uns would marry then. Like ez not he'd go straight ter Elviry Crosby."

Another man might have experienced an amusement, a sort of self-ridicule, that he should remember the names of the infinitely insignificant and humble actors in the little drama played in the court-room. But to Gwinnan people were people wherever he found them, and he had more respect for their principles than for their clothes. He recollected without effort Elvira's rôle in the testimony.

Nevertheless, with that many-sided view of the lawyer, he rejoined, oblivious of the suggestion conveyed, "I think not. It was on your account he attacked me."

Her face crimsoned, but with that fine instinct of hers she steadfastly met his gaze, intimating that she placed no foolish interpretation upon his words or actions. She answered quietly enough, "Reuben air sorter gin ter reckless notions. I reckon he noticed ez ye sorter tuk up fur me whenst them lawyers war so besettin'. He war n't used ter sech ez that in Wild-Cat Hollow. Folks generallly air sot agin me. Though I ain't treated mean, noways," she added,

hastily, lest she might deery her relatives. "Only nobody thinks like me."

A forlorn isolation she suggested, away up in the Great Smoky Mountains, thinking her unshared thoughts.

There was an increased attention in his face, as he demanded, "Think differently about what?"

He had an imperative eye, an insistent voice. It did not occur to her that his interest was strange. And indeed he was not a man to be questioned.

She paused for a moment, her eyes full of a dreamy retrospection. Once more she was not looking at him, but at the boughs of pink blossoms above his horse's head, and then absently following the motions of a black butterfly, bespangled with orange and blue, across the road to the ferns about the spring. As the fluttering wings disappeared she seemed to start from her reverie.

"Jedge," she said, in a piteous deprecation, "things seem right ter me, an' other folks thinks 'em wrong. An' I feel obligated ter do what I 'low air right, an' it all turns out wrong. An' then I'm besides myself with blame! I reckon ye would n't b'lieve it, but it's all my fault 'bout'n this trouble o' Reuben Lorey's. Ef it hed n't been fur me, he would n't hev gone down ter Shaftesville ter gin up all he hed ter old man Griff,—like I tole him ter do ez soon ez I hed hearn 'bout bustin' the mill down. I tole him ter do it, an' he done it. An' look,—look!" She lifted her hand as if she drew a veil from the disastrous sequences. Her voice choked, her eyes were full of tears. "An' then I tole that thar moonshiner ez I would n't promise ter keep his secret, an' they runned away fur fear o' me, kase Tad went thar arter he got out o' the ruver. I seen Sam Marvin arterward, an' he 'lowed ter me they s'posed he war a spy, an' beat him, an'—an'—I dunno *what* else they done ter him. None o' that would hev happened ef I hed promised ter hold my

tongue. But it didn't 'pear right ter me."

"Then you were right not to promise," he said, reassuringly. "No one can do more than what seems right; that is," — it behooves a man of his profession to modify and qualify, — "within the limits of the law."

She looked up at him a little wonderingly. Her latent faculties for speculation were timorously developing in the first realization of intelligent sympathy, of recognition, that had ever fallen to her lot. How strange that such as he — and somehow she subtly appreciated in him that unification of mental force, education, civilization, natural endowment, and moral training, of the existence of which she was otherwise unconscious — should tolerate her doctrine; nay, should revere and accept it as a creed!

"A heap o' harm an' wrong hev kem of it," she said, submitting the logic of Wild-Cat Hollow.

"That is not our lookout. The moral law is to do what seems right, no matter what happens."

A vague smile broke upon his face; his eyes were illumined with a new light; his stern lips curved softly; he seemed suddenly young and very gentle.

"You need never be afraid of doing any harm; you may rely on it, you know what is right."

He was laughing at himself a moment later, — to gravely discuss these elementary ethics with a weighty sense. And yet he was glad to reassure her.

"Oh, jedge!" she cried, overcome with a sense of relief, with her happy reliance on his superior knowledge, — was not he the judge? — "that ain't what folks tell me. They 'low I be like that thar harnt o' a herder on Thunderhead: ef I can't kill ye, I jes' withers yer time an' spiles yer prospects. Oh!" — she struggled for self-control, — "I hev studied on that sayin' till it 'peared 't would kill me."

"Whoever told you that was very cruel, and I dare say very worthless," said Gwinnan sharply. His words were prompted by an impersonal resentment; he was prefiguring to himself some harsh-faced mountain neighbor, as he asked sternly, "Who said it?"

She saw the indignation in his face, and suddenly feared that she was near to wrecking her lover's interest with the powerful man whom she sought to enlist.

"I — I can't tell," she faltered.

He waived the matter. "All right," he said, hastily. His face had hardened; he was laughing a little, cynically. Who it was he knew right well. He had known right well, too, and many months ago, that she was infatuated with this young mountaineer, scapegrace, jail-bird, — how incomparably handsome, how dashing, how spirited, the man looked, in his sudden recollection! — and only now he began definitely to resent it. He glanced down at her with reprehensive, reproachful eyes. He was but a man, for all that he sat upon the bench and knew the law.

Alethea was conscious of the subtle change in his face. It bewildered and confused her, but her surprise was as naught to the amazement that overpowered her on discovering that the sun was low in the purple Chilhowee, the sky reddening, all the intervenient levels suffused with a golden haze, while down the tawny, winding road she discerned a moving speck, which she divined might be Jerry Price and Bluff coming for her from the mill. So unconsciously does a woman beloved feel her power that it never occurred to her to wonder at her temerity that she should thus detain Judge Gwinnan to stand in the road and give judgment for her comfort and ease of mind. Her rigorous conscience only took her to task that, beguiled by a word of sympathy, of comprehension, she should have let the for-

lorn interests of her captive lover wait while she listened.

"Oh, jedge," she exclaimed, clinging to the bridle, — and it seemed he heard for the first time the voice of supplication, — "I know ye ain't one ez medjures a gredge an' pays it back. An' I 'lowed I'd ax ye ter do suthin' fur him. He air a onruly boy, I know, but he never meant ter do sech — no harm — leastwise he — He war harried by things turning out so ez he could n't git jestice. An' leastwise, jedge" —

Poor Alethea was unskilled in argument, and even Harshaw had been fain to let Mink's moral worth pass without emblazonment.

"Oh, jedge," she cried, "ef ye could do suthin' fur him, 't would be sech a favior ter him, — all his life's gone in that sentence, — an' — an' ter me."

He slowly shook his head.

"Not to you. It surprises me that a girl like you, who know so well what is right and good, should care for a man like that. He has only two alternations: he is either mischievous or malicious."

She was once more helplessly feeling aloof from all the world; for here his sympathy ended.

"It is a folly, and that is very wrong. You have mind enough, if you would exert it, to be sensible, to be anything you like."

And so he thought, with all the rest, that she was too good for the man she loved, and for this he would not help. Ah, what joys of liberty, what griefs of long laborious years, what daily humiliation of that sturdy pride, what inexorable tortures to break that elastic spirit, — for break at last it must, — had Mink's half-hearted affection cost him! Her face had grown pale; the ebbing of her hope, that had rushed in upon her in a strong, tumultuous tide, was like the ebbing of life. Her eyes filled with tears, and her despair looked through them at him.

He had known much of the finalities

of life. He dealt in conclusions. Volition, circumstance, character, might all make vital play in the varied causes that brought the event under his jurisdiction, but he wielded the determining influence and affixed the result. All human emotions had been unveiled to him: he could finely distinguish and separate into its constituent elements hate, misery, despair, fear, rage, envy; he even must needs seek to analyze the incomprehensible black heart of the murderer. He was a man of ample learning, of chastened aspirations, of excellent nerve, untouched by any morbid influence. He had pronounced the death sentence without a tremor. He was deliberate, cautious, reserved.

And yet because her cheek paled, because her eyes looked at him with the reproach of a dumb creature cruelly slain, because she said no word, he was pierced with pity for her. He was definitely aware now of his own generosity, when he promised aught for her lover. He was amazed at himself, — amazed at the pang that it gave him when he said, —

"But I'll try, — I'll see what can be done. I shall be in Nashville soon, and I'll talk to the governor, and make a strong effort to get a pardon. Not at once, you understand, but after a little time."

He gathered up the reins; the long tossing horns of Bluff, approaching very near, were affronting the tender sensibilities of the roan colt, who snorted and stamped at the sight of them, and seemed likely to bolt. Alethea had, perforce, moved back among the pink blossoms by the wayside; from amidst them she looked up at Gwinnan with a rapture of gratitude, of admiration, of benediction, for which she had no words. She felt that she did not need them, for he understood so well, he understood so strangely, her most secret thought. He nodded to her and to the staring Jerry, who sat in the ox-cart. Then

the restive roan bounded away into the golden spring sunshine, his glossy coat and flying mane distinct against the delicate green of the wayside, far, far up the road; and presently he was but a dwindling atom, and anon lost to view.

XXVII.

The spectacular effects of the newly built railroad through Cherokee County were of ceaseless interest to the denizens of the little log cabins that lie at wide intervals upon the route, along which, indeed, the only trace of civilization and progress is the occasional swift apparition of the locomotive, and the long parallel steel rails glistening in the sun. The dwellers in a certain hut near the river might be considered to afford typical manifestations. The children appear behind the rickety fence, or perhaps perched on the giddy eminence of the topmost rail, and salute the engine with the dumb show of much shouting and sometimes of derision. An old man hastily hobbles to the door; a woman hanging out clothes in the sun, on the althea bushes, desists, to stare; the round-eyed baby on the doorstep becomes motionless in amaze; the gazing dogs wag approving tails; the farmer, leaning on his plough-handles, watches it till it is but a speck in the distance; a cow in the pasture is turning, in her shambling run, to look back in affright; and near the woods-lot you may see the hind heels and the flying mane and tail of a panic-stricken filly, plunging, and kicking, and snorting. And however often it may be vouchsafed, the sight of the great, splendid, burnished motor, with its clouds of white steam, its thundering gait, its servitors standing upon the platform, and all its trains of loaded coaches, from which human faces look forth, to be curiously scanned, is thus greeted. But at night a mystery hangs about it. The

reverberations of its footsteps may sound in the deepest dreams. Where is the darkness so dense, when is the storm so wild, that it cannot make its way as it lists? It appears then to these simple folks like some strange development of unexplained force, as it rends the gloom with its white glare, as it skims along the denser medium of the earth like a meteor through the sky, or some strange serpent with a glittering eye, drawing after it its sparkling convolutions. The rocks clamor with the wild clangors it has taught them, and the tumultuous, exultant shrieks of its whistle pierces the night. And for a time after it is gone the rails shiver with the thought of it, and the hills cry out again and again with fear.

It might seem that the river held some vague terror for this bold nocturnal marauder; always it slackened its speed and bated its voice when it approached the bridge, and gave to the current a thousand glittering gauds of reflection. If the hour were not too late or the weather too cold, the wayside family came out and stood to watch the train cross. When it reached the other side, and sped away with a loud cry of triumph and a renewed redundancy of motion, the old man would turn, with an air of disappointment, a wag of the head, and a muttered insistence: "Can't do that thar fool trick *every* time." He had opposed the theory of railroads, and had looked for a judgment to descend; in especial he had watched the building of the bridge in a spirit of indignation, prophesying that there would be a "big drowning" there one day, and had even lavished his advice upon the engineer in charge of the work, who, nevertheless, did not desist. Always he was convinced that that gossamer web, that union of strength and lightness, would give way some time under the weight, and one spring night, as he hobbled to the door as usual to look at the flying and fiery dragon,

no longer mythical, the catastrophe appeared imminent.

There was a variety among the passengers in the smoking-car. The commercial traveler, returning with the swallow, was taking his way once more to the places that knew him. Conference had been held in a neighboring town, and the reverend gentlemen, homeward bound, were secular of aspect, genial and jolly, enveloped in clouds of tobacco smoke of their own making. The deputy-sheriff of Cherokee County was on board, and in his charge was Mink Lorey, on his way to stand his new trial in Shaftesville, handcuffed with Pete Owens, of the same county, who had had the misfortune to lose his temper on a small provocation, and to kill his brother. They and the guards were also a merry party. The deputy was undisguisedly glad to see Mink again, and rehearsed for his benefit the news from the town, and the rumors from the coves, and the vague echoes from the mountains, as he sat facing his prisoner, his elbows on his knees, fanning himself with his hat, now and then tousling his rough hair with one hand as he laughed, as if to add this dishevelment to the contortions and grotesqueness of his hilarity.

Mink listened with the wistful attention of one for whom all these things are forever past. This world of redundant interest was to be his world no more. Already it wore only the tender glammers of memory. The brown shadows and yellow lights from the lamps were shifting and shoaling, as the train jogged and lurched continually. The fluctuating gleams showed that his face was a trifle thinner, perhaps; the expression of his vivid brown eyes had changed; they were desperate and hardened, but quickly glancing, and even brighter and larger than before. His white wool hat was thrust on the back of his head, as he leaned against the red velvet cushion, and his auburn hair,

longer than ever, curled down upon the collar of his brown jeans coat. Now and then, when the deputy waxed facetious, he smote with his unmanacled hand his long leg, booted to the knee, and laughed aloud in sympathy.

The moon was a-journeying, too, with all the train of stars. Always through the open window one could find a serene transition from the interior, with its gaudy colors, its lounging masculine figures, its wreathing tobacco smoke, and the suffusion of yellow light and alternating brown shadow. The sky was pure and blue; he marked the weather-signs; the wind was astir,—a breeze other than the motion of the train; he saw the trees on the hillsides waving in the sweet spontaneity of the air; he noted the shadow of the great monster swiftly traversing the wheat-fields, with its piles of smoke scurrying behind it, and seeming not less material. He leaned to the window, and called to the deputy to mark how forward the crops were. And then he fell back, with a white despair on his face, for the train was thundering through a forest, and the interfulgent sheen and shadow of the great trees had caught the woodland creature's eye. Their sylvan fragrance came to him for a moment. The fair, lonely vista lured him. How long, how long it had been since he had trodden such wilds! Rocks towered in the midst, and he was glad when they closed about the way, and the reverberating clamors of the cut drowned the groan that burst from him. And then they grew fainter, and here were the levels once more, and suddenly—the Tennessee River! How should he fail to know its splendid breadth and muscle, its majestic sinuosity as it curved! He leaned once more to the window, catching at the sill; the man with whose hand his own was manacled complained of the strain. He dropped the hand, and once more looked out, as the train, at a bated and circumspect

pace, drew its slow length upon the bridge. Most of the passengers were looking out, too, under the fascination that the water in a landscape always exerts upon travelers. The moon hung above the broad vista of the dark, lustrous stream, flinging upon its surface some gigantic magical corolla, softly refulgent, to float on the water like a great white lily. The dense forest, with a deeper gloom of shadow at its roots, stood solemn and silent on either hand. The glare of the head-light fell distorted on the ripples, and the lanterns of the brakemen found twinkling reflections below. The dank, vernal odors from the banks came in on the breeze, and the wheels rolled slowly, and yet more slowly. They were just beginning to accelerate their speed, when one of the passengers, glancing within to comment to a friend, saw the lithe young prisoner rise suddenly and liberate his hand with a violent jerk, while his companion in shackles clutched frantically at him with his one free hand, and uttered a hoarse cry. The guard turned with a start, as the young mountaineer, with an indescribably swift and elastic bound, sprang through the window and caught the timbers of the bridge. A violent jerk, a bell's sharp jangle, and an abrupt shiver seemed to run through all the length of the train. Then the reflection of the calcium glare and the lesser radiating points of light in the river were motionless. The train was at a stand-still in the middle of the bridge. A wild clamor arose from many voices; the brakemen on the platforms flashed their lanterns back and forth; a heavy body sprang into the swift waters with a great splash, and the sharp crack of a pistol echoed from the dark woods on either bank.

The startled passengers were treated to a fine display of conflicting authorities, as they poured out on the platform of the smoking-car, where it appeared that the conductor of the train was la-

boring under the delusion that he could arrest the sheriff of Cherokee County.

"You had no right to pull the bell-cord and stop my train, — and stop it on the bridge!" he exclaimed.

"I'm bound ter ketch my prisoner!" cried the deputy-sheriff, wildly. "He was handcuffed with this one, and he slipped his paw out somehow, an' lept through the window, an' perched thar on that timber o' the bredge; an' I knowed he war expectin' the train ter go right on, an' I pulled the rope ter stop it. I'd hev hed him, — I'd hev hed him, ef the durned mink hed n't tuk ter the water! Lemme go! Lemme go!"

But the train was in motion again, slowly crossing the bridge, and the sheriff could only rush to a window and look wildly over the waters, illumined by the contending glare of the calcium and the light of the moon, and fire at devious black floating objects that showed resemblance to the head of a swimming man struggling for his life. Several of the passengers derived great sport from this unique target-practice, and the quiet was invaded with the reiterated ping of the pistol pealing over the water, mingled with cries of excitement. There! a fair shot! the object sinks — only a floating rail, for it is distinct as it rises once more to the surface; and again the balls make havoc only among the ripples. The quarry eludes — eludes strangely. He must have had great practice in diving, or, as one hopeful soul cries out, he must be at the bottom of the river.

Its current was placid enough when the train was safely on the other side at a stand-still, and the people from the little log-cabin below climbed the embankment to hear the cause of the unprecedented stoppage. The bridge did not break this time, but the old man is very sure they cannot do this "fool trick" again.

Although the train waited while the

banks of the river were patrolled, it was gone clanging on its way long before the rocks had ceased to echo the tramp of excited horsemen, and their hoarse cries as they beat the bushes in the neighboring woods; for the whole country-side was roused. The opinion that the reckless young mountaineer had, in leaping into the river, struck against some floating log, and had been killed by the concussion, or had gone to the bottom among the bowlders with a fatal force, gained ground as the day gradually dawned and no trace of him was detected.

By degrees the search degenerated into the idler phases of morbid curiosity. Many people visited the spot, ostensibly to join in the quest, who stared at the bridge and speculated on its height, and strolled up and down the banks, wondering futilely. Even when the sunset was reddening the water; when the evening star was tangled in the boughs of a white pine on the bank; when the sound of lowing kine was mellow on the air; when the bridge doffed its massive aspect, and became illusory, a shadow not more material than its reflection in the water below, — footing for the moonbeams, lodgment for the dew, a perch for a belated bird, familiar of the mist, — still vague figures lingered about the water-side, and raucous voices grated on the evening air. But at last the night slipped down; the train came and went; silence fell upon the river, save for its own meditative, iterative voice, the croaking of frogs, and the exquisite melody of the mocking-bird, as he sang in the slant of the moonbeams glistening through fringes of the pines. A wind rose and died away. The night was inexpressibly solitary. Far off a dog howled, and was still. The constellations imperceptibly tended westward. Presently, in the dark loneliness of the dead hour, something, — an otter, a musk-rat, a mink? — some stealthy wild thing, stirred itself on the margin, be-

neath a broad ledge of the jagged, beetling rocks along the bank, beneath the current, on the gravelly shallows. It made some commotion; the water receded in widening circles far out toward the middle of the river. A scramble, a stroke or two, and it rose to its full height and waded along the shore; for it was the battered image of a man. He wore no hat; his long locks hung in straight wisps down upon his shoulders. He glanced about him continually with fearful eyes, as he skulked, hobbling stiffly, up the bank. Once he sat down on the roots of a tree in the shadow, and essayed to draw off the great cow-hide boots, heavy with water, and hampering his every motion. But the leather, so long steeped, had swelled, and he could not divest himself of them.

“Mought lose ‘em, ennybow, ef I war ter take ‘em off,” he said, sturdily adapting his optimism to the cumbrous impediments. So he limped on. He shivered in every limb. Over and again his breath appeared to fail him. More than once his head whirled, and he leaned against a tree to steady himself. The air was chill, but although the wind blew he was not sorry; it would the earlier dry his garments.

“An’ I reckon I hev done cotch all the rheumatiz I kin hold, ennyways, a-layin’ thar under the aidge o’ the ruver, half kivered with water, fur a night an’ a day.”

When the woods began to give way to fields, he hung back, feeling desolate and affrighted. How could he barter these sheltering shadows, this nullifying darkness, for those wide, exposed spaces of the pasture? Its dewy slope, with here and there an outcropping rock, but never a bush or a tree, lay under the slanting light of the moon. The mountains, he knew by its position, lay straight in that direction; and presently he took courage to climb a fence, and, with his hobbling shadow at his side, — from which he sometimes shrank with

abrupt fear, and glanced over his shoulder askance, — skulked across the grassy space, now in the melancholy sheen, and now in the vague shadow of a drifting cloud. There were sheep at one side of the slope, all asleep, huddled and white, save one, that held its head up and looked at him with a contemplative eye as he passed. A dog seemed their only guardian. He did not bark, but came down toward the stranger with a sinister growl. Mink had no fear of dogs, and somehow they trusted him. The shepherd sniffed in surprise at his heels, bounded up to lick his hand, followed with a wagging tail till he climbed the fence, and regretfully saw him take his way down the road. For his courage was renewed by its own achievements. He was bold enough presently to invade a garden where potatoes had lately been planted, and he dug up the sliced fragments, each carefully cut that it might contain two or more “eyes.” He found, too, some turnips, and was greatly refreshed and strengthened by his surreptitious meal. As he rose from the garden border and turned away among the currant bushes, he was suddenly confronted by the figure of a man. He sprang back, his heart plunging. He thought for a moment that he was discovered. And yet — it stood so strangely still. Only a suit of clothes, stuffed with straw, and surmounted by an ancient and battered hat.

Mink gazed gravely at the scarecrow, that had surpassed its evident destiny in frightening that larger fowl, a jail-bird.

It might seem that with the weight of his heavy cares, the anguish of his forlorn plight, the dispiriting influence of his imprisonment, the jeopardy of his tortured freedom, his doubtful future, — exhausted, chilled, sore, — he would find scant amusement or relish in the grotesque image. One might wonder at the zest with which he applied himself, with convulsive, feeble efforts, to uproot the pole that sustained it. He

conveyed it across the garden, — daring the dogs, — and placed the scarecrow where it might seem to peer into the front window of the house. He stood looking at it with intense satisfaction for a moment, — so like a man it was! He could forecast how the women of the house would cry aloud with terror when they should see it, how the mystified men would stare and swear. He did not laugh; the feat appeared in some other method to satisfy his sense of the ludicrous. It did not occur to him as a futile waste of his time and strength; of both he presently stood in sore need. For the day was breaking, and still he trudged between the zigzag lines of farm fences, along a road that bore evidences of much travel, in a country which he did not know, of which the only familiar objects were the dying moon and the slowly developing outline of the Great Smoky Mountains, far away.

“I’ll git ter Shaftesville in time ter stan’ my trial, ef I don’t mind, ’fore the dep’ty does,” he said to himself in a panic.

Nowhere were forests visible promising shelter. Here and there a limited woods-lot lined the road; more often fields of corn, barely showing tender sprouts above the ground, or stretches of winter wheat or millet, or pastures. He was in the midst of a scene of exclusive agricultural significance, when the startling sound of wagon wheels broke upon the air, and a man driving a pair of strong mules rose gradually from over the brow of the hill.

Mink’s clothes were already dry; his hair curled freshly once more down upon the collar of his coat. He was painfully conscious of the lack of his hat, and he knew that the teamster’s eyes rested upon him in surprise. The man drew up his mules at once. But the wily fugitive hailed him first.

“Howdy,” he remarked, advancing sturdily, putting one foot on the hub of the front wheel and his hand on the off

mule's back, and looking up with his bold, bright eyes at the driver. "Do you-uns hail from nighabouts?"

"Down yander at Peters' Cross-Roads," responded the catechumen promptly.

"I ax kase I 'lowed mebbe ye hed hearn some word o' that thar prisoner ez got away from the sher'ff o' Cher'kee County, — Reuben Lorey."

"*Mink* Lorey, I hearn his name war," corrected the teamster.

"Waal," — *Mink's* careless glance wandered aimlessly up and down the sunny road, — "he oughter be named *Mink*, ef he ain't; mean enough."

"Ye're 'quainted with him, I reckon," said the teamster, still looking at his hatless head.

"Mighty well! He hev gin me a heap o' trouble. I dunno but I'd nigh ez soon he'd be in the bottom o' the Tennessee Ruver ez not. We-uns hail from the same valley, — Hazel Valley."

"What ye doin' 'thout no hat?" demanded the saturnine, perplexed, and vaguely suspicious man.

"Lost it in the ruver. Been fishin'. I been visitin' some folks in the flat-woods ez I be mighty well 'quainted with. I'm goin' ter the store ter git me another hat."

There was a pause.

"They 'low that thar man war drowned," said the teamster, discursively.

"Waal," said *Mink* drawlingly, "I 'lowed I'd ax, so ez when I git ter Hazel Valley I mought tell his folks a straight tale."

The teamster's wonderment as to the bare head of the young fellow being satisfied, he was eager to proceed on his journey. Certainly all imaginable suspicions must have been allayed by the pertinacity with which *Mink* hung upon the wheel, and talked about the rheumatism he feared he had caught a-fishing, and how he had found no sport in it.

Finally, with apparent reluctance, he

took his foot from off the hub, and the teamster was glad to go creaking along on his journey.

Although the danger was so successfully thwarted, the strain upon his ingenuity, his nerves, and his presence of mind had told heavily upon *Mink's* reserve force of strength and courage. When at last he reached the deep woods he was more dead than alive, as he flung himself down in the hollow of a poplar-tree, struck long ago by lightning, — its great length fallen, its branches burned, only its cylindrical bole standing to boast what proportions this chief of the savage wilds had borne. The young mountaineer could almost stretch himself at full length. He doubted, as he fell asleep, if he would ever wake. But exhaustion did not prevail. Over and again consciousness would seize upon him, and he would be himself long enough to contrast his forlorn plight with the feignings of his dream, and so sink again into troubled sleep. Yet it was with a deep satisfaction that he gazed out at intervals upon the lonely, crowded sylvan limits. The underbrush closed about him; the great trees up-reared their heads against the sky, showing only, it might be, a glimpse of the blue or a flake of the burnished vernal sunshine. How restful the sight, how reassuring the sound of the wind in the leaves! A squirrel frisked by, sleek and dapper, with a brilliant, unaffrighted eye and a long, curling tail. The familiar creature seemed like a friend. "Howdy, mister," observed *Mink*. "Ye air the fust pusson I hev seed ez I ain't afeard on."

But the squirrel came no more, although ever and anon *Mink* lifted himself to look out. He noted the moss, green and gray, on the bark of a rotting log; he started to hear the woodpecker tapping; he watched for a long time a crested red-bird's graceful and volant motions, as he sought to teach a small, stubby brown scion of his house to fly.

The vibrant, peevish juvenile remonstrance was somnolent in its effects, and when Mink next opened his eyes darkness enveloped the world, and the picture of evening had all flown. He could hardly say who he might be: he did not know where he was. The oppression of his familiar cell in the Glaston jail filled his consciousness, until, as he stretched forth his hands, he felt the rotting sides of the old tree and realized that he was free.

"I mus' be a-travelin'," he said to himself.

Free, but with so burning a pain in every limb he could hardly stand upon his feet; and what was this new misfortune? His forlorn boots were bursting into fragments. As he staggered into the moonshine he sat down, and, putting one foot on his knee, examined the sole in rueful contemplation.

"Now don't that thar beat kingdom come! Them boots war mighty nigh new when I went ter jail, an' I never stood on 'em none thar sca'cely. Mus' hev been the soakin' they got. I ain't useter goin' bar'foot lately, an' how 'll I travel thirty mile this-a-way?"

It was with difficulty that he hobbled along; now and then he stumbled, and would have fallen but for his hasty clutch at a bush or a tree. His feet were pierced by flints through the crevices of his boots, and he was presently aware that he was marking his steps with blood. He made scant progress, although he struggled strenuously, and it was long before day when he was fain to lie down in a rift in a great bank of rocks, and recruit his wasted energies with sleep. "I hope I ain't a-goin' ter die in sech a hole ez this," he said, "ez ef I war a sure-enough mink, or sech vermin. But Lord-a-massy, what be I, ef I ain't a mink?"

He laughed sarcastically as he turned himself over. He had evolved some harsh theories of worldly inequalities. If he had knocked Jerry Price or Ben

Doaks senseless with a bit of iron, he argued, he would hardly have been in jeopardy of arrest; the affair would perchance have been chronicled by the gossips as "a right smart fight." But he must forfeit twenty years of his life for assaulting a man of Gwinnan's quality. He had some bitter reflections to divert his mind, with the functions of a counter-irritant, from his aching bones, his bleeding feet, his overpowering sense of fatigue. It was not till the next night — for he again lay hidden all day — that he passed through the gap of the mountain and entered Eskaquia Cove. His spirits had risen at the sight of the familiar things, — the foam on the river dancing in the light of the moon, which nightly rose earlier, the dense, solemn forests, the great looming, frowning rocks. He hardly cared how steep the hillsides were, how his sore feet burned and ached, how heavily he dragged his weight. He could have cried aloud with joy when he beheld the little foot-bridge which he knew so well, albeit he could hardly stagger over the narrow log; the low little house on the bank, where Mrs. Purvine lived. It was dark and silent under the silver moon, for the hour was late, reckoning by rural habits, — about ten o'clock, he guessed. He hesitated for a moment when he was in the road beside the fence. He thought he might shorten the way by crossing the corn-field, for the road made a bend below. He had climbed the fence and was well out in the midst of the sprouting grain, when suddenly he started back. There was a shadow coming to meet him. He could not flee. He could not hope to escape observation. Yet, when he looked again, the dim figure seemed curiously busy, and was not yet aware of his presence. It was the figure of a woman, and he presently recognized Mrs. Purvine. Her head was evidently much wrapped up against the night air, and her sun-bonnet was fain to perch in a peaked attitude, in order to surmount the integuments

below; it was drawn down over her face. It was by other means than the sight of her countenance that he identified her. It might seem an uncanny hour for industry, but Mink could well divine that Mrs. Purvine had experienced belated pangs of conscience concerning sundry rows of snap-beans, left defenseless, save for her good wishes, against the frost. She was engaged in covering them, — detaching a long board from a pile beside the fence, and placing it, with a large stone beneath either end, above the tender vegetable. Her shadow was doing its share, although it gave vent to none of the pantings and puffings and sighs with which the flesh protested, as it were, against the labor. It jogged along on the brown ground beside her in dumpy guise, and stooped down, and rose up, and set its arms akimbo to complacently observe the effect of the board, and even wore a sun-bonnet at the same impossible angle. It started off with corresponding alacrity to the pile to fetch another board for another row, and was very busy as it bent to adjust a stone beneath. It even sprang back and threw up both arms in sudden affright, when Mrs. Purvine exclaimed aloud. For a deft hand had lifted the other end of the board, and as she glanced around she saw a man kneeling on the mould and placing the stone so that the delicate snap-beans might be sheltered.

"In the name o' Moses!" faltered Mrs. Purvine between her chattering teeth, as she rose to her feet, "air that thar Mink Lorey — or — or" — she remembered how far away, how safe in jail, she had thought him — "or his harnt?"

Mink turned his pallid face toward her. She saw the lustrous gleam of his dark eyes.

He hesitated for a moment. Then he could not resist. "I died 'bout two weeks ago," he drawled circumstantially.

Mrs. Purvine stood as one petrified for a moment. Then credulity revolted.

"Naw, Mink Lorey!" she said sternly. "Naw, sir! Ye ain't singed no-whar. Ef ye war dead, ye'd never hev got back onscorched." She shook her enveloped head reprehensively at him.

Regret had seized upon him. The fleeting privilege of frightening Mrs. Purvine scarcely compensated for the risks he felt he ran in revealing himself.

He stood silent and grave enough, as she set her arms akimbo and gazed speculatively at him.

"How d'ye git out'n jail?" she demanded.

"Through thar onlockin' the door," said Mink.

Mrs. Purvine knitted her puzzled brows.

"War they willin' fur ye ter leave?" she asked, seeking to fathom the mystery.

"Waal, Mis' Purvine," equivocated the fugitive, jauntily, "I ain't never fund nobody, nowhar, right up an' down *willin'* fur me to leave 'em. They hed ter let me go, though."

"Waal, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Purvine, with the accent of disappointment. "I never b'lieved ez Jedge Gwinnan war in earnest, whenst he promised Lethe Sayles ter git ye pardoned. Whenst she kem back rej'icin' over it so, I 'lowed the jedge war jes' laffin' at her."

The man, staring at her with unnaturally large and brilliant eyes, recoiled suddenly, and his shadow appeared to revolt from her words. "Jedge Gwinnan! pardon!" he cried, contemptuously, his voice rising shrilly in the quiet night. "He got me no pardon! I'd hev none off'n him, damn him! I'd bide in the prison twenty year, forty year, — I'd rot thar, — afore I'd take enny favors out'n *his* hand! Lord! let me lay my grip on that man one more time, an' hell an' all the devils can't pull me off!"

His strength failed to support his excitement. He staggered to the pile of boards and leaned against them, panting, now and then passing his hand over his brow, lifting the hair that curled upon it. Mrs. Purvine noted how white his face was, how exhausted his attitude.

"Ye 'pear sorter fibble," she remarked, prosaically, "an' ye walk toler'ble cripple."

"Yes," observed Mink, with his wonted manner, "it 'peared ter me a toler'ble good joke ter jump off the middle o' the bledge inter the Tennessee Ruver. But it turned out same ez mos' o' my jokes, — makes me laugh on the wrong side o' my mouth."

Mrs. Purvine began to understand. Her lower jaw dropped. "Whar hev ye got ennything ter eat?" she demanded, with bated breath.

"Waal," said Mink, argumentatively, "eatin' 's a powerful expensive business; we-uns would all save a heap ef we'd quit eatin'."

Mrs. Purvine received this in pondering silence. Then she broke forth suddenly: —

"Ye air a outdacious, sassy, scandalous mink, an' I hev 'lowed ez much fur many a year, but I never looked ter see the time when ye'd kem an' prop yerself up in my gyardin-spot, an' look me in the eye, an' call me stingy. How war I ter know ye war n't ez full ez a tick, ye impident half-liver? I kin see ez ye ain't fat in nowise, but how kin I tell by the creases in a man's face what he hed fur dinner?"

"Laws-a-massy, Mis' Purvine!" exclaimed Mink, deprecating the untoward interpretation which his words seemed to bear. "I never meant sech ez that. Ef it hed been enny ways nigh cookin' time, I'd hev kem right in, — ef I hed n't been afraid ye'd tell on me, — an' axed ye fur a snack. Ain't I eat hyar time an' agin along o' Jerry Price? I hev hed a heap o' meals from you-uns, — more'n ye know 'bout, fur I hev treat-

ed yer watermillion patch ez ef it hed been my own."

If Mrs. Purvine was placated, she did not at once manifest her mollification. "What d'ye know 'bout cookin' time, or cookin' air one, ye slack-twisted, lazy, senseless critter? Jes' kerry yer bones right inter that thar door, fur eat ye hev got ter. In Moses's name!" she ejaculated piteously, "the boy kin sca'cely walk."

But Mink hesitated. "I don't wantter see Jerry," he said. "I dunno what Jerry mought think 'bout'n it all."

"Jerry's dead asleep, an' so air all the boys," declared the industrious Mrs. Purvine. "Ye reckon ye air goin' ter find ennybody up this time o' night 'ceptin' a hard-workin' old woman like me? I can't be no surer o' ye 'n I be a'ready. Go 'long in, 'fore I set Bose on ye."

He was sorry for himself, — to gauge the joy, the comfort, that the very sight of the humble and familiar room afforded him. The fire had been covered with ashes, but Mrs. Purvine promptly pulled out the coals and piled on the pine knots, and the white flare showed the low-ceiled room, its walls covered with the old advertisements; the punch eon floor; the hanks of yarn; the many pendent strings of pepper from the beams, and the quilting-frame clinging to them like a huge bat; the two high beds; the glister of the ostentatious mirror; the prideful clock, silent on the shelf. As the interior became brilliantly illuminated, Mink looked suspiciously at the glass in the windows; he experienced a relief to note that the batten shutters were closed.

"I did n't want nobody ter git a glimge o' me," he said, "kase I dunno but what they mought try ter hold ye 'sponsible fur feedin' me, cornsiderin' I be a runaway."

"They ain't never goin' ter find out ez ye hev been hyar, now," said Mrs. Purvine.

"They mought ax ye," suggested Mink.

"Waal, lies air healthy." Mrs. Purvine accommodated her singular ethics to many emergencies. "Church-yards air toler'ble full, but thar ain't nobody thar ez died from tellin' lies. Not but what I'm a perfessin' member," she qualified, with a qualm of conscience, "an' hev renounced deceit; but ef ennybody kems hyar inquirin' roun' 'bout my business, — what I done with this little mite o' meat, an' that biscuit, an' the t'other pot o' coffee, — I answer the foolish accordin' ter his folly, like the Bible tells me, an' send him rej'icin' on his way."

Mink, his every fear relieved, thought it a sung haven after the storms that he had weathered, as he sat in Mrs. Purvine's own rocking-chair, and felt the grateful warmth of the blaze. He had hardly hoped ever again to know the simple domestic comforts of the chimney-corner. The coffee put new life into him, and after he had eaten the hot ash cake and bacon broiled on the coals, he took, at her insistence, another cup, and drank it as she sat opposite him on the hearth. In this last potation she joined him, having poured her coffee into a gourd, to save the trouble, as she explained, of washing another cup and saucer.

"How do Lethe keep her health?"

"Fust-rate," said Mrs. Purvine. Her tone had changed. She looked at him speculatively from under the brim of her sun-bonnet, which she wore much of the time in the house. "She air peart an' lively ez ever."

His lip curled slightly. He was sarcastic and critical concerning Alethea's mental attitude, — the reaction, perhaps, of much rebuke and criticism received at her hands.

"I reckon she ain't missed me none, then?" he hazarded.

"She never seen much o' you-uns las' summer, bein' ez ye war constant

in keepin' company with Elviry then; though she's missed ye consider'ble. Ye need n't never 'low the gals will furgit ye, Mink," she added, graciously. "The las' time Lethe seen Jedge Gwinnan she war a-beggin' him fur ye, — an' he promised, too. Lethe's pretty enough ter make a man do mos' ennything, — leastwise these hyar town folks think so."

The color had sprung into Mink's face. He stood up for a moment, searching for Jerry's tobacco on the mantel-piece. He lighted his pipe by a coal which he scooped up with the bowl, and as he put the stem between his lips he looked covertly at Mrs. Purvine's placid face, as she drank her coffee from the gourd, and meditatively swung her foot; the right knee was crossed over the left; the other foot was planted squarely upon the floor; a narrow section of a stout gray stocking was visible above a leather shoe, laced incongruously with a white cotton cord, the kitten having carried off its leather string, and Mrs. Purvine continually forgetting to properly supply its place.

"Ben Doaks, — air he still thinkin' 'bout marryin' Lethe?" demanded Mink between two puffs of smoke.

"Ef he air, he air barkin' up the wrong tree, I kin tell ye!" exclaimed Mrs. Purvine, angrily. "Lethe Sayles air goin' ter marry a town man, — leastwise that's what all the kentry air sayin'. He 'lows she be plumb beautiful. An' I always did think so, though she air my own niece," as if this ought to be an obstacle. "I names no names," — which would have been difficult, under the circumstances, — "but he air a town man, an' hev got a high place, an' air well off. Some folks don't keer nuthin' 'bout money, but I ain't one of 'em. An' he air o' good folks, — fust-rate stock; an' I sets store on fambly, too."

Mink was leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees; his eyes burnt

upon her face ; his pipe-stem was quivering in his gaunt hand.

"Whar did she meet up with him?"

"Down in Shaftesville, when she went ter testify fur you-uns," said Mrs. Purvine. Then, with her felicity of inspiration, "He seen her fust in the court-room, an' he war smitten at sight."

She could not accurately define the impression she was making. But she grew a little frightened as she watched the keen, clear-cut face, changing unconsciously, responsive to unimagined thoughts: his wild dark eyes, in no sort tamed or dimmed, dwelt steadily on the white vistas of the fire; his fine red hair curled alluringly on his collar. As she looked at him, fain to note how handsome he was, she wished very heartily, poor woman, that that mythical fortunate suitor had added to the charming qualities with which she had endowed him the simple essential, existence.

Mink burst suddenly into a satiric laugh, startling to hear. Mrs. Purvine turned upon him, the gourd trembling in her hand.

"Ye ain't got no manners, Mink Lorey," she said, trying to resume her note of superficial severity. "What be ye a-laffin' at?"

"Jes' at thoughts," he said enigmatically, — "thoughts!"

"Thoughts 'bout me, I'll be bound," said Mrs. Purvine aggressively.

"Naw; jes' 'bout Lethe an' that thar town man." He whirled from the fire, and walked up and down the floor, with his hands in his pockets.

"Waal, don't ye say no mo' 'bout'n him," said Mrs. Purvine, desirous of contemplating him no longer, "an' don't ye ax me who he be, fur I won't tell ye!"

"Thar ain't no need ter ax ye; I know."

Mrs. Purvine pondered this for a moment. She forgot it in her effort to persuade the young fellow to accept the hospitalities of the spare bedroom, of which she was so proud. "Ye kin jest

stay in thar all night, Mink, an' all ter-morrer. Ye won't wake up fur no breakfus', arter the tramp ye hev hed, an' a long sleep 'll ease yer bones. An' ter-morrer night, 'bout ten o'clock, arter all the chill'n hev gone ter sleep, I'll gin ye a good meal, an' ye kin set out heartened up an' strong. I'd ruther Jerry an' the boys did n't know 'bout yer bein' hyar, kase I dunno what the law does ter folks ez helps them ez be runnin' from jestic — or injestic; 'bout the same thing, ez fur ez I kin make out. An' I don't want them ter git inter trouble."

"Mebbe the sher'ff 'll kem arter you-uns," Mink warned her.

"Waal, I'll tell him I ain't got no time ter fool with him, an' ter take himself off the way he kem;" and Mrs. Purvine dismissed the imaginary ministerial officer with a lofty sniff.

The next day it seemed to Mrs. Purvine that many immediate requisites were stowed away temporarily in the bedroom. She was continually on the alert to prevent Jerry or the boys from invading it. "Keep out'n that thar bedroom. I ain't keerin' ef ye *ain't* got no symlin' seed. I ain't goin' ter let ye s'arch thar. I hev got all my fine quilts what I pieced myself — 'ceptin' with a leetle help from Lethe Sayles — a-hangin' up thar ter air. Hang 'em up in the sun, ye say? Who d'ye reckon wants ter fade them gay colors out?"

When at last Jerry desisted, in deference to this new, strange whim, one of the boys was beset with anxiety to get his shoes which he had set away there.

"That's the way the shoe-leather goes, — walkin' on it," said aunt Dely reasonably. "Naw, sir! Save them soles, an' go barfoot. The weather's warm now."

The youngest, the most pertinacious and hard to resist, was tumultuous to get a certain "whang o' leather" which Bluff needed to complete his gear, in order to continue ploughing.

"I ain't a-keerin' ef one o' Bluff's horns was lef' in thar, an' he could n't low without it. I ain't goin' ter hev them quilts disturbed."

Presently, when drowsy from her long vigil of the preceding night, she placed her chair before the door, that no one might enter without rousing her, and thus solemnly sentinel, she alternately knitted and nodded away the afternoon.

It was a great relief to her when the house was still, the family all asleep, and the fugitive's meal prepared. She had taken special pains with it, albeit she went about it yawningly, and had filled a tin pail with provisions that he might carry with him.

She waited ten minutes or so after all was ready. She listened, as she knelt on the hearth. There was no sound within but the stertorous breathing of the sleepers in the roof-room. From without only the murmur of the river, the croaking of a frog; the stir of the wind came in at the open back door, through which she could see the white moonshine, lying in lonely splendor upon the dark, prosaic expanse of the newly ploughed fields. She rose and closed it, that the fugitive might not be revealed to the casual eye of any nocturnal fisherman, striking through her domain on his way to the river bank. Then she went to the bedroom door.

As she tapped on the panel, the door moved under the pressure, and she saw that it was unbuttoned on the inside. "That thar keerless boy ought ter hev buttoned this door!" she exclaimed. "The sher'ff could hev gone right in and nabbed him whilst he war asleep. Ye Mink! Mink!"

There was no answer.

"Waal, sir! I never seen the beat." Then in imperative crescendo, "*Ye Mink!*"

She pushed open the door. The moonlight slanted through the porch and into the little bedroom, revealing

the bed empty, the room deserted save for Mrs. Purvine's rows of dresses hanging by the neck, and the piles of quilts on a shelf, rising in imposing proportions to attest her industry and a little help from Lethe Sayles.

He had fled,—when, why? She could not say; she could not imagine. She stood staring, with a vacillating expression on her face. She was ready for an outburst of futile anger, could she construe it as one of his minkish tricks; he might even now be far away, laughing to picture how she would look when she would stand at the open door and find the room empty. Her face reddened at the thought. But perhaps, she argued, more generously, he had taken some alarm, and fled for safety.

Mrs. Purvine had had no experience in keeping secrets, and her colloquial habits were such as did not tend to cultivate the gift. More than once, the next day, as she speculated on the mysterious disappearance of Mink, she would drop her hands and exclaim in meditative wonderment, "Waal! waal! waal! This worl' an' a few mo' sech worl's ez this!"

It went hard with her to resist the curious questionings that this demonstration was calculated to excite. But when asked what she was talking about, she would only reply in enigmatical phrase, "Laros to ketch meddlers!" and shake her head unutterably. Nevertheless, when it became evident that her household had exhausted all their limited wiles to elicit the mystery of which she seemed suddenly and incomprehensibly possessed, and had reluctantly desisted, her resolution grew weaker instead of stronger, and she was bereft of a piquant interest in their queries and guesses. She began herself to play around the dangerous subject; her remarks appeared to excite no suspicion and no surprise, and thus she was astonished in her turn.

"I wonder, Jerry," she said, as he and

she, their pipes freshly lighted after supper, strolled about the "gyardin-spot" to note how the truck was thriving, Bose and a comrade or two at their heels, — "I wonder how high that thar new bredg be over the Tennessee Ruv-er?"

"Never medjured it," returned Jerry, his eyes twinkling as they met her serious gaze.

"Ye g' 'long!" exclaimed Mrs. Purvine tartly. She was addressing only the unfilial spirit that prompted his reply, for she had no intention of dismissing the audience, as she resumed at once in her usual tone. "Waal, from all ye hev hearn, would n't ye 'low ez ennybody jumpin' off'n it war 'bleeged ter break thar neck?" she argued.

"I'd hev thunk so," admitted Jerry, "but it seems not."

She looked sharply at him from over her spectacles, as she canvassed his reply. It must have been accident. How could he know aught of Mink? She was for a moment so impressed with a sense of danger here that she hastily spoke from the purpose.

"Ye see them butter-beans?" she remarked, pointing to the white seed lying on the top of the ground. "It al-ways 'peared mighty comical ez they air planted in the ground, an' soon ez they sprout they fling the seed on the top. Whenst I war a leetle gal I useter go 'round an' stick 'em all under agin, — we never hed more 'n a few messes a season at our house."

"Them peas 'll hev ter be stuck afore long," said Jerry, complacently.

But the simple pleasure in a garden was too insipid long to enchain the interest of the sophisticated Mrs. Purvine; her mind reverted to her burning secret and the many speculations to which it gave rise. She hardly noted the red sky, stretching so far above the purple mountains; the river, with reflections of gold and pink amid its silver glinting. In the south Procyon, star of ill-omen,

swung in the faint blue spaces. A whip-poor-will sang. Darkness impended.

Once more she skirted the forbidden topic.

"Waal, I would n't advise nobody ter try it." She was alluding not to the industrial necessity of sticking the peas, but to jumping off the bridge.

"Naw, sir," Jerry assented, quietly. "'Bout some things Mink 'pears ter hev the devil's own luck, though gin-erally they run agin him. I reckon nobody but Mink could hev lept from that bredg an' swum out'n the ruver 'thout gittin' cotched."

Mrs. Purvine trembled from head to foot. As she turned her face toward him the light of the evening struck upon her glittering spectacles in the depths of her sun-bonnet, and it seemed a fiery and penetrating gaze she bent on her adopted son.

"In the name o' Moses, Jerry Price!" she solemnly adjured him. "How did you-uns know ennything 'bout Mink Lorey?"

"Same way ye did," said Jerry, in accents of surprise.

Mrs. Purvine sat down abruptly on the pile of boards beside the fence.

Jerry, astonished at her evident agitation, proceeded: —

"Yer mem'ry air failin', surely, ef ye hev furgot ez the dep'ty-sher'ff tole us 'bout'n it yistiddy, — rid his critter right up thar ter the side o' the fence, an' I lef' Bluff whar I war a-ploughin', an' went down an' talked ter him."

"What war I a-doin' of?" demanded Mrs. Purvine, feebly.

"Ye war settin' knittin' right in front o' the bedroom door, — ter keep we-uns from raidin' in on them quilts ez ye war airin' in the bedroom, whar thar ain't no air."

Mrs. Purvine breathed more freely. She had a vague memory of hearing a man hallooing at the fence, and of seeing Jerry running to meet him; the rest was lost in the deep slumber which she

called "dozin' off," as she sat sentinel in front of the door. "I mus' hev been noddin'," she said, trembling a little at the idea that the sheriff and the prisoner had been at such close quarters. "I never hearn none o' it."

"Waal," explained Jerry, "he hed traced Mink up somewhar nighabouts. An' he war mighty keen ter ketch him. He 'lowed Mink war a turrible fool ter hev runned off, kase they hed n't lef' Glaston more'n two hours 'fore Mink's pardon kem. Jedge Gwinnan hed gone an' beset the gov'nor, an' tole him 't war a plumb mistake, an' Mink war n't no reg'lar jail-bird, nor hardened critter, nor nuthin' but a simple country boy. An' he 'd hed a reg'lar martyrdom o' injustice, an' sech. An' the 'sault war jes' a boy's hittin' a feller ez he 'lowed war gittin' the better o' him. 'T war n't 'count o' the trial. He war jes' jealous. Jedge Gwinnan 'lowed ez the fight war mighty unfair, kase Mink war chained an' he war n't. An' he would n't let him be prosecuted ef he could hev helped it. An' ez Mink's case hed been affirmed by the S'preme Court the gov'nor pardoned him. Skeggs 'lowed folks say the gov'nor war right down glad ter do it, kase he hev hed ter be toler'ble hard on some folks lately ez applied fur pardons; an' he did n't want ter git on-pop'lar, an' ter 'pear set agin mercy ez a constancy."

"Waal! waal!" exclaimed Mrs. Purvine, divided between surprise and an effort to gauge the effect of this intelligence on the prisoner listening in the little room.

"Skeggs 'lowed 't war mighty mean in Mink ter hide out an' leave him ter ketch all the consequences, — he air 'sponsible fur the 'scape, — kase they don't want Mink fur nuthin' now but that thar leetle case 'bout'n the mill, an' everybody knows Tad ain't dead. Mr. Harshaw 'lows he seen Tad when he war huntin' up in the mountings. An' Lethe, she seen him. An' Skeggs air honin' an' moanin' 'bout'n it, an' 'lows Mink mought kem an' be tried, ef he hed the feelin's o' a man stiddier a mink."

Mrs. Purvine rose slowly, and bent her meditative steps toward the door, wondering all the more why Mink should have disappeared so mysteriously, cognizant as he must have been how his dangers had lessened, — whither he had gone, with what purpose.

"Aunt Dely," said Jerry, suddenly, following her slowly, "how did ye know ennything 'bout Mink, ef ye never hearn Skeggs tell it?"

"Jerry Price," said Mrs. Purvine, sternly, "ef ye hed been raised by yer aunt Melindy Jane, I'll be bound ye 'd hev larned better 'n ter ax fool questions with every breath ye draw."

Charles Egbert Craddock.

TO A MAID DEMURE.

OFTEN when the night is come,
With its quiet group at home,
While they broider, knit, or sew,
Read, or chat in voices low,
Suddenly you lift your eyes
With an earnest look, and wise;
But I cannot read their lore, —
'Tell me less, or tell me more.

Like a picture in a book,
Pure and peaceful is your look,
Quietly you walk your ways;
Steadfast duty fills the days.
Neither tears nor fierce delights,
Feverish days nor tossing nights,
Any troublous dreams confess, —
Tell me more, or tell me less.

Swift the weeks are on the wing;
Years are brief, and love a thing
Blooming, fading, like a flower;
Wake and seize the little hour.
Give me welcome, or farewell;
Quick! I wait! And who can tell
What to-morrow may befall, —
Love me more, or not at all.

Andrew Hedbrooke.

HENRY HOBSON RICHARDSON, ARCHITECT.

It is recognized that since the beginning of this century architecture has not kept pace with the general advance of the other arts of civilization. Science has made steady progress all along the line, and often has astonished the world by leaps and bounds; its torch has flooded vast regions of doubt and darkness with triumphant illuminations. But while there is undeniably a style of the nineteenth century, and while England, France, Germany, and America have impressed certain national characteristics upon the architecture of the period, no definite advances have been made corresponding with those which occurred in every decade in Europe from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, when most of the other arts were asleep, or with those from the fourteenth to the seventeenth, when the artistic invention of the world found ample scope for expression and development in the renaissance of classic forms. The architects of this latter period were content with the language of the four or

ders, and with the coördination of arch, pilaster, and entablature, according to established formulas of proportion.

The modern era of research and experiment, which began with the encyclopædists in the eighteenth century, put an end to the progress of the renaissance of classic architecture, and inaugurated eclecticism. Under the same influence, science began its phenomenal career of successful discovery. Eclecticism in architecture is entirely consonant with the spirit of the times; it implies the collection, analysis, arrangement, and study of all the historical forms of art. This process, while it has made architects learned and reflective, has dissipated their inventive powers, and rendered impossible that unity of effort without which characteristic progress in style is impossible. The same impulse which made science productive has made architecture unproductive. In rendering this art more scholarly and correct, it has gradually removed it from the stimulus of public

sympathy and correction. The history of modern architecture has thus become rather a history of study and experiment than of accomplishment and progress.

The question now is, When will this long discipline of probation bear its natural fruit, and furnish us with the elements of a true progress in art, consistent with our civilization, and competent to express it with the same sort and degree of precision with which the civilizations of the Middle Ages, of the Spanish Saracens, of the Italians of the fifteenth century, of the English of the Tudor times, for example, were respectively symbolized in their buildings and works of decorative art?

The Greek revival of the last century, the Gothic revival of the first half of the present century, the late revival, improperly called, of the Queen Anne style, and all the various subordinate revivals which, meanwhile, have arisen and fallen apparently as illogically as fashions in costume, have failed, because they were revivals of perfected styles, incapable of further progression; they were quotations, admirable for their archæological correctness, and for the skill with which they were adapted to modern uses. But they infused no new life into modern architecture, and failed to arouse public attention.

In our own country there have been corresponding movements, with corresponding results.

The constant desire for new things has made architecture extremely sensitive to impressions and hints. Every successful building is the parent of a score of imitations, not in its neighborhood only, but in distant places, sporadically all over the Union. For the publication of designs is prompt, and every architect has in his hands duly every new expression of form. Thus we have had and are having a succession of little fashions, contemporaneous, overlapping, intermingling, dying out,

and coming into vogue, the duration of each being in proportion to the strength of the original impulse. We have imitations of imitations, the quality of each varying according to the training of the practitioner, and, as a general rule, deteriorating according to its distance from the original revival or invention.

At the present moment we are under the dominion of an impulse so vigorous, healthy, and stimulating, so different from any which has preceded it, so elastic to practical uses, that, in the hands of a profession far more accomplished and far better trained than ever before, it gives us the right to hope for results of the first importance in the development of style.

If there are any prevailing characteristics in the best architectural work of the present day in this country, they consist in the free use of heavy Romanesque forms from the south of France, low-browed round arches, stone mullions and transoms, wide-spreading gables, severe sky-lines, apsidal projections, rounded angles, and towers with low, pointed domical roofs; great wealth of carving, where the work is rich; a general aspect of heaviness and strength, frequently degenerating into an affectation of rudeness. Columns are short and stumpy, and capitals show Byzantine influence. Colonnades and arcades of windows are frequent, and all are free from the trammels of classicism. The new fashion has, for the moment, driven aspiration and lightness as well as precision and correctness out of the market. Important buildings with such features have lately been completed, or are under construction, in nearly all the large cities of the Union, from Boston to San Francisco. No modern buildings of this sort are to be seen either in France, Germany, or England. For the Romanesque of to-day in Europe is derived mostly from Norman traditions, and is more or less stiffened by pedantry and straightened by monastic formulas.

In fact, we apparently have at last, and for the first time, a purely American revival of certain ancient forms. There is scarcely a trained architect in this country who is not at the moment more or less attracted towards this especial phase of Romance art. There are, however, none who have not been, from their days of pupilage, as familiar with these forms as with that variety of them which the Normans introduced into England in the eleventh century; or with those derivatives of them which the monastic orders in the twelfth and the lay-builders in the thirteenth successively developed and brought to perfection; or with those forms which Francis I. brought from Italy to France in the fifteenth century; or, in fact, with any of the historic styles which have formed the basis of design for the last fifty years. Yet, until now, the front of Poitiers, the porches of St. Trophime at Arles, and the apses of St. Julian at Brioude have remained neglected in their portfolios, — a sort of antique rubbish, archæologically interesting, perhaps, but practically useless. Barbaric and rude, they have seemed in no respect germane to modern thought and modern practice.

It is observed also that, unlike any of the experiments in style which we have adopted from our English brethren, unlike our correct classic, our irreproachable Gothic, our Dutch reform, with its fretted gables, its sash windows, and its brick carving, this new revival has something about it which interests the public. Educated people of the laity are at last taking notice; and this is a most remarkable and encouraging sign.

Under what impulse has this change taken place among architects and laymen? What is its significance? Has the new movement a future before it? Has it come to stay?

It is a peculiarity of every change of style in modern practice that it must start from an archæological revival of

some sort. Indeed, archæology is the necessary basis of every style; for it cannot be too often repeated that a style is a growth, and not an invention; and yet, as Sergeant Troy said, "Creation and preservation don't do well together, and a million antiquarians can't invent a style." Thus at the beginning of every revival there must stand one or more architects of exceptional force and ability, to give to the new movement its first impetus, — to show how it can be adapted to modern usage, to establish its respectability and success.

The personality which has performed this function in America with reference to the Romanesque of Auvergne is certainly one of the most interesting, and perhaps one of the most remarkable, in the history of modern architects. Other contemporaries in his profession have exhibited at least equal professional attainments. Others have surpassed him in the amount of work accomplished. But none have had a professional career so fortunate, so exceptional in its characteristics, and so brilliant in its results as that of Henry Hobson Richardson, of Brookline, Mass. It would not be difficult to point out single works by some of his professional friends which, in respect of artistic and technical merit, would occupy a rank at least as high as anything from his hand. But it would not be possible to show a succession of works from any other hands exhibiting an individuality so strong, a personal force so imposing, a progress of achievement so steady, a development of genius so harmonious and consistent. Certainly we shall find no career which has made upon the public an impression so marked, none which has had an influence upon the profession so powerful and so widely spread.

Dr. Johnson said that every human life, however humble, must have something of interest in it for all mankind. No biography can fail, at some point, to touch the sympathies and awaken prof-

itable thought. Above all, a career of consistent progress in any walk of experience, a career which developed from good to better and from better to best, deserves to be studied and analyzed in all its phases, for the benefit of those who are still in the midst of the labors of production. Such a career should ultimately belong to the public, with all the incidents and accidents which helped to make it possible. That, however, with which we are now especially concerned is too recent and too near to us to be spread before the world in all its details. Its results are not yet sufficiently ascertained, its value is as yet too much a matter of question, to justify a premature invasion of its privacy. But, even at this stage, an outline of its purely professional part may be permitted, because it had qualities which have visibly affected the taste of to-day, and which therefore claim serious consideration.

Henry Hobson Richardson was born at Priestley's Point, St. James' Parish, Louisiana, September 29, 1838. His father, Henry D. Richardson, was a planter of ample means, born in America, but whose ancestors were originally Scotch, and afterwards took up their abode in England. His mother, Catherine Caroline Priestley, was a daughter of the famous Dr. Priestley, of England. Their son received an appointment as cadet at West Point from Judah P. Benjamin, who was then Senator. He passed his examinations, but, his father dying at that time, he gave up the appointment and entered Harvard College, whence he graduated with the class of 1859. In July of the same year he went abroad with two of his classmates, traveled extensively, and finally settled in Paris, where he began the study of architecture in the School of Fine Arts, entering, in 1860, the *atelier* of M. André. Meanwhile, his family, in the vicissitudes of the war for the Union, lost their fortune, and Richardson was for

the first time thrown upon his own resources. But he pursued his studies in Paris until October, 1865, when he returned to this country, and in the following year began the active practice of his profession as a member of the firm of Gambrell and Richardson, in New York. In 1867 he married Julia Gorham Hayden, daughter of Dr. Hayden, of Boston, and took up his residence at Clifton, Staten Island, N. Y., where he remained until May, 1875. The professional partnership having been previously dissolved, he moved to Brookline, Mass., in 1875. Here he established his studio, and here he lived until his death, April 27, 1886.

In 1866 he was made a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects; in 1879 he became a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and in 1881 of the Archæological Institute of America.

The incidents of his professional career may be most briefly stated in a chronological list of his works, which is approximately correct:—

1. Grace Church, Medford, Mass.
2. Boston and Albany Railroad Offices, Springfield, Mass.
3. Church of the Unity, Springfield, Mass.
4. The Agawam Bank, Springfield, Mass.
5. House for William Dorsheimer, Esq., Buffalo, N. Y.
6. The State Asylum for the Insane, Buffalo, N. Y.
7. Exhibition Building, Cordova, Argentine Republic.
8. American Express Co. Building, Chicago, Ill.
9. Brattle Street Church, Boston, Mass.
10. Worcester High School.
11. The Hampden County Court-House, Springfield, Mass.
12. Trinity Church, Boston, Mass.
13. Cheney Buildings, Hartford, Conn.
14. Phoenix Insurance Building, Hartford, Conn.
15. House for B. W. Crowninshield, Boston, Mass.
16. The North Church, Springfield, Mass.
17. William Watt Sherman's house, Newport, R. I.
18. Portions of the New York State Capitol, Albany, N. Y.
19. Public Library, Woburn, Mass.
20. Ames Memorial Library, North Easton, Mass.

21. Sever Hall, Cambridge, Mass.
22. Ames Memorial Town Hall, North Easton, Mass.
23. Trinity Church Rectory, Boston, Mass.
24. Monument to Oliver and Oakes Ames, Sherman, Wyoming.
25. Gate lodge for F. L. Ames, North Easton, Mass.
26. Crane Memorial Library, Quincy, Mass.
27. Bridges for the Back Bay Park, Boston, Mass.
28. City Hall, Albany, N. Y.
29. Depot for the Boston and Albany R. R., Auburndale, Mass.
30. New Law School, Cambridge, Mass.
31. House for F. L. Higginson, Esq., Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
32. House for General N. L. Anderson, Washington, D. C.
33. Railroad depot, Holyoke, Mass., for Connecticut River R. R.
34. Depot, Palmer, Mass., for Boston and Albany R. R.
35. Depot, North Easton, Mass., Boston and Albany R. R.
36. Dairy Building, North Easton, Mass.
37. House for Grange Sard, Esq., Albany, N. Y.
38. Store on Kingston and Bedford Sts., Boston, for F. L. Ames, Esq.; also store on Washington Street.
39. Billings Library for University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
40. Depot, Chestnut Hill, Mass., Boston and Albany R. R.
41. Converse Memorial Library, Malden, Mass.
42. Baptist Church, Newton, Mass.
43. House for Henry Adams, Esq., Washington, D. C.
44. House for John Hay, Esq., Washington, D. C.
45. Alleghany County Buildings, consisting of Court-House and Jail, Pittsburgh, Penn.
46. Wholesale warehouse for Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.
47. Armory, Detroit, Mich.
48. Chamber of Commerce, Cincinnati, Ohio.
49. Dwelling-house for Franklin MacVeagh, Esq., Chicago, Ill.
50. Dwelling-house for B. H. Warder, Esq., Washington, D. C.
51. Dwelling-house for J. J. Glessner, Esq., Chicago, Ill.
52. Dwelling-house for Robert Treat Paine, Esq., Waltham, Mass.
53. Dwelling-house for Professor E. W. Gurney, Beverly, Mass.
54. Dwelling-house for J. R. Lionberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.
55. Dwelling-house for William H. Gratwick, Esq., Buffalo, N. Y.
56. Store on Harrison Avenue, Boston, for F. L. Ames, Esq.
57. Railroad depot, New London, Conn.
58. House for Professor Hubert Herkomer, A. R. A., England.

Of these buildings, the fourteen last named were incomplete at the time of his death, though practically developed in design.

The mere number of his works does not necessarily imply an exceptionally successful career; but in the character of all of them, in the importance of many of them, in their logical succession in point of merit, in their consistency to an ideal established as firmly as the foundations of his most massive buildings, in the impression which they bear of the unrelenting vigor of his mind, they are unique.

It is the fate of most modern buildings — not less of the most scholarly and correct among them than of the most vernacular and commonplace — that they have failed to excite public interest. They are not discussed or criticised, as are the latest works in sculpture or painting. They seem to have no word to say which is intelligible to the passers-by. They may give pleasure in some sort, but the pleasure is undefined, and no layman seeks to analyze the cause of these unconscious impressions. This great art, therefore, seems to live a life quite apart from public sympathy, and the genius of the architect becomes introverted and sophisticated without the continual spur and admonition of common appreciation.

But Richardson's works, wherever placed, have in some way made an impression upon the public mind. They have always surprised, and generally pleased, all who looked upon them. They have aroused discussion outside the closed areopagus of the profession. To discover the cause of such a phenomenon and rightly to profit by this unusual experience would make architecture at length a living art in our land. Its professors have but to gain their public by their works, and the *reform* has begun. Reform is better than any revival, however learned or picturesque.

It is therefore eminently desirable to discover the nature of these potent qualities in Richardson's works. They are not likely to reside in the characteristics which first attract the architect, certainly not in the cleverness with which this skillful student has adapted to modern uses certain devices of construction and decoration which were developed by a few unknown builders in the south of France, in the tenth or eleventh century; they are not in his archaeological correctness, nor in the light which he has thrown upon the spirit of certain phases of historical art, nor in his technique. But we may find them among the more obvious characteristics of his work, namely, in its subjective qualities, — in the weight and breadth of his touch, in the remarkable simplicity of his architectural conceptions, in their large, manly vigor, in their clear and powerful accentuation, in the plainness of their sky-lines, and in their freedom from the conventionalities of design. The general idea of each of his buildings is patent to all. The beholder is flattered to find that here, at last, is a fine building which he can understand. His eye is not distracted by detail; that is to say, the detail remains subordinated to the general conception, and only presents itself to the mind subsequently as a confirmation of the first impression. He may like or dislike the design, but he does not forget it.

It would seem an obvious conclusion from this experience that a theory of composition based upon general principles of simplicity and breadth or strength is a better starting-point for a school of reform than any revival, the greatest virtue of which must be correctness of reproduction and skill of adaptation. This, in fact, is the most important bequest left by Richardson to his professional brothers. The natural tendency of modern architecture is to complexity and pedantry, born of familiarity with the whole history of art; its appeal is rather

to the profession through technical qualities and displays of science than to the public through the larger and more robust virtues which all can comprehend. I am referring to the best work of the best men in the profession, who disdain to sacrifice their convictions for the sake of astonishing the vulgar with extravagances, or of attracting them with novelties. To such, a career like that of Richardson is a welcome refreshment. Its influence upon contemporary work is altogether wholesome, and seems not unlikely to prepare the way for a reform of the best sort. The Rev. J. L. Pettie, in the preface of his admirable *Architectural Studies in France* (1854), said, "I would look forward to an architectural style that shall appeal to a deeper sense than a critical taste for correctness, and display a power beyond that of mere science. That such a style will spring up sooner or later I have little doubt. But I cannot venture to pronounce what will be its constructive or decorative character. . . . It may prove to be something as little within the contemplation of our present architects and architectural writers as the richest Gothic was in the imagination of the first builders of the Roman basilica."

The lesson of Richardson's career is conveyed to us mostly in the language of the Romanesque of Auvergne, but with reminiscences from the neighboring provinces of Anjou, Aquitaine, and Provence. He was fortunate enough to hit upon an undeveloped style, full of capacity, picturesque, romantic; its half-savage strength beguiled by traces of refinement inherited from the luxury of the later Roman Empire. It was a style quite in harmony with the natural habits of his mind, and he was wise enough to resist the temptation to experiment in other styles. He forced his Romanesque to uses the most various, — from Trinity Church to the Pittsburgh Court-House, from dwelling-houses at Washington to railway stations in Massachu-

setts, from warehouses in Boston and Chicago to the State House at Albany. In all these the influence of his chosen style was dominant in various degrees, colored more or less, as occasion required, by influences of later styles. It must not be inferred that he was an archæological architect, like Sir Gilbert Scott, whose works were always correct and learned but dry and prosaic; or like Burgess, whose whole life was a beautiful early Gothic masquerade; or even like Vaudremer, who, in his famous church at Montrouge, showed how a refined artist could evolve an ideal Romanesque out of the traditions of the Paris studios. And yet no architect ever made a more thorough and conscientious study of his chosen style; he collected all the books, prints, and photographs which bore upon the subject, and personally ransacked all the forgotten by-ways among the springs of the Loire for examples and details. He saturated himself with the spirit of the unsophisticated builders and stone carvers of southern France who preceded the builder-monks of Cluny and Cîteaux; and yet he never permitted his antiquarianism to swamp his individuality. The success of his revival must be attributed far less to this sympathy with the spirit of these Romanesque designers than to the powerful personality which was everywhere infused in his work. It is this element which distinguished his performances above those of any of his contemporaries on either side of the Atlantic, and has given to them their peculiar attractiveness. They were never mere adapted quotations, like the works of the Gothic and Queen Anne revivalists; they constituted a living art, for, as has been intimated, the succession of his works, from the Boston and Albany Railroad offices and the Agawam Bank at Springfield to his competitive designs for the Cathedral at Albany, shows a steady process of development from savage and brutal strength to strength refined by study, enriched by

experience, and controlled by indomitable will. His artistic biography may be clearly read in his buildings taken in the order of their date. The most casual observer recognizes in each his big, plain, unmistakable sign-manual. His range of favorite architectural *motifs* is exceptionally small for an architect of his accomplishments. The predominant horizontal string course, the low arch, the heavy stone transom, the frieze of windows, separated by grouped shafts, the apsidal projection, the accentuation of points by profuse semi-barbaric sculpture, the coarse mosaic, the large, unbroken wall surface, the depressed gable, the severe sky-line, the general tendency to a sort of grandiose archaism,—these features are incidents in every work of masonry which came from his hand. His invention was active, but it found ample scope for variety of expression with this simple language of form. Every problem of design, whether large or small,—especially in a few little wooden country houses,—was developed in a broad, strong way; with mannerism, indeed, but without sophistications of detail. Evidences of recklessness and carelessness in matters of technique are not unfrequent. In some of his earlier work, notably in Trinity Church, he seemed impatient of the study of detail. He never made a sacrifice for the sake of symmetry; very few of his *façades* are controlled by a centre line, none are overladen or overstudied; some, on the other hand, are bald and vacant. But he always obtained an effect of repose, and sometimes of a reserved force unusual in modern work. He knew how to decorate without weakening, and no modern designer ever more thoroughly understood the value and true function of sculpture in a work of architecture. He rarely placed an ornament where it was not duly subordinated to and illustrative of the architectural frame-work. Much of his earlier work was abandoned to a display of bigness and force which

betrayed him into grotesqueness and extravagance. This tendency never entirely deserted him, and even in the later part of his career made possible that extraordinary piece of architectural athleticism, the gate lodge on the estate of F. L. Ames at North Easton, which might have been piled up by a Cyclops. This specimen of boisterous Titanic gamboling was nearly coincident with some of the most refined and most patiently studied work of his hand, as, for example, the Town Hall at North Easton and the New Law School at Cambridge.

Richardson poured into the antique mould such a stream of vital energy and personal force that the old types seemed transformed in his hands. The productions of such a man must necessarily be open occasionally to adverse criticism in matters of technical detail. It is not the object of this paper to review his works in any such spirit. It is sufficient that there are qualities in them which interest the public, and which have made an almost unexampled impression upon contemporary architects. There are few of his countrymen in the profession who, at this moment, among the influences which affect their hands in designing, will not recognize the distinct enrichment and enlargement of their resources by a new range of architectural motifs first made current by Richardson's practice.

On general principles, every addition to our means of expression in an art, the language of which is a language of forms, appealing to the imagination through the eye, would be accepted as a benefit, were it not that this *copia verborum* is already so overcrowded with contributions out of the inexhaustible past that the architect is apt to overlay the fundamental idea of his work with favorite expressions and phrases, so that its intention becomes "caviare to the general." He is somewhat like the Chinese poets, who, when they would

write a sonnet to their mistress' eyebrows, make a mere compound of quotations from their classics, ingeniously dovetailed, and intelligible only to Chinese scholarship. But we have to thank Richardson for something more than an interesting addition to our architectural vocabulary. This has been done before him by many architects of genius, who did not leave their successors practically any richer, nor advance their art a single step towards reform or the development of a style.

It is because of the almost unexampled proof of the potency of breadth, unity, and simplicity of style that we are chiefly indebted to our friend. These are the qualities which, irrespective of the especial forms which he affected, constitute his greatest claim to recognition as a leader. The benefits of this example may be detected not only in the work of his immediate school of young followers, but in the practice of older men in the profession. It is rather from this influence that we have a right to anticipate beneficent results than from his peculiar mannerism in handling his favorite phases of Romanesque. One has but to glance at the innumerable wooden country houses of the cheaper sort which have arisen during the last two or three years, to see, even in this homely branch of the art of building, that the day of fatal facility in jig-sawing, machine-made mouldings, and "gingerbread work" has gone by, and given place not to antiquarianism or old colonial masquerading, but to a careful simplicity of outline, to a reserve in matters of detail, which, while they make possible any desirable degree of quaintness or picturesqueness of expression, are entirely consistent with convenience, economy, and a display of the best sort of architectural power. We venture the opinion that this wholesome phase in the building art is the direct result of Richardson's example.

As might be expected, he has imita-

tors, who travesty his peculiarities of style and affront the civilization of our times with elaborate affectations of savagery and archaic rudeness. These brutalities, fortunately, find no general acceptance, and will soon be forgotten. Evidence of refinement and study is essential to any work of the nineteenth century; and when these qualities are made consistent with those nobler qualities which work for strength, simplicity, and life, as we may see in the Chamber of Commerce at Cincinnati, in the Library at Woburn, and in the unexecuted studies for the Cathedral at Albany, we seem to approach the highest architectural achievements of our time, and to catch a glimpse of the dawning of a new era, having its foundations in prin-

ciples, and not in imitations and conventionalities. Perhaps the hope of architecture resides largely in a continuation of Richardson's experiments with the Romanesque of Auvergne. The resources of the style and its capacities for development are evidently not exhausted. If it is treated merely as a revival, there is no health in it, and it will presently fail, like the other revivals which have preceded it. If it is treated as a basis for true progress, it will be found more fruitful than any other style now available, and the movement may have before it a future entirely beneficial for American art, — a future which will differentiate that art from contemporary work on the other side of the Atlantic, and give us at last, perhaps, a definite American style.

Henry Van Brunt.

THE BLINDMAN'S WORLD.

THE narrative to which this note is introductory was found among the papers of the late Professor S. Erastus Larrabee, and, as an acquaintance of the gentleman to whom they were bequeathed, I was requested to prepare it for publication. This turned out a very easy task, for the document proved of so extraordinary a character that, if published at all, it should obviously be without change. It appears that the professor did really, at one time in his life, have an attack of vertigo, or something of the sort, under circumstances similar to those described by him, and to that extent his narrative may be founded on fact. How soon it shifts from that foundation, or whether it does at all, the reader must conclude for himself. It appears certain that the professor never related to any one, while living, the stranger features of the experience here narrated, but this might have been merely from fear that his

standing as a man of science would be thereby injured.

Edward Bellamy.

THE PROFESSOR'S NARRATIVE.

At the time of the experience of which I am about to write, I was professor of astronomy and higher mathematics at Abercrombie College. Most astronomers have a specialty, and mine was the study of the planet Mars, our nearest neighbor but one in the Sun's little family. When no important celestial phenomena in other quarters demanded attention, it was on the ruddy disc of Mars that my telescope was oftenest focused. I was never weary of tracing the outlines of its continents and seas, its capes and islands, its bays and straits, its lakes and mountains. With intense interest I watched from week to week of the Martial winter the advance of the polar ice-cap toward the equator, and its corresponding retreat in

the summer; testifying across the gulf of space as plainly as written words to the existence on that orb of a climate like our own. A specialty is always in danger of becoming an infatuation, and my interest in Mars, at the time of which I write, had grown to be more than strictly scientific. The impression of the nearness of this planet, heightened by the wonderful distinctness of its geography as seen through a powerful telescope, appeals strongly to the imagination of the astronomer. On fine evenings I used to spend hours, not so much critically observing as brooding over its radiant surface, till I could almost persuade myself that I saw the breakers dashing on the bold shore of Kepler land, and heard the muffled thunder of avalanches descending the snow-clad mountains of Mitchell. No earthly landscape had the charm to hold my gaze of that far-off planet, whose oceans, to the unpracticed eye, seem but darker, and its continents lighter, spots and bands.

Astronomers have agreed in declaring that Mars is undoubtedly habitable by beings like ourselves, but, as may be supposed, I was not in a mood to be satisfied with considering it merely habitable. I allowed no sort of question that it was inhabited. What manner of beings these inhabitants might be I found a fascinating speculation. The variety of types appearing in mankind even on this small Earth makes it most presumptuous to assume that the denizens of different planets may not be characterized by diversities far profounder. Wherein such diversities, coupled with a general resemblance to man, might consist, whether in mere physical differences or in different mental laws, in the lack of certain of the great passion motors of men or the possession of quite others, were weird themes of never-failing attractions for my mind. The El Dorado visions with which the virgin mystery of the New World in-

spired the early Spanish explorers were tame and prosaic compared with the speculations which it was perfectly legitimate to indulge, when the problem was the conditions of life on another planet.

It was the time of the year when Mars is most favorably situated for observation, and, anxious not to lose an hour of the precious season, I had spent the greater part of several successive nights in the observatory. I believed that I had made some original observations as to the trend of the coast of Kepler Land between Lagrange Peninsula and Christie Bay, and it was to this spot that my observations were particularly directed.

On the fourth night other work detained me from the observing-chair till after midnight. When I had adjusted the instrument and took my first look at Mars, I remember being unable to restrain a cry of admiration. The planet was fairly dazzling. It seemed nearer and larger than I had ever seen it before, and its peculiar ruddiness more striking. In thirty years of observations, I recall, in fact, no occasion when the absence of exhalations in our atmosphere has coincided with such cloudlessness in that of Mars as on that night. I could plainly make out the white masses of vapor at the opposite edges of the lighted disc, which are the mists of its dawn and evening. The snowy mass of Mount Hall over against Kepler Land stood out with wonderful clearness, and I could unmistakably detect the blue tint of the ocean of De La Rue, which washes its base,—a feat of vision often, indeed, accomplished by star-gazers, though I had never done it to my complete satisfaction before.

I was impressed with the idea that if I ever made an original discovery in regard to Mars, it would be on that evening, and I believed that I should do it. I trembled with mingled exultation and anxiety, and was obliged to pause

to recover my self-control. Finally, I placed my eye to the eye-piece, and directed my gaze upon the portion of the planet in which I was especially interested. My attention soon became fixed and absorbed much beyond my wont, when observing, and that itself implied no ordinary degree of abstraction. To all mental intents and purposes I was on Mars. Every faculty, every susceptibility of sense and intellect, seemed gradually to pass into the eye, and become concentrated in the act of gazing. Every atom of nerve and will power combined in the strain to see a little, and yet a little, and yet a little, clearer, farther, deeper.

The next thing I knew I was on the bed that stood in a corner of the observing-room, half raised on an elbow, and gazing intently at the door. It was broad daylight. Half a dozen men, including several of the professors and a doctor from the village, were around me. Some were trying to make me lie down, others were asking me what I wanted, while the doctor was urging me to drink some whiskey. Mechanically repelling their offices, I pointed to the door and ejaculated, "President Byxbee — coming," giving expression to the one idea which my dazed mind at that moment contained. And sure enough, even as I spoke the door opened, and the venerable head of the college, somewhat blown with climbing the steep stairway, stood on the threshold. With a sensation of prodigious relief, I fell back on my pillow.

It appeared that I had swooned while in the observing-chair, the night before, and had been found by the janitor in the morning, my head fallen forward on the telescope, as if still observing, but my body cold, rigid, pulseless, and apparently dead.

In a couple of days I was all right again, and should soon have forgotten the episode but for a very interesting

conjecture which had suggested itself in connection with it. This was nothing less than that, while I lay in that swoon, I was in a conscious state outside and independent of the body, and in that state received impressions and exercised perceptive powers. For this extraordinary theory I had no other evidence than the fact of my knowledge in the moment of awaking that President Byxbee was coming up the stairs. But slight as this clue was, it seemed to me unmistakable in its significance. That knowledge was certainly in my mind on the instant of arousing from the swoon. It certainly could not have been there before I fell into the swoon. I must therefore have gained it in the mean time; that is to say, I must have been in a conscious, percipient state while my body was insensible.

If such had been the case, I reasoned that it was altogether unlikely that the trivial impression as to President Byxbee had been the only one which I had received in that state. It was far more probable that it had remained over in my mind, on waking from the swoon, merely because it was the latest of a series of impressions received while outside the body. That these impressions were of a kind most strange and startling, seeing that they were those of a disembodied soul exercising faculties more spiritual than those of the body, I could not doubt. The desire to know what they had been grew upon me, till it became a longing which left me no repose. It seemed intolerable that I should have secrets from myself, that my soul should withhold its experiences from my intellect. I would gladly have consented that the acquisitions of half my waking lifetime should be blotted out, if so be in exchange I might be shown the record of what I had seen and known during those hours of which my waking memory showed no trace. None the less for the conviction of its hopelessness, but rather all the more, as

the perversity of our human nature will have it, the longing for this forbidden lore grew on me, till the hunger of Eve in the Garden was mine.

Constantly brooding over a desire that I felt to be vain, tantalized by the possession of a clue which only mocked me, my physical condition became at length affected. My health was disturbed and my rest at night was broken. A habit of walking in my sleep, from which I had not suffered since childhood, recurred, and caused me frequent inconvenience. Such had been, in general, my condition for some time, when I awoke one morning with the strangely weary sensation by which my body usually betrayed the secret of the impositions put upon it in sleep, of which otherwise I should often have suspected nothing. In going into the study connected with my chamber, I found a number of freshly written sheets on the desk. Astonished that any one should have been in my rooms while I slept, I was astounded, on looking more closely, to observe that the handwriting was my own. How much more than astounded I was on reading the matter that had been set down, the reader may judge if he shall peruse it. For these written sheets apparently contained the longed-for but despaired-of record of those hours when I was absent from the body. They were the lost chapter of my life; or rather, not lost at all, for it had been no part of my waking life, but a stolen chapter,—stolen from that sleep-memory on whose mysterious tablets may well be inscribed tales as much more marvellous than this as this is stranger than most stories.

It will be remembered that my last recollection before awaking in my bed, on the morning after the swoon, was of contemplating the coast of Kepler Land with an unusual concentration of attention. As well as I can judge, — and that is no better than any one else, — it is with the moment that my bodily

powers succumbed and I became unconscious that the narrative which I found on my desk begins.

THE DOCUMENT FOUND ON MY DESK

Even had I not come as straight and swift as the beam of light that made my path, a glance about would have told me to what part of the universe I had fared. No earthly landscape could have been more familiar. I stood on the high coast of Kepler Land where it trends southward. A brisk westerly wind was blowing and the waves of the ocean of De La Rue were thundering at my feet, while the broad blue waters of Christie Bay stretched away to the southwest. Against the northern horizon, rising out of the ocean like a summer thunder-head, for which at first I mistook it, towered the far-distant, snowy summit of Mount Hall.

Even had the configuration of land and sea been less familiar, I should none the less have known that I stood on the planet whose ruddy hue is at once the admiration and puzzle of astronomers. Its explanation I now recognized in the tint of the atmosphere, a coloring comparable to the haze of Indian summer, except that its hue was a faint rose instead of purple. Like the Indian summer haze, it was impalpable, and without impeding the view bathed all objects near and far in a glamour not to be described. As the gaze turned upward, however, the deep blue of space so far overcame the roseate tint that one might fancy he were still on Earth.

As I looked about me I saw many men, women, and children. They were in no respect dissimilar, so far as I could see, to the men, women, and children of the Earth, save for something almost childlike in the untroubled serenity of their faces, unfurrowed as they were by any trace of care, of fear, or of anxiety. This extraordinary youthfulness of aspect made it difficult, indeed, save by careful scrutiny, to distinguish

the young from the middle-aged, maturity from advanced years. Time seemed to have no tooth on Mars.

I was gazing about me, admiring this crimson-lighted world, and these people who appeared to hold happiness by a tenure so much firmer than men's, when I heard the words, "You are welcome," and, turning, saw that I had been accosted by a man with the stature and bearing of middle age, though his countenance, like the other faces which I had noted, wonderfully combined the strength of a man's with the serenity of a child's. I thanked him, and said, "You do not seem surprised to see me, though I certainly am to find myself here." "Assuredly not," he answered. "I knew, of course, that I was to meet you to-day. And not only that, but I may say I am already in a sense acquainted with you, through a mutual friend, Professor Edgerly. He was here last month, and I met him at that time. We talked of you and your interest in our planet. I told him I expected you." "Edgerly!" I exclaimed. "It is strange that he has said nothing of this to me. I meet him every day." But I was reminded that it was in a dream that Edgerly, like myself, had visited Mars, and on awaking had recalled nothing of his experience, just as I should recall nothing of mine. When will man learn to interrogate the dream soul of the marvels it sees in its wanderings? Then he will no longer need to improve his telescopes to find out the secrets of the universe. "Do your people visit the Earth in the same manner?" I asked my companion. "Certainly," he replied; "but there we find no one able to recognize us and converse with us as I am conversing with you, although myself in the waking state. You, as yet, lack the knowledge we possess of the spiritual side of the human nature which we share with you." "That knowledge must have enabled you to learn much more of the Earth than we know of

you," I said. "Indeed it has," he replied. "From visitors such as you, of whom we entertain a concourse constantly, we have acquired familiarity with your civilization, your history, your manners, and even your literature and languages. Have you not noticed that I am talking with you in English, which is certainly not a tongue indigenous to this planet?" "Among so many wonders I scarcely observed that," I answered. "For ages," pursued my companion, "we have been waiting for you to improve your telescopes so as to approximate the power of ours, after which communication between the planets would be easily established. The progress which you make is, however, so slow that we expect to wait ages yet." "Indeed, I fear you will have to," I replied. "Our opticians already talk of having reached the limits of their art." "Do not imagine that I spoke in any spirit of petulance," my companion resumed. "The slowness of your progress is not so remarkable to us as that you make any at all, burdened as you are by a disability so crushing that if we were in your place I fear we should sit down in utter despair." "To what disability do you refer?" I asked. "You seem to be men like us." "And so we are," was the reply, "save in one particular, but there the difference is tremendous. Endowed otherwise like us, you are destitute of the faculty of foresight, without which we should think our other faculties well-nigh valueless." "Foresight!" I repeated. "Certainly you cannot mean that it is given you to know the future?" "It is given not only to us," was the answer, "but, so far as we know, to all other intelligent beings of the universe except yourselves. Our positive knowledge extends only to our system of moons and planets and some of the nearer foreign systems, and it is conceivable that the remoter parts of the universe may harbor other blind races like your own; but it certainly

seems unlikely that so strange and lamentable a spectacle should be duplicated. One such illustration of the extraordinary deprivations under which a rational existence may still be possible ought to suffice for the universe." "But no one can know the future except by inspiration of God," I said. "All our faculties are by inspiration of God," was the reply, "but there is surely nothing in foresight to cause it to be so regarded more than any other. Think a moment of the physical analogy of the case. Your eyes are placed in the front of your heads. You would deem it an odd mistake if they were placed behind. That would appear to you an arrangement calculated to defeat their purpose. Does it not seem equally rational that the mental vision should range forward, as it does with us, illuminating the path one is to take, rather than backward, as with you, revealing only the course you have already trodden, and therefore have no more concern with? But it is no doubt a merciful provision of Providence that renders you unable to realize the grotesqueness of your predicament, as it appears to us." "But the future is eternal!" I exclaimed. "How can a finite mind grasp it?" "Our foreknowledge implies only human faculties," was the reply. "It is limited to our individual careers on this planet. Each of us foresees the course of his own life, but not that of other lives, except so far as they are involved with his." "That such a power as you describe could be combined with merely human faculties is more than our philosophers have ever dared to dream," I said. "And yet who shall say, after all, that it is not in mercy that God has denied it to us? If it is a happiness, as it must be, to foresee one's happiness, it must be most depressing to foresee one's sorrows, failures, yes, and even one's death. For if you foresee your lives to the end, you must anticipate the hour and manner of your death, — is it not so?" "Most as-

surely," was the reply. "Living would be a very precarious business, were we uninformed of its limit. Your ignorance of the time of your death impresses us as one of the saddest features of your condition." "And by us," I answered, "it is held to be one of the most merciful." "Foreknowledge of your death would not, indeed, prevent your dying once," continued my companion, "but it would deliver you from the thousand deaths you suffer through uncertainty whether you can safely count on the passing day. It is not the death you die, but these many deaths you do not die, which shadow your existence. Poor blindfolded creatures that you are, cringing at every step in apprehension of the stroke that perhaps is not to fall till old age, never raising a cup to your lips with the knowledge that you will live to quaff it, never sure that you will meet again the friend you part with for an hour, from whose hearts no happiness suffices to banish the chill of an ever-present dread, what idea can you form of the God-like security with which we enjoy our lives and the lives of those we love! You have a saying on earth, 'To-morrow belongs to God;' but here to-morrow belongs to us, even as to-day. To you, for some inscrutable purpose, he sees fit to dole out life moment by moment, with no assurance that each is not to be the last. To us he gives a lifetime at once, fifty, sixty, seventy years, — a divine gift indeed. A life such as yours would, I fear, seem of little value to us; for such a life, however long, is but a moment long, since that is all you can count on." "And yet," I answered, "though knowledge of the duration of your lives may give you an enviable feeling of confidence while the end is far off, is that not more than offset by the daily growing weight with which the expectation of the end, as it draws near, must press upon your minds?" "On the contrary," was the response, "death, never

an object of fear, as it draws nearer becomes more and more a matter of indifference to the moribund. It is because you live in the past that death is grievous to you. All your knowledge, all your affections, all your interests, are rooted in the past, and on that account, as life lengthens, it strengthens its hold on you, and memory becomes a more precious possession. We, on the contrary, despise the past, and never dwell upon it. Memory with us, far from being the morbid and monstrous growth it is with you, is scarcely more than a rudimentary faculty. We live wholly in the future and the present. What with foretaste and actual taste, our experiences, whether pleasant or painful, are exhausted of interest by the time they are past. The accumulated treasures of memory, which you relinquish so painfully in death, we count no loss at all. Our minds being fed wholly from the future, we think and feel only as we anticipate; and so, as the dying man's future contracts, there is less and less about which he can occupy his thoughts. His interest in life diminishes as the ideas which it suggests grow fewer, till at the last death finds him with his mind a *tabula rasa*, as with you at birth. In a word, his concern with life is reduced to a vanishing point before he is called on to give it up. In dying he leaves nothing behind." "And the after-death," I asked, — "is there no fear of that?" "Surely," was the reply, "it is not necessary for me to say that a fear which affects only the more ignorant on Earth is not known at all to us, and would be counted blasphemous. Moreover, as I have said, our foresight is limited to our lives on this planet. Any speculation beyond them would be purely conjectural, and our minds are repelled by the slightest taint of uncertainty. To us the conjectural and the unthinkable may be called almost the same."

"But even if you do not fear death for itself," I said, "you have hearts to

break. Is there no pain when the ties of love are sundered?" "Love and death are not foes on our planet," was the reply. "There are no tears by the bedsides of our dying. The same beneficent law which makes it so easy for us to give up life forbids us to mourn the friends we leave, or them to mourn us. With you it is the intercourse you have had with friends that is the source of your tenderness for them. With us it is the anticipation of the intercourse we shall enjoy which is the foundation of fondness. As our friends vanish from our future with the approach of their death, the effect on our thoughts and affections is as it would be with you if you forgot them by lapse of time. As our dying friends grow more and more indifferent to us, we, by operation of the same law of our nature, become indifferent to them, till at the last we are scarcely more than kindly and sympathetic watchers about the beds of those who regard us equally without keen emotions. So at last God gently unwinds instead of breaking the bands that bind our hearts together, and makes death as painless to the surviving as to the dying. Relations meant to produce our happiness are not the means also of torturing us, as with you. Love means joy, and that alone, to us, instead of blessing our lives for a while only to desolate them later on, compelling us to pay with a distinct and separate pang for every thrill of tenderness, exacting a tear for every smile." "There are other partings than those of death. Are these, too, without sorrow for you?" I asked. "Assuredly," was the reply. "Can you not see that so it must needs be with beings freed by foresight from the disease of memory? All the sorrow of parting, as of dying, comes with you from the backward vision which precludes you from beholding your happiness till it is past. Suppose your life destined to be blessed by a happy friendship. If you could know it beforehand, it would be a joy-

ous expectation, brightening the intervening years and cheering you as you traversed desolate periods. But no; not till you meet the one who is to be your friend do you know of him. Nor do you guess even then what he is to be to you, that you may embrace him at first sight. Your meeting is cold and indifferent. It is long before the fire is fairly kindled between you, and then it is already time for parting. Now, indeed, the fire burns well, but henceforth it must consume your heart. Not till they are dead or gone do you fully realize how dear your friends were and how sweet was their companionship. But we — we see our friends afar off coming to meet us, smiling already in our eyes, years before our ways meet. We greet them at first meeting, not coldly, not uncertainly, but with exultant kisses, in an ecstasy of joy. They enter at once into the full possession of hearts long warmed and lighted for them. We meet with that delirium of tenderness with which you part. And when to us at last the time of parting comes, it only means that we are to contribute to each other's happiness no longer. We are not doomed, like you, in parting, to take away with us the delight we brought our friends, leaving the ache of bereavement in its place, so that their last state is worse than their first. Parting here is like meeting with you, calm and unimpassioned. The joys of anticipation and possession are the only food of love with us, and therefore Love always wears a smiling face. With you he feeds on dead joys, past happiness, which are likewise the sustenance of sorrow. No wonder love and sorrow are so much alike on earth. It is a common saying among us that, were it not for the spectacle of the earth, the rest of the worlds would be unable to appreciate the goodness of God to them; and who can say that this is not the reason the piteous sight is set before us?"

"You have told me marvelous

things," I said, after I had reflected. "It is, indeed, but reasonable that such a race as yours should look down with wondering pity on the Earth. And yet, before I grant so much, I want to ask you one question. There is known in our world a certain sweet madness, under the influence of which we forget all that is untoward in our lot, and would not change it for a god's. So far is this sweet madness regarded by men as a compensation, and more than a compensation, for all their miseries that if you know not love as we know it, if this loss be the price you have paid for your divine foresight, we think ourselves more favored of God than you. Confess that love, with its reserves, its surprises, its mysteries, its revelations, is necessarily incompatible with a foresight which weighs and measures every experience in advance." "Of love's surprises we certainly know nothing," was the reply. "It is believed by our philosophers that the slightest surprise would kill beings of our constitution like lightning; though of course this is merely theory, for it is only by the study of earthly conditions that we are able to form an idea of what surprise is like. Your power to endure the constant buffetings of the unexpected is a matter of supreme amazement to us; nor, according to our ideas, is there any difference between what you call pleasant and painful surprises. You see, then, that we cannot envy you these surprises of love which you find so sweet, for to us they would be fatal. For the rest, there is no form of happiness which foresight is so well calculated to enhance as that of love. Let me explain to you how this befalls. As the growing boy begins to be sensible of the charms of woman, he finds himself, as I dare say it is with you, preferring some type of face and form to others. He dreams oftenest of fair hair, or may be of dark, of blue eyes or brown. As the years go on, his fancy, brooding over what seems to it the

best and loveliest of every type, is constantly adding to this dream-face, this shadowy form, traits and lineaments, hues and contours, till at last the picture is complete, and he becomes aware that on his heart thus subtly has been depicted the likeness of the maiden destined for his arms.

"It may be years before he is to see her, but now begins with him one of the sweetest offices of love, one to you unknown. Youth on earth is a stormy period of passion, chafing in restraint or rioting in excess. But the very passion whose awaking makes this time so critical with you is here a reforming and educating influence, to whose gentle and potent sway we gladly confide our children. The temptations which lead your young men astray have no hold on a youth of our happy planet. He hoards the treasures of his heart for its coming mistress. Of her alone he thinks, and to her all his vows are made. The thought of license would be treason to his sovereign lady, whose right to all the revenues of his being he joyfully owns. To rob her, to abate her high prerogatives, would be to impoverish, to insult, himself; for she is to be his, and her honor, her glory, are his own. Through all this time that he dreams of her by night and day, the exquisite reward of his devotion is the knowledge that she is aware of him as he of her, and that in the inmost shrine of a maiden heart his image is set up to receive the incense of a tenderness that needs not to restrain itself through fear of possible cross or separation.

"In due time their converging lives come together. The lovers meet, gaze a moment into each other's eyes, then throw themselves each on the other's breast. The maiden has all the charms that ever stirred the blood of an earthly lover, but there is another glamour over her which the eyes of earthly lovers are shut to,—the glamour of the future. In the blushing girl her lover

sees the fond and faithful wife, in the blithe maiden the patient, pain-consecrated mother. On the virgin's breast he beholds his children. He is prescient, even as his lips take the first-fruits of hers, of the future years during which she is to be his companion, his ever-present solace, his chief portion of God's goodness. We have read some of your romances describing love as you know it on Earth, and I must confess, my friend, we find them very dull.

"I hope," he added, as I did not at once speak, "that I shall not offend you by saying we find them also objectionable. Your literature possesses in general an interest for us in the picture it presents of the curiously inverted life which the lack of foresight compels you to lead. It is a study especially prized for the development of the imagination, on account of the difficulty of conceiving conditions so opposed to those of intelligent beings in general. But our women do not read your romances. The notion that a man or woman should ever conceive the idea of marrying a person other than the one whose husband or wife he or she is destined to be is profoundly shocking to our habits of thought. No doubt you will say that such instances are rare among you, but if your novels are faithful pictures of your life, they are at least not unknown. That these situations are inevitable under the conditions of earthly life we are well aware, and judge you accordingly; but it is needless that the minds of our maidens should be pained by the knowledge that there anywhere exists a world where such travesties upon the sacredness of marriage are possible.

"There is, however, another reason why we discourage the use of your books by our young people, and that is the profound effect of sadness, to a race accustomed to view all things in the morning glow of the future, of a literature written in the past tense and relating exclusively to things that are ended."

"And how do you write of things that are past except in the past tense?" I asked. "We write of the past when it is still the future, and of course in the future tense," was the reply. "If our historians were to wait till after the events to describe them, not alone would nobody care to read about things already done, but the histories themselves would probably be inaccurate; for memory, as I have said, is a very slightly developed faculty with us, and quite too indistinct to be trustworthy. Should the Earth ever establish communication with us, you will find our histories of interest; for our planet, being smaller, cooled and was peopled ages before yours, and our astronomical records contain minute accounts of the earth from the time it was a fluid mass. Your geologists and biologists may yet find a mine of information here."

In the course of our further conversation it came out that, as a consequence of foresight, some of the commonest emotions of human nature are unknown on Mars. They for whom the future has no mystery can, of course, know neither hope nor fear. Moreover, every one being assured what he shall attain to and what not, there can be no such thing as rivalry, or emulation, or any sort of competition in any respect; and therefore all the brood of heart-burnings and hatreds, engendered on Earth by the strife of man with man, is unknown to the people of Mars, save from the study of our planet. When I asked if there were not, after all, a lack of spontaneity, of sense of freedom, in leading lives fixed in all details beforehand, I was reminded that there was no difference in that respect between the lives of the people of Earth and of Mars, both alike being according to God's will in every particular. We knew that will only after the event, they before, — that was all. For the rest, God moved them through their wills as he did us, so that they had no more sense of compulsion

in what they did than we on Earth have in carrying out an anticipated line of action, in cases where our anticipations chance to be correct. Of the absorbing interest which the study of the plan of their future lives possessed for the people of Mars, my companion spoke eloquently. It was, he said, like the fascination to a mathematician of a most elaborate and exquisite demonstration, a perfect algebraical equation, with the glowing realities of life in place of figures and symbols.

When I asked if it never occurred to them to wish their futures different, he replied that such a question could only have been asked by one from the earth. No one could have foresight, or clearly believe that God had it, without realizing that the future is as incapable of being changed as the past. And not only this, but to foresee events was to foresee their logical necessity so clearly that to desire them different was as impossible as seriously to wish that two and two made five instead of four. No person could ever thoughtfully wish anything different, for so closely are all things, the small with the great, woven together by God that to draw out the smallest thread would unravel creation through all eternity.

While we had talked the afternoon had waned, and the sun had sunk below the horizon, the roseate atmosphere of the planet imparting a splendor to the cloud coloring, and a glory to the land and sea scape, never paralleled by an earthly sunset. Already the familiar constellations appearing in the sky reminded me how near, after all, I was to the Earth, for with the unassisted eye I could not detect the slightest variation in their position. Nevertheless, there was one wholly novel feature in the heavens, for many of the host of asteroids which circle in the zone between Mars and Jupiter were vividly visible to the naked eye. But the spectacle that chiefly held my gaze was the Earth, swim-

ming low on the verge of the horizon. Its disc, twice as large as that of any star or planet as seen from the earth, flashed with a brilliancy like that of Venus. "It is, indeed, a lovely sight," said my companion, "although to me always a melancholy one, from the contrast suggested between the radiance of the orb and the benighted condition of its inhabitants. We call it 'The Blindman's World.'" As he spoke he turned toward a curious structure which stood near us, though I had not before particularly observed it. "What is that?" I asked. "It is one of our telescopes," he replied. "I am going to let you take a look, if you choose, at your home, and test for yourself the powers of which I have boasted;" and having adjusted the instrument to his satisfaction, he showed me where to apply my eye to what answered to the eye-piece.

I could not repress an exclamation of amazement, for truly he had exaggerated nothing. The little college town which was my home lay spread out before me, seemingly almost as near as when I looked down upon it from my observatory windows. It was early morning, and the village was waking up. The milkmen were going their rounds, and workmen, with their dinner-pails, were hurrying along the streets. The early train was just leaving the railroad station. I could see the puffs from the smoke-stack, and the jets from the cylinders. It was strange not to hear the hissing of the steam, so near I seemed. There were the college buildings on the hill, the long rows of windows flashing back the level sunbeams. I could tell the time by the college clock. It struck me that there was an unusual bustle around the buildings, considering the earliness of the hour. A crowd of men stood about the door of the observatory, and many others were hurrying across the campus in that direction. Among them I recognized President Byxbee, accompanied

by the college janitor. As I gazed they reached the observatory, and, passing through the group about the door, entered the building. The president was evidently going up to my quarters. At this it flashed over me quite suddenly that all this bustle was on my account. I recalled how it was that I came to be on Mars, and in what condition I had left affairs in the observatory. It was high time I were back there to look after myself.

Here abruptly ended the extraordinary document which I found that morning on my desk. That it is the authentic record of the conditions of life in another world which it purports to be I do not expect the reader to believe. He will no doubt explain it as another of the curious freaks of somnambulism set down in the books. Probably it was merely that, possibly it was something more. I do not pretend to decide the question. I have told all the facts of the case, and have no better means for forming an opinion than the reader. Nor do I know, even if I fully believed it the true account it seems to be, that it would have affected my imagination much more strongly than it has. That story of another world has, in a word, put me out of joint with ours. The readiness with which my mind has adapted itself to the Martial point of view concerning the Earth has been a singular experience. The lack of foresight among the human faculties, a lack I had scarcely thought of before, now impresses me, ever more deeply, as a fact out of harmony with the rest of our nature, belying its promise, — a moral mutilation, a deprivation arbitrary and unaccountable. The spectacle of a race doomed to walk backward, beholding only what has gone by, assured only of what is past and dead, comes over me from time to time with a sadly fantastical effect which I cannot describe. I dream of a world where love always

wears a smile, where the partings are as tearless as our meetings, and death is king no more. I have a fancy, which I like to cherish, that the people of that

happy sphere, fancied though it may be, represent the ideal and normal type of our race, as perhaps it once was, as perhaps it may yet be again.

S. Erastus Larrabee.

EPIC RUSSIA.

THE new interest which has begun to manifest itself in Russian things could have no more significant illustration than that which is supplied by Miss Hapgood's felicitous experiment in the translation of Russian epic song.¹ Ten years ago it would have been impossible to issue a volume like this, such was the wide-spread incredulity, even among educated readers, concerning native Russian literature; during the greater part of the subsequent decade the rewards for successful investigation in this field have been discouragingly scanty. Nor is it at all doubtful that the thanks for the revived attention to Russia are due much more to the political pamphleteer, with his war sensationalism and jingo spirit, than to the Slav scholar and ethnologist, whose aim is the union of races by knowledge, as the purpose of others is the separation of men by prejudice. Yet it is the change itself, and not the means which have determined it, that is here of importance. The nations are evidently to know Russia in spite of themselves. A great Aryan people, with half of Europe already in its grip; a race to which prophetic statisticians award a population of one hundred million for the next half century; a new and original intellect, saturated with the learning of the West, yet full of the freshness of Eastern life,—these are objects of study which the world cannot much longer

afford to ignore, even in the interest of politics and politicians.

To say that there is ample room for The Epic Songs of Russia would be severely inadequate and misleading. Even the broadest aspects of that branch of Russian literature represented in Miss Hapgood's version have not yet been presented to readers of English. The surveys of Russian poetry accessible to most of us appear in German or in French. A few isolated poems by Pushkin, some fragments representing the poetical work of other Slav writers, together with a number of scattered magazine articles, are all that the cosmopolitan taste of the last twenty years has culled from the great store-house of Russian song. So far as facilities of knowledge are concerned, most of us are more familiar with the Magyar than with the Russian Parnassus; those speakers of English who read French are nearer to the realm of the Basque lyric than to the wide plains through which the Great Russian peasant minstrel wanders, with his mouth full of singing birds.

The book before us is thus a happy first installment of a debt long owing to Russian literature by the English-speaking nations of the West. In one sense the work is severely literary in its character, work of translation though it be; yet it has an interest for even the general reader that belongs to none of such issues, for example, as those of the Early English Text Society. The *byliny* chosen for reproduc-

¹ *The Epic Songs of Russia.* Translated by ISABEL FLORENCE HAPGOOD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

tion here are by far the finest of a series of stories that have the double charm of an absorbing narrative and a serious meaning, while the clear-cut precision of language and the fidelity to the meaning of the original, which are preëminently Miss Hapgood's contribution to the book, must prove the best help of all to the reader who is now awakened for the first time to the genuineness of the Russian popular poetry, and to the large claim which it has upon his attention.

So far as the explanatory notes are concerned, the conscientiousness of the translator is conspicuous and praiseworthy. There was, in reality, no other course open to Miss Hapgood than that of presenting, in addition to many thoughtful suggestions of her own, the main conclusions of comparative mythologists regarding the origin and significance of the Russian epic song. It is not her fault that the temper of scholarship towards the comparative method has grown of late years somewhat incredulous. Men have learned to fear, not the science, but the exaggerations, of comparative mythology. The attempt to explain popular beliefs in various countries of Europe by giving them an Aryan origin, and so making them branches of a single tree, has led, it must be admitted, to certain fruitful results, but has also involved mythology in a mass of inconsistencies and absurdities. The search after a principle of interpretation that should apply to every case deserved to end in failure.

In the comparison of popular myths, we have attached too much importance to science, and too little to common sense. Ingenuity has been allowed to take the place of insight. The philological method of interpretation, which seeks the origin of a story in the proper names which it contains, has tried men's patience most of all. We have forgotten, many of us, that myths, however many versions they may possess, have

only a single method of evolution. When the myth is new it is as intelligible in all its meanings as is the simplest description of events told to children. It cannot rise above the understanding of those amongst whom it has had birth. It has not one significance as a story, and another meaning as a nature myth. It is story or nothing, nature myth or nothing. But whatever the form may be, its actors are recognizable: it is the sun, or the sun as a divinity in human or animal shape, or a giant, or a military hero, who performs exploits. All is clear. But when the myth is old, there are two views of it: one is the remembrance of the modifications through which it has passed; the other is the attitude towards it of the generation to whom it has descended. The first is for scholars, who can recall its history; the second is for simple people, who believe a story as it is told, like their ancestors.

Hence the Russian peasant who to-day hears sung the adventures of various legendary and mythical personages, treats the events narrated and the beings introduced as real, not as mere corporeal masks for natural changes, such as the return of light, the triumph of the sun over darkness, or the phenomena of thunder and lightning. Probably a century of education will be needed to teach Russian agriculturists that Svyatogor is the cloud-mountain; that Mikailo's roaring in the grave is the thunder, and that his candles are the lightning, which he forges, by the way, with rod and pincers; that Nightingale the Robber represents "the rude and boisterous gales," while Nightingale Budimirovich is "the breeze, gentle and seductive as a minstrel;" that Vladimir is "the passive, inactive principle of the sun, and pursues his way tranquilly through the sky;" but that Dobrynya "wages incessant war with darkness, triumphing over it every morning, and with winter, whose fetters he strikes

asunder every spring with the sword of his rays." How habitually a Russian peasant may employ an apparently solar epithet without attaching to it a solar meaning is shown in the use of *krasnoe solnyshko*, signifying red or beautiful sun. This is used throughout Russia by a mother to her child, by a girl to her sweetheart; it is also the epithet given to Vladimir, of historic fame; yet in no single case is there any thought of the sun associated with the words. The epithet is one of honorable distinction; it is the highest thing that can be said of any one; it conveys the idea of beauty in a preëminent degree. There is thus a true analogy between the vicissitudes of myths and those of words. Both begin with a single, simple significance, intelligible to everybody; both end with two meanings, one of which, exclusively for scholars, escapes altogether the attention of the unlearned.

At the foundation of these Russian songs, moreover, lies a human element that cannot be attributed to any purely racial influence. However national an epic may be, we shall find in it evidences that the intellectual development of man has been much the same in all parts of the world. Looking far enough back, we reach a time in which human beings, as yet ignorant of the environment, sought to explain it by investing things with the vitality they saw in themselves. At a later period, when men had learned to draw a distinction between objects animate and inanimate, they still confounded the life of the brute with the life of the human being: hence that wide-spread belief in the human nature of animals, which in so many countries has given rise to a belief in their power of reasoning and speech. It is one of the most interesting studies to note how full of this theriomorphic faith are the Russian epic songs. Horses frequently warn the hero of his danger, making set speeches to suit the occasion. Volga Vseslavich, who had a

serpent for his father, undergoes transformation into a wolf, on another occasion into a hermine. One of the bogatyrs addresses a short oration to his arrow, before launching it at a foe. In one of the songs Dobrynya assumes the shape of an aurochs. Serpents and other animals are frequently represented as in negotiation with men.

There has been much discussion concerning the sources of the Russian epic. The problem has been complicated by a process of growth remarkably involved. Popular legends in poetic form do not increase, like the crystal, by successive layers, each one of which may be removed for examination by an easy and natural cleavage: they grow by a sort of literary intussusception, massing together elements the most diverse. They show us the mind of the people acting not analytically, but synthetically, and far more intent on presenting the whole of the memories, fancies, and impressions, out of which such collections always arise, than of preserving any particular method of narration, or of handing down any myth or legend intact. In the formative period both matter and form are fluent, as befits the life hours of both myth and word; it is when a story has grown old, has hardened into a symbol, that the conservative spirit provides it with a shield.

The best scholarship of recent years has found a far more rational method of dealing with the Russian epic than that followed by M. Stassov in his well-known attempt to trace it wholly to Eastern sources. The researches of Jagic and Wesselofsky show the heterogeneousness of the songs to be greater than any claimed for them by previous interpreters. They yield, in addition to well-established resemblances with Hindoo myths, traces of the profane literature of the Middle Ages, of the Byzantine stories, the Tale of Troy, the legends of Baarlam and Josaphat, the story of Prester John, the myth of the

Fair Melusine; of the apocryphal legends and the Bible stories. The influence of Christianity and of Christian beliefs, especially of the Biblical narratives, is now shown to have played a very large and important part in determining the present form of the songs. The allegation of a Tatar or Mongol element seems to raise the question whether the Russian epic has not some point of contact with Finnish mythology which scholarship has not yet been able to reach. That Russian folk-lore must have borrowed plentifully from Finnish tradition cannot well be doubted. There is a touch of something other than purely Aryan myth in such divinities as Dazh-Bog, Perun, Stribog, and Did Lado.

Two questions finally arise: Have the Russians genuine epic poetry, and to what extent does it bear the impress of the national temper and genius? It is true that the adventures of fairy princes and princesses, and combats with snakes, giants, and demons, do not constitute an epos in the true meaning of that word; they represent, whatever their environment may be, no more than the *skazka*, the *Volksmärchen*. The historic background of the songs is occasionally disappointing. Yet that they are truly epic must, we think, be universally acknowledged. The nature of the events narrated, the exploits performed and their heroic actors, the cyclical character of the stories, the frequent reappearance in them of the bogatyr under new circumstances, the sharpness of the narrative, the use of Homeric epithets and their frequent repetition, as well as the beauty of the coloring, all bring the byliny within the category of epic song.

Purely native traits, on the other hand, abound in all the songs. Especially characteristic is the apotheosis of the peasant. The frequent exchange of crosses, the marriage around the *cystus* bush, the wearing of the virginal plait,

the drinking habits of the heroes, are all customs intensely Russian. It may, indeed, be said that the Russian character and the methods of the Russian genius have never had better exemplification than that which they receive in these byliny. No race that did not possess a large receptivity for the foreign could have assimilated so many and such diverse elements; none less richly endowed with the poetic instinct and with the qualities of imagination and feeling could have dealt with those elements in so masterly a way. The highest triumph of all won by the Russian people over the raw material of their epic was, perhaps, not that of redacting it into poetic form, but that of imparting to the whole the distinct stamp of the national customs and character. So that, we may say, the victory gained by Russia in quite modern times, as the founder of her own prose literature in the face of a foreign menace perhaps more dangerous to her true interests than that of a disastrous war, was by a victory not less brilliant, won centuries before in the field of epic song.

Thanks are finally due to Miss Hapgood for the excellent quality of her Russian scholarship. To be able to add one more to that small but growing band of writers on Russian subjects, who believe that there is an English as well as a French and a German method of spelling Russian names, is, to say the least, a pleasant experience. The additional merit of correct accentuation is by no means trivial. Of the translation itself, it may be said, after an examination of some of the originals, that Miss Hapgood has adhered with remarkable closeness to the meaning of the text. Only in a very small number of cases can there be any need of that revision which authors almost always insist on making in the phraseology of a first edition. The word "damp," for example, has a frequent occurrence in such phrases as "damp oak" and "damp

earth," where it is quite misleading, if not altogether meaningless, for English readers. A literal translation of the Russian word which Miss Hapgood has reproduced as "damp" conveys no idea whatever of its significance in the combinations cited. The Russian peasant, with a scientific accuracy into which close observation of nature, not reading or education, has led him, associates the idea of lifelessness or death with the conception of dryness, and the idea of life with the notion of damp or moisture. All through the epic songs, therefore, the Russian word for "damp" is used in the sense of "living," "live," or "quick." Another phrase of frequent occurrence in this translation is "green wine," of which the heroes drink large draughts. Here, again, the Russian adjective is used not in its ordinary, but in its special sense. Just as the Russians link with the idea of red the meaning of beauty and of noble qualities, so to the idea of green they attach the conception of that which is "malignant," "wicked," "biting," or "strong" (with a strength that is evil). To call wine "green" in Russia is to

make an assertion of its great strength, of its power to overcome men by making them intoxicated. Without some such explanation as this to accompany it, the phrase "green wine" must prove a stumbling-block to not a few readers, especially in view of the existence of such misleading English analogies as "white wine" and "red wine." The sentence on page 71, "Wilt thou steam thyself with me?" can be intelligible only to those who know that the operation alluded to is simply that of taking a bath; that, in fact, the Russian original of "to steam one's self" means the act of beating the body with a bough-like whip in an environment of steam. What the "general reader" will make of the Russian word "pope," used throughout instead of "priest," we know not. Yet it is really the key to all the tiny criticisms in which we have been indulging, for it presents Miss Hapgood in the light of a magnanimous scholar, generously attributing the fullness of her own knowledge to those who are not all likely to prove themselves worthy of the confidence which she reposes in them.

FRANCE UNDER MAZARIN.

MR. PERKINS'S two scholarly and handsome volumes¹ belong to a rare class of books. Few have the leisure, patience, or opportunity to write standard history; and, except in the form of text-books of greater or less dignity, perhaps no branch of English literature increases so slowly. Studies of some brief and striking periods, sketches of famous characters, abstracts of manners and customs, broad generalizations re-

specting race-development in institutions, and the thousand forms in which the modern compiler reissues the old stock of knowledge are sufficiently plentiful; but a new work depending upon original investigation, and throwing light upon some important era, is not to be met with every day among the announcements of the American press. Mr. Perkins has followed the example of a former literary age in choosing the Old

¹ *France under Mazarin, with a Review of the Administration of Richelieu.* By JAMES BRECK PERKINS. Two volumes. New York and Lon-

don: G. P. Putnam's Sons. The Knickerbocker Press. 1886.

World as his field ; and, as in the case of his predecessors, the result has shown that the historian need be of no country. The period he has selected is a great one in French history ; and the first thought among readers might well be that, in telling the careers of the two illustrious cardinals, the author could have no more to do than transfer to English what already existed in French, after the manner of the compilers aforesaid. This, however, is far from being the true state of matters. Since history by the modern method of exhaustive investigation of the sources came in, it is nothing strange to find that in the accepted account of a nation whole chapters have to be rewritten, owing to the discovery of new records ; but in the case of the seventeenth century in France, despite the large number of memoirs which have long had a value, the facts of history require a much more careful examination than has been given them even by French writers, with a few very recent exceptions. The manuscripts, which include dispatches and letters of the government and the exceedingly valuable note-books or diaries of Mazarin himself, have been but little used ; and the mass of impartial contemporary observation and news, contained in the regular, full, and frequent dispatches of the Venetian ambassadors to their own government, has only lately been copied for the National Library and made accessible to students. Such are some of the new materials on which Mr. Perkins grounds his work, which exhibits throughout research of the most exacting modern standard, thorough, patient, and discriminating. These volumes, consequently, are not only the first extended and particularized account of the administration of Mazarin in English, but, except so far as they are anticipated in their chapters of diplomacy and politics by Cheruel, they may lay claim to a high degree of originality and freshness.

To the English reader the period of the Fronde, to which Mr. Perkins practically devotes his labor, is interesting on one or the other of two accounts : either because of its failure to evolve parliamentary institutions, or because of the striking individuality of the actors in those days of feminine intrigue or courtly treason. Richelieu occupies the stage while he treads it, as a matter of course, and his overpowering personality suppresses doubt in the reader as readily as revolt in the great nobles ; but after he is out of the way, and the reins of power are held by a hated foreigner, of a yielding, procrastinating, and mild disposition, during a long royal minority, one cannot help asking how it was that at the very time when Charles lost his head in London the Parliament of Paris, even when in league with princes of the blood, archbishops, and great nobles, with both the city and Condé upon their side, got no hold on political power, no check on the monarchy, no control over the finances. Mr. Perkins frequently suggests this problem, and offers occasionally a significant word of explanation : but differences of national temperament or of institutions and legal procedure do not solve the question by themselves, though the absence of great constitutional cases in French history is a capital point to notice in studying its parliamentary fiascos. Mr. Perkins's description of France contains by implication a better statement of the causes of political incapacity in the body of the French nation than he anywhere brings out with fullness. The most remarkable trait of France at the time, in view of the modern conception of what constitutes a nation, was the diversity of one part from another in the character of its people, its prosperity, its administration, its local customs and rights, and its reserved powers, to use the American phrase. The unity of the nation was less advanced then in England, the people were less closely knit

together in patriotic sentiment or constitutional practice, the state was much nearer being a conglomeration of hereditary fiefs and conquered provinces than England had been for centuries; in particular, that concentration of local institutions into national usage, which was the essence of English constitutional development, had never taken place. Hence it followed that the Parliament of Paris represented only itself, not the country at large; and when to that cardinal fact is added the consideration that it was practically a hereditary chamber of lawyers, it is not so strange that the Fronde turned out to be, on the popular side, a Paris-rising against a minister, instead of a movement expressing the nation's consciousness of its existence apart from royal authority, and enforcing the public will upon the crown as the recognized depositary of its united power. On the side of the nobles, to look at it from the other point of view, the Fronde, as Mr. Perkins repeatedly says, was merely an eddy of personal politics. The great lords were in no sense interested in the people, or stimulated by any patriotic motive. They were eager hunters for the spoils of office, for governments, emoluments, incomes, any of the thousand forms of tribute money which the people paid to the dignitaries whom high birth had made the privileged freebooters of the state. The only man in their party who was even by remote resemblance a people's leader was Cardinal Retz, who enjoyed the happiness of being a demagogue of the most genuine stamp without the burdensome necessity of framing any legislative measures. To the clergy and the aristocracy the Fronde had as little constitutional meaning as to the people. The story of the scramble for place and money, of treason and intrigue and mob warfare, becomes utterly mean and insignificant, so long as one remembers the far-reaching principles and elevated characters of the Puritan rebellion. In the Fronde

there was in reality no sign of constitutional effort, in the English sense, and it ceases to seem a contemptible broil only because of the misery it helped to spread through France among the poor, and because of the picturesqueness of the characters engaged in the long and ever-changing contest.

The most of these personages are already firmly outlined to us in the memoirs of the age to which the military glory of Condé, the literary piquancy of Cardinal Retz, the name of Rochefoucauld, and, more than all else, the charm of those women who mingled love and war in company with each passing hero have long lent unusual attraction. Of all these, Condé suffers most in this new delineation of him. He was "a poor creature," and one fancies how Carlyle would have sent the light through his moral anatomy, had the famous general come under the lens of his art. Gaston, the chronic traitor; Retz, a Wilkes in a red hat; the golden-haired Bouillon, chief darling of the citizens' wives; Guise, the Harlequin of romance; Charles of Lorraine, the most *bizarre* of the troopers even of that time, and many another, keep turning up in these pages with a certain cheerful insolence as of old acquaintances; and all the *dames* and *mademoiselles*, though reduced to the unwonted decorum of history, and somewhat retired into the background, are at least present, each with some distinction, from the veteran Madame de Chevreuse to Hortensia Mancini, who refused Charles II. as a husband in his exile, to accept him as a lover when he was on the throne. About all of these there is the traditional halo of the time when the Hôtel de Rambouillet began to be a name, and wit and mind and political purpose became a part of what was fitting in the idea of the French gentlewoman; and occasionally there is a gleam of true nobleness of nature, as in Turenne and Molé, though there is nothing else in the volume approaching

in fineness the letter of Montmorenci to his wife, on the eve of his execution. The figure of Mazarin himself lacks definition; but our knowledge of him is fuller, and the story of his relation to the queen regent is a curious and most interesting chapter in the Book of Royal Affections. He was more patriotic than the Frenchmen, and seems the only one fit to govern, the only one with a serious sense of overruling state interests, in all the group. The worst that is said of him is that he amassed a great fortune in his later years of power; but it is plain to the most moral of men that in those days the standards of probity, honor, and justice were very different from any now known in civilized countries. To rob the state, as we should now call it, was the essence of the divine right of rulers. The sale of offices being legalized, the revenues being farmed out, and pensions and opportunities for corrupt administration being the usual bribe for unruly princes and dukes, financial honesty in public affairs seems not to have been contemplated; and if Mazarin profited by being an important factor in the ring, it was no more than every one did who was sufficiently high-born or gifted with the genius to rise in life. Colbert was near at hand to begin a line of national financiers; but it was the gradual growth of a commercial and industrial civilization, and of the ideals it necessarily developed, that brought the people's money at last within the province of the *meum* and *tuum* of ordinary morality.

That the world is well rid of this generation of two hundred and fifty years ago will be the natural reflection of one who scrutinizes the public men of the time; and much more when, coming to the last chapters, he has spread out before him the sight of the people in the provinces, at whose cost the victories were won and the money drawn from the soil. The misery was, like that of the Thirty Years' War in Germany, scarcely credi-

ble. The methods of taxation, the burdens on the soil, the prevalence of privilege in every relation of the state, to a modern mind seem not only monstrous in injustice, but lacking in intelligence, and even under the aristocratic constitution of society merely stupid. Armies that, whether friendly or hostile, never had a commissariat, and every agency of war, contributed to the ruin of the country outside of Paris. Though agrarian history is necessarily obscure, enough remains to paint a very lively picture of terror, suffering, and abject and hopeless want both in peace and war. Mr. Perkins has not overdone this portion of his work, but by the extreme carefulness of his investigation shows so much the more plainly how far back the *ancien régime* went, how long the French Revolution was in preparing; even then doctrines, such as that of the consent of the governed, were heard in the provinces. Occasionally, too, he makes a modern comparison, which would be grotesque were it not so just, such as the conjunction of the most sacred names of the nobility with Tweed's as brothers in plunder, though the latter was little more than a pilferer in the art, if judged by the colossal scale on which those born "nigh the throne" stole. It is as well for an American historian to remind us of these things, and for us to notice them. To the serious all history has a practical lesson; and this is the easier learned when the volumes breathe a contemporary spirit. We think any one of competent judgment would know that the author of this work writes from an American standpoint. This is not the least virtue of his history, in our eyes,—that it renders an American judgment, and measures the fact by institutions and ideals of democratic origin, though half unconsciously. The literary lustre of the classical age of the French drama and of the controversies of the Port Royal, and the philanthropic ardor of St. Vincent de Paul, are not

omitted altogether; but in the main Mr. Perkins has confined himself to the history of action, with little analysis of the spirit of the age. His work will

hold an honorable place in its department as the fullest and most trustworthy record of the times of the minority of Louis XIV.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

IN the midst of a queer higglety-pigglety dream, last night, I thought the Great Panjandrum appeared to me with the kind offer to have some one class of my fellow-beings immediately exterminated; provided I could, without taking too much of his valuable time, decide which particular class it should be. Just seven minutes were given in which to make and announce the decision. Of course I accepted with alacrity, and at once hastened to run over in my mind such of the obnoxious varieties of human nature as could most speedily be recalled. At first I thought I would select the people who do not answer letters; but I reflected that sometimes we write letters in haste, which had better be answered at leisure, long leisure, or even not at all, on the principle that the least said, soonest mended. Then I dallied for a moment with the idea that it should be those who, hearing us say things in joke, straightway report them as things said in earnest. Surely, thought I to myself, we can't go amiss in having this venomous species obliterated! But as the genial destroyer looked at his watch a little impatiently, I hurriedly recollected certain other deserving candidates. There were those who always allow for everybody else's being late at appointments, and so afflict the punctual soul with a quarter of an hour of painful fidgets; and those who send us lukewarm verses, with a request for an introduction to the favorable notice of the editors of the great magazines; and those who borrow tennis-rackets and sheet-music; and the

book-store attendants who tag us around with recommendations of the latest inanities; and the botherhood [*sic*] of locomotive engineers who agonize the ear of night with gratuitous shrieks as of whistling fiends; and the literary ladies who follow up our plainest observations with praise of how nicely, or prettily, or nobly, or something, it was said.

"Six minutes and three quarters," whispered the Grand Panjandrum, punching at me with his sceptre, and knocking his little round button at top against the ceiling, as he hastily rose. I made one more rapid snatch among my recollections of people who are with difficulty to be endured, and cried, "Take those who carry a perpetual countenance of cold displeasure, and contrive to make each member of the household, or the company, feel that he is at all times the special object of it!" The departing monster nodded benignly over his shoulder and winked, as who should say, "You have chosen well!"

— Now that public attention is being so constantly addressed to the relations between employer and employee, and the so-called "labor question" is undergoing such eager discussion among all classes, can any one suggest a reason why, in spite of all that we hear in regard to the sufferings and oppression of the laboring people, the difficulty of obtaining employment, and the miserable remuneration accorded nearly all kinds of manual labor, nothing seems to affect the wages of our female servants? They remain at the same high

figure to which they were advanced when the exigencies of our civil war forced us into the use of a depreciated paper currency.

Up to that terrible period of bloodshed and confusion, the mistress of a small household could hire a maid-of-all-work for eight dollars per month; and if she were willing to struggle with the ignorance and incapacity of a girl fresh from the green isle of Erin, she could find any number willing to serve her for even a less amount. In fact, six dollars per month was considered an ample sum to give an inexperienced servant. Now, an offer such as this would be received with a broad grin of amazement by the youngest and most unlearned of the seekers after American gold that every great ship brings to our shores.

If there is any reason for this immutability of pay in this one single department of the endlessly fluctuating labor market, I should be glad to have it pointed out. Everything that a female servant has to buy in order to make and keep herself comfortable and respectable in her situation is now quite as cheap as it was before the war. Calico of the best quality can be bought for the equivalent of the old-fashioned shilling; the "shilling calico" and the "sixpenny calico," so much discussed by our grandmothers, being now of even a firmer texture and more lasting as regards its colors than it was in their day. Good stout walking-boots can be purchased at three dollars a pair, which is as low a sum as shoemakers have ever asked. Muslin is cheap and millinery is cheap, and, in fact, unless a servant desires to dress far beyond her station, she would be puzzled to expend even half of her monthly wage of fourteen to sixteen dollars upon dress.

If our servants had anything to do with providing their own food, there would, perhaps, be some small reason for paying them these sums. Beef may cost double what it used, and the price

of the loaf increase while its size decreases, but the denizen of our kitchen has no concern in the matter.

There can be no question that many a mistress of a small household, whose modicum of strength is insufficient to admit of her performing the domestic feat called "doing her own work," and to whom a "girl" is a necessity, would esteem herself most fortunate if she could know that her yearly allowance for her wardrobe would not be less than \$180. Indeed, I fancy I can see a smile on the face of many a careworn housekeeper, as she estimates the wide difference between this sum and the modest amount that stands under the head of "Personal Expenses," in her yearly account book. Yet she is burdened with the obligation to dress and appear "like a lady," while Bridget, upon whom no such obligation rests, and whose habits and manner of living ought not to carry her into any society where elaborate toilettes are the custom, is fully able to provide herself with a new bonnet, fresh gloves, or a fashionable costume whenever the fancy seizes her.

The picture is a ridiculous one, but any one who would take the trouble to scan closely the two doors through which mistress and maid make their egress from our middle-class homes, when the church-bells ring of a Sunday morning, would see, in the majority of cases, a plain, neatly clad figure issue from the upper portal, while the area gate opened to let forth a stately form in draperies of flowing silk or satin, crowned with the latest wonder in the way of millinery, and waving a lace parasol in a hand covered by a six-button kid glove made in Paris.

I should be the last to cast any slurs upon the business qualifications of our sex; but in looking about for a reason for this remarkable state of affairs in this one department of labor, I cannot find any, unless it be that the hiring and paying of female domestic servants lies

entirely in the hands of women. In factories, in shops, in all kinds of job work, the arrangement and controlling power are in the hands of men. They discover what is the condition of the labor market with regard to the industry they are interested in, they calculate the supply and demand, and they arrange a scale of prices based upon the showing made by these facts. Alas, that in so many instances they pay such meagre sums for honest toil that the toiler can scarcely keep body and soul together, let alone indulge in extravagances. That, however, is not the subject under consideration.

It must be admitted that all dealings with female house servants are entrusted to women. They, then, are responsible for the prices paid for the work they have to offer; and it is equally clear that they are paying for it at a ratio with which nothing else in the labor market is comparable. Are female servants scarce? Certainly not. Look at the crowded benches in our so-called "intelligence [Heaven save the mark!] offices;" glance at the long line of steerage passengers, as they defile into Castle Garden from the crowded decks of our emigrant ships. Hundreds of women and girls are hastening to our shores from every part of Europe, asking for places in our kitchens. Is it that most of these are ignorant, and valueless to the housekeeper who must have skilled labor? No. Ignorant most of them certainly are, and many seem incapable of learning; yet the Irish girl who, if employed in Dublin, would consider herself well paid for her labor by £10, or at most £12, per annum, no sooner presses her foot upon American soil than she demands \$200.

More than any class of women in the world, if we except the indolent Asiatic, do American women need servants. We have not the robust frame nor the sturdy strength of the British matron or the German *Hausfrau*. Our climate is

exhausting, our lives are varied and exciting, our frames are slight, and our nerves weak. We can do much with our heads,—much planning and thinking, much arranging and directing. To supplement this we need the strong arms, the tireless backs, of the peasant women of the Old World. If we were wise and sensible enough to pay them moderately but fairly, to make them dress suitably and live plainly, in every case where we now can have but one pair of hands to assist in the household work, while we make shift to do the rest, we might have two. Yes, there is no question that if the maid-of-all-work, who now receives sixteen dollars per month, and is fed "like one of the family," were to receive the same wages that an English housekeeper would pay, to eat what English servants are given to eat instead of our broils and roasts and dainty luxuries in the way of desserts, the jaded female head of our smaller American households would find that she could "keep two girls" without adding a dollar to her yearly expenses.

And why cannot this be done? Is it not a positive wrong that it should not be done? The poor of Europe are crowding to our shores, demanding work, and there is none for them; begging for food and shelter, and suffering misery and lapsing into sin for want of decent homes and honest labor. Are not our women blind to their duty in giving one what is abundant for two, in keeping up an unnatural and unreasonable scale of prices for the benefit of a few? We have not waited for our employees to impress the boycott upon us; we have boycotted ourselves. Without reason, without outside pressure, in defiance of common sense, and to their detriment and ours, we insist upon a state of affairs that is a sarcasm upon our judgment, and a convincing proof that, whatever we may attain to in the future, men are very right yet in saying that we lack business knowledge and capa-

city, and show ourselves singularly unintelligent in regard to the conduct of affairs.

— If I could only translate a fragrance into words; explain why, when I smell a certain flower, I remember certain personal experiences, of no value to any one but the owner! — but I cannot. Let me try what I can do with a sound, a musical reminder: —

“Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound” —
The people down below
Turned and looked round.

The hymn was old, the music, too;
The leader's pitch-pipe was not new.
What was it, when the trumpet blew,
About the sound
To make the congregation look around?

They saw the blacksmith singing bass;
There was the miller tenor's face;
And there the clerk,
Who, having closed his six days' work
Behind the counter in “the store,”
Was not averse to one day more
Spent in a sphere a trifle higher,
And so sang “counter” in the choir;
There, in his sombre Sunday suit,
The pedagogue essayed the flute;
In tones alternate harsh and mellow
The carpenter sawed at the 'cello;
While, over on the other side,
The postmaster, with modest pride,
Winded the ophicleide.

The women, too, were much the same:
That elderly, sharp-visaged dame,
With keen-edged voice,
Sang treble there — a trifle flat —
(The people never minded that)
When you and I were boys;
There were the same half-dozen girls,
Each with a dozen dangling curls,
All standing in a row,
With hymn-books leather bound.

“Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound” —
Why should the folks below
Turn and look round?

In bonnet small and neat,
And ribbons 'cute,
There, on the second seat,
Beside the flute,
And almost elbowed by the fellow
Playing the 'cello,
A maiden sat, and sang the old “fugue-tune” —
Long as it was, 't was ended all too soon —
In alto tones, full, rich, and mellow.

The aged treble oft had pierced my ear;
The row of girls had added to the smart;
But this new voice — its tones not loud, but clear —
Pierced to my heart,
And filled it with a mad desire
To join the choir.

Ah, fatal madness! 'T would not do;
For well I knew
I could not cling
To such a hope. I could not sing!
My tuneless throat
Held not a single note.
And yet that “gladly solemn sound”
An echo in my soul had found;
I longed to occupy a seat
Between the flute and alto sweet,
Or 'twixt the bow upon her bonnet
And that other bow with rosin on it.

A year has passed since this occurred,
And I that sweet new alto heard:
And doubtless you will be surprised
To know my hope is realized.
No, no! I have not learned to sing, —
I could not compass such a thing
Within so short a space.
I occupy no place
Up in the choir. It would not do;
My tuneless voice too well I knew
To show my face
Where “gladly solemn” trumpets blew!

So, knowing I could not aspire
To sit beside her in the choir,
What could I do
But just reverse the situation? —
The alto joined the congregation,
And sits beside me in the pew!

— The difference in our estimate of people and things depends on how we take them. If we eat the whole nut, we find a good deal that is coarse and innutritious; but if we have the habit of picking out the kernel, we generally find it sweet. Even the squirrel knows enough for that. Persons of a very wide and varied experience are apt to acquire this squirrelous wisdom. Out of each of their battles, sieges, and fortunes they have contrived to extract a central core that was interesting. The crude remainder of incident and circumstance, like the ache of the philosophical warrior with the broken leg, at least served “to pass away the time.” A neighbor of mine finds human nature very humdrum. People bore him terribly. He should stop trying to take

them whole. Even in one's self there may be found some deeply hidden bit of good meat, however thick the shuck and shell. How delightful, and perennially delightful, is that friend who seems to have discovered this kernel in our husky nature! What an agreeable day we pass when he succeeds, for the time being, in making it visible even to ourselves!

As experienced persons learn to extract the kernel from the real world, so contemplative persons learn to do it with books. Macaulay was said to be able to stop a minute at a book-stall, and pluck out the heart of a new volume. Others of us take longer, but we all have to acquire something of the art, in the bewildering presence of the constantly thronging crowd of books. It seems to me, for instance, that I found the very innermost kernel of Amiel's Journal the first hour I spent in a preliminary *reconnaissance* of those charming pages. It was in the single phrase "*mûle résignation*." This "resignation with energy," — the giving up without giving in, — it is a whole philosophy of life in a nutshell.

— The inquiry has sometimes suggested itself to me, What is the most pathetic figure in story? When I was a boy, the fate of Evangeline the Acadian always seemed to me the most piteous of all that I had ever known. Not so much at the end, — the wofulness of that finding of her lover *too late* did not impress me so much till those words had taken on their deeper meaning from the experience of life; but the perpetual disappointment, the hope, not crushed and ended, but continually revived, only to be the "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick," — this seemed to me the "pity of it." Most poignant of all appeared that moment in the story when, as Longfellow tells it, "Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows.
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers;
Angel of God, was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden?
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, 'O Father Felician!
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?'"

In after-years, when this tale of the Acadian exiles had lost something of its pathos through mere familiarity, I read Chaucer's story of Patient Griselde. What reader has it not impressed as a most piteous passage, where the poor mother meekly suffers the supposed loss of her "children twain"? As it reads in the Clerke's Tale: —

"This ugly sergeant in the same wise
That he hire doughter caughte, right so he
(Or werse, if men can any werse devise),
Hath bent her sone, ful was of beautee:
And ever in on so patient was she,
That she no chere made of heavynesse,
But kist her sone and after gan it blesse.

"Save this she praied him, if that he might,
Hire litel sone he wold in erthe grave,
His tendre limmes, delicat to sight,
Fro foules and fro bestes for to save."

And, again, when the children are brought back to her alive and well: —

"Whan she this herd aswounedoun she falleth,
For pitous joye, and after hire swouning,
She bothe hire yonge children to hire calleth,
And in hire armes, pitously weping,
Embraceth hem, and tendrely kissing
Ful like a moder with hire salte teres
She bathed both his visage and his heres.

"O tendre, o dere, o yonge children mine!
Your woful moder wened steadfastly

That cruel houndes or som foul vermine
Had eten you ; but God of his mercy,
And your benigne fader tendrely
Hath don you kepe : ' and in that same stound
Al sodenly she swapt adoun to ground."

Still later it seemed to me (and perhaps justly) that the instant when Lear recognizes Cordelia should be accounted the most pathetic instant of all recorded human destiny. Let me here, however, make the confession (and it goes toward showing that the drama of Shakespeare should be played as well as read, always provided it be played worthily) that it was not till I saw Edwin Booth portray the part that I realized its full power. It is where the old king stretches out his arms, and cries, —

"Pray, do not mock me!
I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upward. . . .
Do not laugh at me ;
For as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia !"

But there is a pathos that moves the intellect, rather than the source of tears. And to this faculty it has sometimes seemed, as I have meditated on the woful possibilities of human fate, that nothing can be more sorrowful than the destiny of Tithonus, the moon's aged and immortal lover : —

"The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapors weep their burden to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
The only cruel immortality
Consumes : I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.
I asked thee, 'Give me immortality.'
Then did thou grant my asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,
And beat me down and warr'd and wasted me,
And though they could not end me, left me maim'd
To dwell in presence of immortal youth.

"Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty, make amends, though even now,
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,

Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
To hear me ?

Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the
stream

Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead."

But to me now, as I recall the "moving accidents" of written story, perhaps that appears most touching which Scott relates in the poem of Helvellyn ; though the chord which it touches be not of sympathy with manhood, but only of faithful dog-hood, most "tender and true." The quaint prelude relates, in its old-fashioned prose, how "a young gentleman of talents and of a most amiable disposition perished by losing his way on the mountain. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland." It is the same incident that Wordsworth celebrates in a poem which has no passage of anything like the imaginative power of that which I am about to quote from Scott, yet I will recall to the reader its closing stanzas : —

"But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell !
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.

(This of the "lasting monument" is very characteristic of the one bard, and how little it would have been characteristic of the other !)

"The Dog which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This Dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.
Yes, proof was plain that since the day
When this ill-fated Traveler died,
The Dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side :
How nourished here through such long time
He knows, who gave that love sublime ;
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate !"

And this is the passage from Scott, doubtless familiar to a hundred for every one who remembers the "lasting monument" which the profounder yet often weaker poet wrought:—

"Not yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attend-
ed,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

"How long didst thou think that his silence was
slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft
didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou
number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy
heart?
And, oh, was it meet that—no requiem read
o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore
him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before
him

Unhonor'd the Pilgrim from life should de-
part?

But meet for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek moun-
tain lamb,
When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff high
in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his
dam."

After all, be it noted, this is not a morbid but a very wholesome direction of inquiry. The contemplation of the real pathos of other lives, even if they be but products of the "blind life within the brain," may haply save us from that most contemptible of illusions,—the self-pitying fancy that there is anything specially pathetic or tragic in the commonplace fortunes of our own little well-enough-to-do and tea-and-toast-consuming life.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. Stockton's Stories is the summary title of two volumes into which F. R. Stockton's short stories have been gathered. (Scribners.) We make no complaint of the title, with its jaunty bid for fame. The stories are nobody's else, and the Stocktonese is a dialect which we warn writers is by no means so simple and easy as it looks. Mr. Stockton has achieved the feat which the philosopher with his lever hopelessly gave up. He has got outside of the world, and trundles it along with an ingenuousness which is unblushing. Did ever people behave so naturally in any world as Mr. Stockton's do in that which he has invented? Place them in the realistic world of Mr. Howells or the ideal world of Mr. Hardy, and they would appear to have lost their wits; but in Mr. Stockton's world the Mrs. Leckses and Mrs. Aleshines, the ladies and the tigers, are perfectly self-possessed, perfectly at home.—One can now have his Stevenson hot: there is no waiting to find out if he be a coming man; he has come, and the tife and drum may be sent to the rear to herald some one else. Here is Prince Otto, a romance (Roberts), and Kidnapped (Scribners). Prince Otto is a light, half-burlesque, half-fantastic play, with mixed romantic and realistic material; Kidnapped is a genuine tale of adventure, full of vitality and with just a touch of literary handling. It is this conscious artist in Stevenson which separates him from a story-teller like De Foe.—A Victorious

Defeat, by Wolcott Balestier (Harpers), is a story which uses the Moravian life as substance out of which to lift a romance. The author has been conscientious, and he has by no means made a failure, but he strikes us as having fallen somewhat into the snare of the realists, and to have lamed the wings of his romance thereby.—Oblivion, by M. G. McClelland (Holt), is a story which we are glad again to commend to our readers as being worth their reading, though what crime the book has committed to be brought out anew in an ill-smelling oil-cloth suit we do not know.—This objectionable covering has been inflicted also on Hannibal of New York, by Thomas Wharton,—which also appears, however, in the neat binding of the Leisure Hour Series (Holt),—a novel which is clever and rattling, and dashes off New York and Newport and Philadelphia and English noblemen and American young women, and leaves the reader a little breathless, perhaps, but on the whole prepared to take a commercial view of life.—King Arthur, by the author of John Halifax, Gentleman,—a lady whom we like for her obstinacy in sticking to that one book which made her reputation (Harpers),—is declared on the title-page to be not a love story; but we are happy to say that it ends with a marriage, and although the love of a young man for a young woman is not the mainspring of the book, there is plenty of love shown by the old to the young

and the young to the old in this half-family narrative. There is, to be sure, a good deal of sentiment to the page, but it is not unworthy sentiment, if it is a little effusive. — *Misfits and Remnants*, by L. D. Ventura and S. Sheirtch (Ticknor), is the title of a collection of slight sketches, stories, and odds and ends of material for stories. The writing is simple and the writers have not strained themselves for subjects, but one can hardly think that the book will ever justify itself in any strong interest or affection on the part of readers. The music is fairly good, but it is played with one finger. — *Cut, a Story of West Point*, by G. I. Cervus (Lippincott), has all the appearance of a story, but the author lacks the skill to select from his persons and incidents those which combine to make a picture of scenes, a development of character. The book is pretty hard reading, and yet the writer has written hard. — *Mr. Desmond, A. S. A.*, by John Coulter (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), is an honest story of the wronging of a girl by a selfish man. It is not a specially strong story, but it is effective in parts, it is natural, and it allows the main character in the book to shrivel into insignificance according to his nature. It has, besides, a certain freshness in its transcript of army life and its apparently truthful record of the sentiment to be found in army posts. — *No Saint, a Study*, by Adeline Sergeant. (Holt.) This is a study of a man who murdered his brother in a fit of passion, and by circumstances was brought, after his release from prison, to live in the village where he had committed the crime. The situations in the story are somewhat strained, but the author set herself a difficult task, at which she has wrought with some success. — *Whom God hath Joined*, by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin (Holt), one of the *Leisure Hour Series*. We may return to this story. — *A Romantic Young Lady*, by Robert Grant. (Ticknor.) Even a romantic young lady requires the gift of imagination in her creator, but a more business-like imagination than Mr. Grant's it would be difficult to conceive. The dreariness of this succession of scenes in what purports to be a picture of life is hard to match. Mr. Grant has ability of a certain sort. — *Miss Jewett* has collected her recent short stories into a pretty little volume, *A White Heron, and Other Stories*. (Houghton.) Our readers will find some of their favorites, together with two new stories which have not before been printed. — *A Politician's Daughter*, by Myra Sawyer Hamlin (Appleton), is written by a person who appears to have seen politicians in processions, perhaps, and their daughters in galleries, but scarcely to have had a nearer and more intimate acquaintance. — *Pepita Ximenez*, from the Spanish of Juan Valera, with an introduction by the author. (Appleton.) The introduction, written especially for this edition, is very interesting as disclosing the author's relation to his work, and the book itself will not disappoint the reader if he be thoughtful and not too wedded to current forms of fiction. — *Double Cunning*, the tale of a transparent mystery, by George Manville Fenn (Appleton), is a novel of

conventional society, pitched in a low key, and devoid of wit or wisdom. — *St. John's Eve, and Other Stories*, by Nikolaï Vasilievitch Gogol, translated by Isabel F. Hapgood (Crowell), is another of the Russian stories which are like nuts with hard shells to the ordinary reader. However, the *bizarre* style has a fascination for some; one can call all the proper names Moses, and by aid of the foot-notes can usually tell what the queer-named dishes and titles mean. — *Miss Melinda's Opportunity*, by Helen Campbell. (Roberts.) Mrs. Campbell's fertility is that of a very observing and eager-minded woman, and the characters whom she creates are individual and forcible. Her humor also is ready, and in all her writing she seems to have before her the thought of how much more might be made out of life by the men and women whose circumstances seem commonplace. — *Love and Luck, the Story of a Summer's Loitering on the Great South Bay*, by R. B. Roosevelt. (Harpers.) Mr. Roosevelt is first a sportsman, and after that a novelist; but we are not disposed to quarrel with a story-teller who has so laudable a purpose in his story as to transform a Saratogo *blasee* belle into an open-air, yachting, and fishing girl. — *A Secret of the Sea*, etc., by Brander Matthews (Scribners), — a collection of stories which, like all of this author's work, have reason in their being. His brief story of *Perturbed Spirits* is a capital example of how a little fancy may go a great way and produce a positive impression. — *Aliette*, by Octave Feuillet, translated by J. Henry Hager. (Appleton.) The name of the heroine in *La Morte* has been used for the English version. — *Constance of Acadia* (Roberts) is a praiseworthy attempt by an anonymous writer to work in the historical material furnished by the annals of New England. Constance is La Tour's wife, and the conditions of the story give the opportunity for a contrast of the French and English, the Puritan and Jesuit, the Huguenot and the Catholic. The book is sober in its use of all this material, and strikes us as rather careful and discreet than vividly imaginative. — Recent numbers of Harper's *Handy Series* are *The Fall of Asgard*, by Julian Corbett; *Our Radicals*, by Fred. Burnaby; *A Wicked Girl*, by Mary Cecil Hay; *The Long Lane*, by Ethel Coxon; *Francis, a Socialistic Romance*, by M. Dal Verò. — Recent numbers of Harper's *Franklin Square Library* are *Pomegranate Seed*, by the author of *The Two Miss Flemings*; *Like Lucifer*, by Dengil Vane; *Keep my Secret*, by G. M. Robins; *The Chilcotes*, by Leslie Keith; *Two Pinches of Snuff*, by William Westall; *St. Briavels*, by Mary Deane; *Otilie, an Eighteenth Century Idyl*; and *The Prince of the Hundred Soups*, by Vernon Lee.

History and Biography. The seventh volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, edited by Leslie Stephen, runs from Charles Brown to Richard Burthogge. There is a long, minute, and very even-handed article on Burns by the editor, who also writes well, in brief, on Buckle. Mrs. Browning is treated by Mrs. Ritchie, and the world at last knows on what day the poet

was born. The Bucklands, Frank and William, are treated perhaps too summarily, considering the interesting characters which they present, and one wishes that so important a figure in architectural history as Bruges might have had greater prominence, but we are struck anew with the excellent judgment of the editor as to the general proportion of articles. — *Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison, Wife of James Madison*, edited by her grand-niece. (Houghton.) The American literature of this order is so scanty that we welcome this agreeable little book with a cordiality perhaps beyond its actual deserts. Madison, with all his greatness, was personally so colorless a man that the bright, winning ways of his wife seem almost to convince us that she was a woman of wit. Her amiability and her domestic tastes conspire to make her comments on men and affairs not important so far as the interior of life is concerned, but very useful as humanizing and making real the somewhat impoverished society of Washington in the early days. We hope the book will succeed, not only because it deserves to succeed, but that it may call out similar books. — *Woodstock, an Historical Sketch*, by Clarence Winthrop Bowen. (Putnams.) Mr. Bowen has in preparation a formal history of the town, and this sketch is an address given before the town at its bi-centennial celebration. He has compressed a good deal into it; we trust his history will preserve the juice of New England country life also. — *Mary and Martha, the mother and the wife of George Washington*, by Benson J. Lossing (Harpers), is, in effect, a sketch of the domestic life of Washington. Mr. Lossing has used the material which he has printed at different times in different forms, has added a few trivial letters and anecdotes, and presented the whole in a series of somewhat desultory chapters. The book has no great critical value, but it is a convenient repository of anecdotes. — *The Dearborns*, a discourse commemorative of the eightieth anniversary of the occupation of Fort Dearborn and the first settlement at Chicago, read before the Chicago Historical Society, by Daniel Goodwin, Jr. (Fergus Printing Company, Chicago.) With this is bound *Provincial Pictures by Brush and Pen*, by the same author, an address delivered before the Bostonian Society. The connection of the two cities by means of the name of Dearborn is easily established. — *In Memory of Edwin Channing Larned* (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago) is a volume of tributes to a man whom Chicago could ill spare. Half of the volume is occupied by one of Mr. Larned's arguments in a slave case. — *The Rear-Guard of the Revolution*, by Edmund Kirke. (Appleton.) "Mr. Kirke" is to be thanked for showing what brilliant material is unused for historical and romantic purposes in our post-revolutionary days. The after-clap of war in the Tennessee mountains was not only significant; it was the beginning of the history of a great section of our country. In the growth of nationality, we look to men and women bred in

Kentucky and Tennessee for literary work which shall be enduring. No people with such a beginning can help some day honestly building upon it in literature. — *The Last Days of the Consulate*, from the French of M. Fauriel, edited, with an introduction, by M. L. Lalaune. (Armstrong.) Why, by the way, not put M. Fauriel's whole name on the title-page? One might as well say, *The Life of George Washington*, from the pen of Mr. Irving. Fauriel's narrative has an air of candor about it, and is one unlikely to satisfy extremists. It is in effect a defense of Moreau. — California, from the conquest in 1846 to the second vigilance committee in San Francisco, a study of American character, by Josiah Royce. (Houghton.) This book, which is one of the American Commonwealths Series, justifies its title; for it is not, strictly speaking, a history, but a study based upon history, and as such takes very high rank. It is refreshing to find an American writing of the development of a *Staté* with so much freedom and at the same time with such an absence of petty criticism. Dr. Royce writes in a large spirit, but with an acumen which never allows him to lapse into mere vague generalities. He has limited himself in the period which he studies, but after all that period was the central and crucial one for California. It is as if one were to write the biography of a man, and seize upon the day in his life when he crossed the Rubicon. Dr. Royce gives the day before that yesterday sufficiently to account for the one day which he wishes to characterize; and while he seems to have allowed himself to stray a little from his main subject in order to corner General Frémont, this hunt serves to disclose many features in the Californian character. We greatly mistake if this book does not take its place as one to be read by more than one generation of readers. — In the series *The Story of the Nations*, three new volumes have appeared: *The Story of Germany*, by S. Baring-Gould, with the collaboration of Arthur Gilman; *The Story of Norway*, by H. H. Boyesen; and *The Story of Hungary*, by Arminius Vámbéry, with the collaboration of Louis Heilprin. (Putnams.) Mr. Boyesen has had somewhat the easiest task, and we think he has performed it the most satisfactorily. He has written a popular history of a compact people, and has done his work seriously and apparently faithfully. To give the story of Germany was a much more difficult matter, but the central idea of showing the development of the imperial principle was a good one, and has been kept in mind with some steadiness. It strikes us, however, that in his eagerness to be bright and lively Mr. Baring-Gould has crowded in a good deal of detail to the exclusion of strong leading lines. We wish, for example, that he had made more clear the real meaning of Protestantism. It seems a pity that Mr. Vámbéry should not have given a fuller and clearer statement of the recent constitutional questions. The illustrations in the first two books, especially in Germany, are capital; those in Hungary are inferior.